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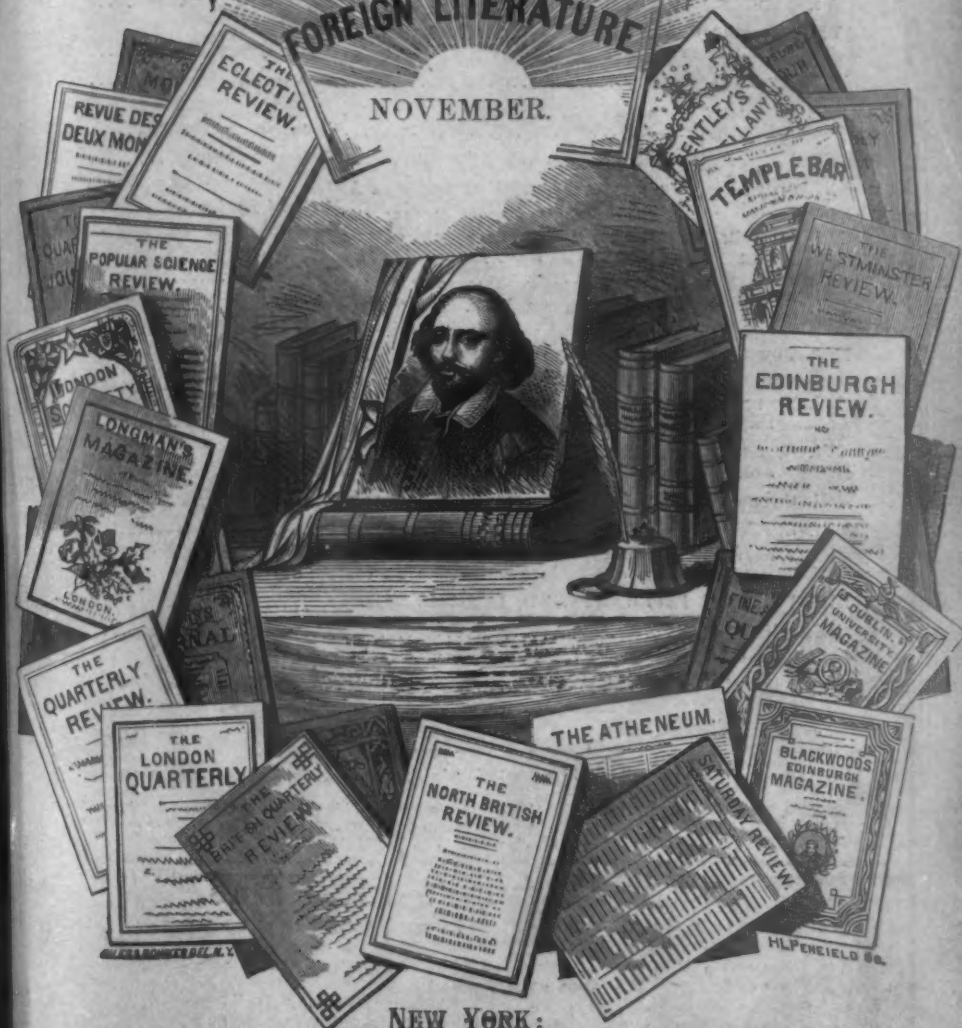
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OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE

NOVEMBER.



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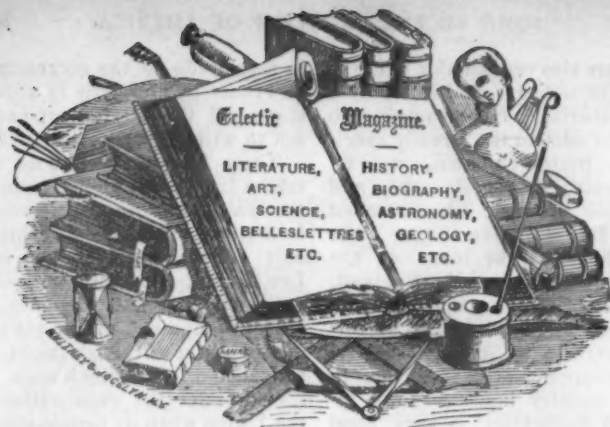
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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series.  
Vol. XLVIII., No. 5.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

{Old Series com-  
plete in 63 vols.

SOME RECENT CRITICISM OF AMERICA.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

INTERNATIONAL criticism, though sometimes a very useful, is rarely a very pleasant, task; and a reply thereto often seems even less gracious, because in dissecting the critics one is very apt to make incidental slashes at their countrymen.

Now this I am particularly anxious to avoid; in the first place, because it is not my present business, and the *et tu quoque* style of argument is never attractive; in the second place, because I have far too pleasant memories of England and Englishmen. I always enjoy greatly my short stays in England; and I would make them longer, were it not that I am constitutionally incapable of spending six months anywhere in Europe without becoming exceedingly homesick for America. Indeed, I would be more than ungrateful to speak ill without reason of a place where I have been treated with such uniform and cordial hospital-

ity by almost every one with whom I have been brought in contact. Though an American with hardly a drop of English blood in my veins, I always feel more at home in England than on the Continent. I have, and I trust I shall always retain, the good old country-cousin feeling about London; I like its size, the swing and rush of the life, and the importance of the interests of which it is the centre. The mere social part does not impress me so very much. The balls and parties are about like those in New York; so are the dinners, except that the married women talk better and the girls not so well. They are very pleasant, but they are too much like what we already know, unless there has been a Speaker's Reception or something of the sort, and then it is a real relief to see the men in costumes that on this side of the Atlantic are only worn at fancy-dress balls. The purely

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social clubs are also very similar to ours ; the attendance is better, and it is only a Western barbarian, I presume, who would wish to add, to the already excellent menu, prairie-chickens, canvas-backs, terrapin, soft-shell crabs, and oysters that do not taste like corroded halfpence. But we have no club quite like the Athenæum, for instance ; nor does one in America, as in England, habitually meet, in dining out, men who are prominent as statesmen or as soldiers, in literature or in art. Finally, from the standpoint of a guest, life in an English country house is most attractive, and foxhunting is very good sport if one is well mounted. I am, therefore, under no temptation to confound the critic and his country ; for it has been my good fortune to see nothing but the bright side of life in the latter.

International criticism may be of value in three ways. First, it may help the country criticised (and that it may do, even though in large part inaccurate) ; second, it may help outsiders, by holding up to their view an example, either to follow or avoid ; third, it may throw a flood of light on the mental condition of the critic himself.

It is for this last reason that many of us read with a good deal of interest Lord Wolseley's article on General Lee, in "Macmillan's Magazine" for March, 1886. An even more cursory examination of Lord Wolseley's article than his lordship has apparently made of the war about which it is written is quite enough to show that, while there is nothing therein contained worth preservation on account of its intrinsic critical merits, the whole piece deserves to be studied in its entirety by any outsider desirous of getting an idea of "the military learning and mental strategy" of the most conspicuous living English general. If Lord Wolseley did not think the American Civil War worth studying, there was no need of his doing so ; but if he did so think, then he should not have written about it until he had at least some rudimentary knowledge of the subject. He considers Lee, so he tells us, "the greatest soldier of his age," the equal of Marlborough (and there are plenty of Northerners as well as Southerners who agree with him here), and the war itself "as fully equal

in magnitude to the successful invasion of France by Germany in 1870 ;" if so, it was all the more incumbent on him not to write nonsense about either.

There is hot space to do more than take a few choice plums from the curious *pot-pourri* of miscellaneous misinformation which his lordship presumably considers a "study" of General Lee. He begins with an *obiter dictum*, delivered with glib flippancy and magnificent ignorance of the subject ; writing of "the sovereign right, both historical and legal, which each state possessed under the constitution to leave the Union when its people thought fit to do so," and again stating that Lee "firmly believed that each of the old states had a legal and indisputable right, by its individual constitution and by its Act of Union, to leave at will the Great Union into which each had separately entered as a sovereign state. This was with him an article of faith, of which he was as sure as of any Divine truths he found in the Bible." Just before this last sentence Lord Wolseley quotes a line from one of Lee's letters, which, if he had read through, he would have found contained the following paragraph, "Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our constitution never exhausted so much labor and wisdom and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the confederacy at will. It is intended for 'perpetual union,' so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution. . . . It is idle to talk of secession."

His lordship sapiently mentions among the claims of General Lee to military perspicacity, his pleading against the measure for "the enlistment of soldiers for only ninety days ;" as this was a measure of the Washington, not the Richmond, government, it is difficult to see why Lee should have pleaded against it. He says that "the usual proportion throughout the war between the contending sides in each action ranged from about twice to three times more Federals than there were Confederates engaged." There were instances, as at Antietam and in the closing days of the war,

where this proportion obtained; exactly as there were other instances—as at Franklin, Chickamauga, Gaines' Mill, Knoxville, Pea Ridge—where the Confederates much outnumbered their foes; undoubtedly the Federals were generally the most numerous, but the figures given by Lord Wolseley do not apply to one battle in ten, and were "usual" only in the reports of contemporary Confederate newspapers. What should we say of his lordship if, in describing General Chanzy, he attributed an important act of the German Reichstag to the Provisional Government at Paris, blandly praised Chanzy for his (purely imaginary) "pleading" against it, and took his figures for the German numbers and losses from the French newspapers?

Lord Wolseley believes that McClellan was "hopelessly at the mercy" of Lee when he "began his retreat to Harrison's Landing after the seven days' fighting round Richmond." If he can believe that, he can believe anything, and can safely vie with the White Queen of Wonderland, who was able to believe three impossible things before breakfast. McClellan had just repulsed Lee at Malvern Hill, and his army was in an impregnable position; there may be some doubt as to whether he himself should not have assumed the offensive, but there is none whatever that it would have been suicidal folly for Lee to have assaulted him.

Again, he thinks that the failure of the Confederates to follow up their victory at Bull Run was due to "political considerations." This theory at least has the merit of being original; but his lordship need not copyright it, for no other sane historian will ever display the least desire to claim it.

He mentions that he is especially struck by "the inefficient manner" in which Lee was served by his "subordinate commanders." The three chief of these same inefficient subordinates were Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart, and Longstreet; and really it hardly seems necessary to answer such a criticism of such men.

Lord Wolseley speaks a good deal of General Washington, evincing a desire to place General Lee "on the same pedestal" with him. But he says nothing that warrants us in thinking that he

knows more than the simple facts that there was a man named Washington, and that he was a general. He begins, with gratuitous inaccuracy, by crediting Lee with the ownership of Washington's home, having evidently confused Mount Vernon and Arlington; much as if he spoke of Wellington owning Blenheim. He says that Washington could not have succeeded in the Revolutionary War if he had been obliged to submit to "the will and authority of a politician as Lee did to Mr. Davis." Had he studied so much as a good school history of the Revolutionary War he would know that Washington's main difficulties were, not with the foe in front, but with the politicians and people behind. If Washington had been backed up as Lee was, the Revolutionary War would have been over in three years, instead of lasting nearly eight. He strongly insinuates that the careers of Lee and Washington were exactly parallel; and states that "Lee fought for the right of self-government which Washington won." What he means by this is not very plain; and, indeed, a dense fog of uncertainty overclouds all his historic utterances; but it may at least interest his lordship to learn that Washington was not only a general, but a great constructive statesman. The salient difference between Washington and Lee ought to be apparent to even the dimmest vision; the one succeeded in building up the mighty structure which the other failed in trying to tear down. Lord Wolseley, in the midst of a series of marvellously wild shots, hits the mark once when he says that "had secession been victorious, it is tolerably certain that the United States would have been broken up still farther, and instead of the present magnificent and English-speaking empire, we should now see in its place a number of small powers with separate interests," or, in other words, a second Spanish America, with some of the states tending toward the fate of Hayti. We Northerners yield to no one in our admiration of Lee's magnificent generalship, of his high-mindedness, and of his purity of purpose; but to class him with Lincoln is like classing Montcalm with Chatham, or Patrick Sarsfield with William III. To compare him with Washington—who was as pure a patriot as

Hampden, a greater statesman than Pitt, and almost as great a general as Wellington—is even more absurd. When in 1798 Virginia was preparing to take part in the abortive secession agitation of that year, Patrick Henry warned her truthfully that if there was a rising, she would find her levies opposed to troops led by her own great war-chief. The Virginians who in 1861 trod in Washington's footsteps were the men like Scott, Thomas, Farragut—but not Lee.

Lord Wolseley remarks, anent the contending armies, that "from first to last the co-operation of even one army corps of regular troops would have given complete victory to whichever side it fought on." We have no desire to make such comparisons; but we do not feel we have any cause to shrink from them when made. Undoubtedly both the armies which fought at Bull Run could have been beaten by a regular force half the size of either of them; but four years of a struggle more bloody than Wellington's in the Peninsula, fought under or against a chieftain whom Lord Wolseley ranks with Marlborough, naturally worked a great change. After the Civil War in England Cromwell's veterans showed themselves the equals of the splendid French and Spanish infantry; certainly in 1865 the soldiers of Grant or Lee, Sherman, Johnson, Thomas or Sheridan, would have marched with light hearts against any European foe. Let his lordship look back at the history of some small fights that took place in 1814; let him compare the rout of the Americans at Bladensburg with their victory at Chippewa, and the drawn battle of Niagara or Lundy's Lane, and he will gain a clear idea of the difference between utterly untrained citizen soldiers and the same men when they have had even two years' training by competent commanders—and he will also learn whether in the latter case they can or cannot hold their own against the best regulars in the world.

Such a comparison as Lord Wolseley has seen fit to make is difficult to answer, because it is hard to find a standard that both sides will accept. Yet perhaps something can be learned, at least of the way in which the troops stood punishment—which certainly

counts for something in a battle—by comparing the death-rolls of the different regiments and armies. In the Franco-Prussian War the heaviest regimental loss in any one battle occurred at Mars-la-Tour, where the 3rd Westphalian lost 49 per cent. of its numbers killed or wounded. In our own Civil War there were 58 regiments, Federal and Confederate, each of which, in some one fight, lost 50 per cent. or over in killed or wounded. At Inkerman, according to Kinglake, the Guards had 1331 men, of whom they lost 594; at Gettysburg the 26th North Carolina lost 588 out of some 820, and one company, 84 strong, had every man killed or wounded, the orderly sergeant making out the return with a bullet through both legs. The Light Brigade at Balaclava lost 247 out of 673; in a charge at Gettysburg a battalion of the 1st Minnesota lost 205 out of 252, and in this case be it remembered that nobody had blundered,\* and that though the regiment had suffered proportionately considerably more than double the loss of the Light Brigade, nevertheless the 47 survivors held the ground and the flag they had captured.

With these facts, and a hundred others, before him, had he chosen to look for them, our critic continues: "A trial heat between two jockeys mounted on untrained horses may be interesting, but no one would ever quote the performance as an instance of great racing speed." To us there is something deliciously ludicrous in the picture of Lord Wolseley standing bravely by on tiptoe to speak thus of Grant and Lee, and the veteran armies wherewith they fought to a finish the great Civil War. It is as if old "Tippecanoe" Harrison had said the same thing about Napoleon, Wellington, and Blücher at Waterloo; in which case he would have excited the indignation of none, but the contemptuous amusement of all.

His lordship modestly alludes to himself as a "critical military student of this war." While granting that he is both military and critical, I must protest against any such lofty flight of fancy

\* See the article by Colonel Wm. F. Fox, in the "Century Magazine" for May; see also the same magazine for last September, in a piece written, I believe, by Mr. C. C. Briel.



as is implied in his calling himself a "student" of the war. Let him examine Col. Chesney's works or the Comte de Paris's "History," if he wishes to know something of a student's methods; or let him look at an excellent little book on "The Campaign of Fredericksburg," written by a British "Line Officer," and published in London, by Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., in 1886.

Before proceeding to a genuine critic, I must examine one more *bouffe* individual. This is Sir Lepel Henry Griffin, K.C.S.I., who recently wrote a very bright, amusing little squib called "The Great Republic." In itself it is about as serious a production as the famous "Portuguese Phrase Book;" and I should no more dream of answering it than of answering the "Pirates of Penzance" on behalf of the old-time buccaneers. But Mr. Matthew Arnold has recently made our failure to please Sir Lepel the head and front of our offending, and has thereby given him an undeserved importance which entitles him to a very brief answer.

Mr. Arnold quoted Sir Lepel's remark that he can think of no country save Russia in which he would not rather live than in America, "in which life would not be more worth living, less sordid and mean and unlovely;" and Mr. Arnold added on his own account that "the civilization of the United States must somehow, if an able man can think thus," be defective.

Let us look at the "able man's" own picture of what he thinks a civilization should be. He gives it on p. 47 of his little book, where he says that "a woman of spirit" would doubtless prefer "a society like that of London, where even the men, to say nothing of the women, from the time they rise at eleven till they go to bed at three in the morning, think of nothing but how they may amuse themselves," and adds, that when Americans have learned this "science of amusement" their country "will become a far more agreeable place than it is at present." Really this "able man's" ideal does not seem much higher than that of the "sordid, mean, unlovely" country to which he so strenuously objects. Indeed, some of us believe—from experience—that any man worth his salt would find life, for any

length of time, in a perfectly frivolous fashionable society bent on nothing but amusement, only a shade less dreary than existence in the dull little Philistine country town. He might like to see it for a short while, exactly as he would like to go to the circus; but he would as soon think of living in one as in the other. Moreover, such a society is not specially characteristic of London; "vacuity trimmed with lace" is to be found in most of our own large cities, by those whose curious ambition it is to associate therewith. To us, the charm of London lies in the fact that there we meet men who know how to have a good time and yet play their parts in the world. It is pleasant to stay at the country house of a mighty Nimrod who is also a prominent factor in politics; to meet men of note at the clubs; and to discuss art and literature at a dinner where there are leaders of Parliament in addition to leaders of fashion. The purely fashionable world I can meet in New York, whenever I wish; and there the women dress quite as well and dance much better.

Sir Lepel, in his preface, states that his book is written for Englishmen, and especially "English Liberals," "to point out for their avoidance those of the political methods of America which strike me" (Sir Lepel) "as thoroughly bad and corrupt." He goes on to state that he is sorry to hurt any one's feelings (a needless anxiety—we have preserved our equanimity), but that he must tell the truth. Of course in this position he is perfectly sound; a writer is bound to state the exact facts, even if they are as black as Sir Spencer St. John found Hayti.

Let us see how well our "able man" has succeeded in his quest for truth, by taking as samples of the rest a few passages chosen almost at random from his book. He bitterly condemns us for not making a State Park at Niagara, which, by the way, we have just done, and writes that, for their crime in failing to protect the scenery, he would "hand down to eternal infamy" the names of the authorities of the state of New York, "were he not convinced that, being New York officials, they are already as infamous as it is possible for officials to be;" he further writes "it is well

known" that the right to mar the scenery by advertisements, etc., "has been acquired by bribing the state officials."

When Sir Lepel wrote, the chief of these same officials, the Governor, was Mr. Cleveland, now President of the United States; the next in importance and influence was Mr. Davenport, whom the Republicans ran for Governor at the succeeding election, who had served several terms in Congress, who belonged to an old New York family, and was a man of the highest character and capacity. I was then in the Legislature, and knew him well, officially as well as privately. When Sir Lepel states that Messrs. Cleveland and Davenport are "as infamous as it is possible for officials to be," and that it is "well known" that rights are acquired from them "by bribery," it is just as if some latter-day Jefferson Brick should say the same thing about Lords Salisbury and Rosebery.

It would be easy to multiply quotations such as the above from the work of this "able man;" but instead I will quote a few of the figures he gives, partly because of their startling nature, and partly as a measure of the writer's trustworthiness. How he ever got them would be really worth while knowing; whoever gave them to him gulled him unmercifully. On p. 180 he says that "if all the Indian tribes—men, women, and children—throughout the states and territories be enumerated, they amount to some 66,000 souls," instead of which there are over four times that number. On p. 135 he says that the Germans "now number some ten millions;" whereas, including those whose parents were born in Germany, as well as those born there themselves, they number about four millions. However, in this case, Sir Lepel's statement contains 40 per cent. of truth—a very unusual proportion for him. His statements that the Germans do not intermarry with the Americans, and, like the Scandinavians, have in no way changed their nationality, are rather more absurd than his account of their numbers.

But he fairly outdoes himself in the chapter dealing with our illiteracy. He says that "only one voter in five can write his name in the Southern States." He says that "in the Presidential elec-

tion of 1876 New York, New Jersey, Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois, Rhode Island [and eight other states] were ranged on the side of illiteracy;" as at that election half of the states named voted one way, and half the other, it would seem as if "illiteracy" was bound to be ranged on both sides. He says that "in 1876, 60 out of the 96 senators, or four-fifths of the whole, and 259 out of 292 representatives in Congress, were in the grasp of illiteracy," and "in the last Presidential contest the voters in thirty states, commanding 298 electoral votes, were unable to read." At first I was puzzled to know what these two sentences meant. Then I found out—they meant nothing.

Almost every one of Sir Lepel's pages yields similarly rich ore to even the most superficial mining. If he is a fair sample of Anglo-Indian officials, the "English Liberals" for whom he writes, may, if they study his figures, be pardoned for concluding that Anglo-Indian statistics have a bizarre value quite unique.

Sir Lepel states, in his usual guarded way, that "America is the country of disillusion and disappointment, in politics, literature, culture, and art, in its scenery, its cities, and its people." Where did he get his "illusion," that was thus rudely dispelled? It could not have been from that small suburban Anacreon, Master Thomas Moore, who about 1805 described America as "rotten before she was ripe," a "medley mass of pride and misery," and the people as "the motley dregs of every distant clime," whose "youthful decay" and "crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption," "must repress every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America;" nor could it have been from Dickens, who, some forty years later, remarked, with hearty geniality, great good taste, and careful abstinence from exaggerated statement, that the Republic was "so maimed and lame, so full of sores and ulcers, foul to the eye and almost hopeless to the sense, that her best friends turned from the loathsome creature with disgust." Nor could it have been from the fascinating, albeit somewhat melancholy, pages of the late "Cassandra" Gregg, who in 1860 portrayed very powerfully our utter degeneracy in "mind, morals, manners,

and physical condition," and fifteen years later mentioned that we had grown worse. Really, our capacity for progressive degeneracy is marvellous. However, we are quite accustomed to these amenities of foreign criticism—all of our critics, by the way, being careful to assert a "friendliness" of disposition that is certainly most successfully dissembled—and we take a pensive interest in comparing the severe self-restraint characteristic of such sentences as those quoted above with the horror which the authors always profess to feel of the unbridled violence and loose denunciation so common in the American press.

Nevertheless, let me assure Sir Lepel that his feelings toward Americans are not reciprocated; on the contrary, such of them as know of his existence are inclined to greet him with favor as an unconscious humorist, and he has certainly proved a real heaven-sent boon to the overworked unfortunates who edit the comic press.

But enough of breaking such merely comic butterflies.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's sudden death was felt almost as much in the American as in the English world of letters. We on this side of the water feel that we owe him as much as you do. We are far from agreeing with all his views; there are many of them which we do not believe could be held by a healthy and rudely vigorous nation; but we know that we get from his writings much of which our own civilization stands in especial need. Moreover, he is entitled to a most respectful hearing when he points out what he deems the shortcomings of our civilization; and were his remarks malicious, which they are not, and unjust, which they are only in part, it would not diminish in the least the debt due from us to him.

Mr. Arnold undoubtedly tried to write about us in the only way that can possibly produce good, either to the people criticised or to the other people who are to profit by the example portrayed. He wrote his last two articles only after some observation, and he evidently honestly endeavored to discriminate between the good and the bad. Where he failed to be fair, the failure was probably entirely unintentional; it was wholly out

of his power to do full justice to a rough, pushing, vigorous people. The roseate-hued after-dinner account of an already prejudiced friend, produced after three months' travel, practically from one entertainment to another, however pleasant reading, is but a shade less useless than the bitter diatribe written by some one resolutely determined to see all things through a gloomy fog of dislike. Every people, as well as every system, has its faults and virtues; if the former overbalance the latter, the observer should say so, but he should be sure of his scales first. We honestly believe that our system has on the whole worked better than any other; but plenty of defects can be pointed out even by its friends; and if any foreigner who has studied it believes it to be bad, and fears that its influence both on our own people and on European races will be detrimental, then it is not only his right, but his duty, to say so and give his reasons.

But of course the critic should beware of too rapid generalization. Take "Martin Chuzzlewit," for instance; Jefferson Brick, Hannibal Chollop, and Elijah Pogram, are all good pictures of distinctively American types. They are types not to be found elsewhere, but common enough here, at the time that Dickens wrote, and unfortunately not yet extinct, though much less prominent and influential than formerly. But to treat them as the *only* American types was absurd; they stood toward the United States as Pecksniff, Bumble and Bill Sykes stood toward England. When Dickens generalized from them, and summed up about America, as already quoted, he wrote a sentence that stood about on a par with the New York newspaper "screamers" he was at the time engaged in ridiculing. Again, with due deference be it said, I think Englishmen sometimes write about American matters without thinking it necessary to study them at all. Lord Wolseley and Sir Lepel Griffin both stand well, I presume in England; yet they do not hesitate to write arrant nonsense about subjects of which they are simply densely ignorant, in a way they would hardly venture to do were they dealing with European affairs. It makes no difference whatever to us. For all we

care, Lord Wolseley is quite welcome to credit Lee with "pleading" against Lincoln's call for ninety-day troops, or, for the matter of that, to insist that Daniel Webster was a general in the Civil War, and we are perfectly willing that Sir Lepel should describe his sixty United States senators as being not only "in the grasp of illiteracy," but in that of homicidal cannibalism to boot. Frankly, if it pleases these gentlemen to cut such queer literary antics, unrestrained by the fear of being laughed at, we think it concerns only themselves and the services they represent.

Another thing that it is hard for any one to keep in mind is the difference in the point of view. To illustrate what I mean I shall take an example from that most delightful book, General Butler's "Great Lone Land." Therein the author relates, very humorously, his bewilderment when an American showed him a monument to Stephen Douglas; the point of the joke being the foolishness of the American in presuming that General Butler had heard of Stephen Douglas. Now of course it is a mark of rank provincialism for any man to believe that any foreigner knows anything about the history of the land he is visiting; but would General Butler appreciate quite as keenly the foolishness of an Englishman who should think that an American military officer, travelling on a semi-diplomatic mission, might safely be supposed to have heard of Lord John Russell? I greatly doubt it.

Yet again, a man must be sufficiently catholic to allow for mere differences of taste. Personally, I like Winchester repeaters, rocking-chairs, shad, ice-water, and spider-wheeled buggies; many of my English friends prefer dog-carts, beer, and double-barrelled Express rifles; but there is not the least reason why we should quarrel or look down upon one another because of our varying preferences. In the same way, without altogether defending "I guess" and "I reckon," it is certainly allowable to deem them at least as good as "I fancy." Nevertheless, many a writer seems to think that just such utterly trivial points determine the superiority or inferiority of a civilization.

Mr. Arnold falls into no such errors;

he gives us full credit for many of our good points; and, on the other hand, much that he says in blaming us is warranted by the facts.

He deserves special praise for having so clearly seen and understood our political condition, and for having so soon grasped the fact that there was here very much less administrative and judicial corruption than was commonly believed; that, in spite of striking and partial exceptions, our politics were not only already fairly pure and decent, but were steadily improving. Had he not been determined to see things as they really were, he might easily have been led astray on this point, not only by outside observers, but even more by Americans. One of our main faults, although I think it is a fault of which we are gradually curing ourselves, is a tendency to speak in the superlative, especially about ourselves, and to exaggerate both our failings and our virtues. If a cavalry officer kills six or eight Indians he is forthwith called a Hannibal; and if a congressman honestly differs from the bulk of his countrymen on some question of public policy, his character is promptly, and very unfavorably, compared with that of Judas Iscariot. At one time we bragged incessantly of all our legislators and legislative bodies, good and bad alike; but for the last twenty years we have gone to the opposite extreme, and our newspaper editors, essayists, and platform orators, from Mr. Lowell down, have indulged in incessant abuse of our politics and all connected therewith, in terms so violent and sweeping that they do quite as much harm as, and are even more untrue than, the former equally unmeasured praise. Newspapers, for instance, exhaust their vocabulary in denouncing what is in point of fact a fairly good state legislature: people know that much of their abuse must be taken in a pure Pickwickian sense; and so when they turn to denouncing a really outrageous board of aldermen, they have nothing stronger to say than they have already said, and are not more than half believed anyhow. Similarly, it was the proper and inevitable consequence of our former extravagance of statement that when we did perform heroic deeds the recital of them not only failed to impress outsiders, but what was of much



more importance, even failed adequately to impress ourselves.

Again, we who sincerely believe in the democratic idea, cannot but be pleased by Mr. Arnold's praise of our democracy; by his appreciation of our comparative equality and our approximate freedom from the spirit of class division, at least in those portions of our land where the old American habit of thought is most prevalent. His words especially appeal to those among our number whose good fortune it has been to pass a considerable part of our lives either in the west or in the back country of the old states; who have lived in communities wholly American, where ranchman and cowboy, or "boss" and "hired help," as the case might be, slept in the same house and ate at the same table, each respecting himself and each respecting the other; who have seen with our own eyes that plain living, while by no means necessarily productive of high thinking, is at any rate not incompatible therewith. We believe, not only that we have provided for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but also that we have built up a community wherein any really manly and virile individual has free scope to play his life part well and nobly. Moreover, Arnold has justice on his side when he ridicules the extravagant praise sometimes showered on what he calls the average man. We are too apt to spend our time in praising the average man for what he is, instead of trying to spur him on to be something more; it is a good thing to be reminded from time to time that we must try to level up to the highest, and not down to the average. He is also right in insisting that one of our especial dangers is the mistaking of mere material progress for genuine civilization, and the tendency to measure all success by the degrading standard of the almighty dollar; although here let me say that I sometimes think the eternal guinea plays an equally prominent part in England.

He is right to laugh at much that our people say about our superiority in fineness of fibre and nervous organization. So far from being creditable to us, this nervousness and fineness of physique bid fair in places to develop into a real danger; they are undoubtedly among

the causes that have produced the alarming diminution of the birth rate among native-born Northerners, especially in New England. Our cultivated, and still more our enormous partially and imperfectly cultivated, classes have erred tremendously in altogether looking down upon the development of the body; and though there are numerous signs that there has been in this respect a great change for the better, yet there is still much need of insistence upon the fact that though a man must before all else think straight and be moral, yet that in addition he must be vigorous of body, must have a capital digestion, must, in short, be a good, healthy animal before he can be reckoned a really first-class member of the body politic, fit to be the father of other good citizens.

On these matters Mr. Arnold is entirely right; yet it seems to me that he has not seen some of our chief dangers—such as the growth of a turbulent and put partially Americanized foreign-born proletariat in our large cities and manufacturing and mining centres—and that some of the accusations that he does bring against us are either not borne out by the facts at all, or else are borne out only in part.

Thus, his wholesale denunciation of American newspapers is altogether too sweeping, although there is a solid understratum of truth in what he says. The only exception he makes is in the case of the *Nation*, and this apparently simply because it has a "foreign"—more definitely, pseudo-Milesian—editor; but the exception is not altogether worth making, for though the *Nation* has done good work in certain lines politically (using the word in the larger, not the mere party, sense), its influence has been thoroughly unwholesome, and its sour, spiteful dishonesty entitles it to be called the Sir Benjamin Backbite of the American press. Undoubtedly a man taking up an American newspaper is apt to find therein much that grates on his sense of good taste, and in many cases not a little that offends his sense of decency and propriety; but he is also sure to find much sound common-sense, much shrewd humor, and—in spite of our critics—a good deal of excellent morality. In non-political

public movements the newspapers are generally potent forces for right; as any one may see for himself if he examines the zeal with which they work for a good international copyright law, or inquires into the history of the preservation of the Adirondack forests or the laying out the country round Niagara as a public park.

It seems to me that Mr. Arnold is mistaken in thinking us to be so very sensitive to criticism of our actions. At one time we were undoubtedly marvelously thin-skinned, but nowadays we have grown confident: we hold ourselves accountable only to ourselves, and bear the praise and blame of foreigners with much philosophy. For instance, the only lengthy allusions to Mr. Arnold's views of our civilization that I have happened to come across were made by a clergyman, who took them as the text for a sermon, and by an essayist, who wrote about them in a magazine; and both clergyman and essayist, being in pessimistic mood, vigorously asserted that all that the critic had said was true. A man must be cautious in believing a nation to be unduly sensitive to foreign opinion merely because he comes across some individuals who are thin-skinned. A friend of mine once wrote what he still believes to be a complimentary article on England; yet it produced a shoal of uncomplimentary letters in return, one gentleman actually taking the trouble to write him from Patagonia in terms of involved scorn; but he did not in consequence hastily announce that the British public was abnormally nervous as to what was said about it in American magazines.

What Arnold says about the American accent is also largely true, but is, I think, exaggerated. That is, there is a tendency in America to talk with a twang, as there is a tendency in England to use the aspirate improperly. Jean Ingelow somewhere says that Americans say "sass" for sauce; so they do—as much as Englishmen say "heggs" for eggs. In making these comparisons, we must remember to compare corresponding classes. But undoubtedly even the cultivated people of a nation are apt now and then to betray the failings common among the uncultivated; and, moreover, are least

sensitive about the failings to which they have become accustomed. I have often been struck by meeting Englishmen of high social position who, to my ears, slightly softened or roughened the "h" in the wrong places. As showing the other side, I am tempted to tell a little story, although it is rather against myself. It was at a dinner in London, and I was sitting next a very pretty woman, who was evidently bent on saying pleasant things about America; indeed, to some of her speeches I was obliged faintly to demur—as when she credited us with the national ownership of the river Amazon. Finally, she electrified me by observing that she liked to hear me speak, "because she was so fond of the American accent; it reminded her of a banjo!" The remark was evidently made in perfectly good faith. I murmured my acknowledgments, and she continued the conversation with the vivacity naturally attendant upon the pleased consciousness of having paid a neat compliment.

But all of these points are, in Mr. Arnold's estimation, of minor importance, serving only to illustrate the truth of his main charge against us. This charge is, that our civilization is not interesting, because it fails to supply the two absolutely necessary elements of beauty and distinction; and he may not unfairly be said to offer as a partial explanation of our failure the alleged fact that our whole people answers to the English middle class. This is only very roughly true; for, though our population doubtless stands in close relation to the English middle class, after all it is not English, and it is not a middle class. A "middle-class" American is as different from a middle-class European as a mountaineer of Appenzell is from a Bavarian peasant. In the first place, we differ by blood and race as well as by nationality from England; even when the Revolution broke out, the term American was more than a mere geographical expression; the descendants of the Roundhead and the Cavalier were the leaders in the struggle, but beside them stood the children of the Hollander and the Huguenot, of the Presbyterians of Scotland and Ireland and the Lutherans of Germany and Sweden. More important still than the

ethnic difference is the difference in the surroundings ; a middle class which has never had an upper class over it or a lower class under it is inevitably bound to develop in such a way that it can only be called a middle class at all by a stretch of words.

So, disregarding the explanation, I will confine myself to the statement itself ; and yet after all, where the accusation is, by its very nature, so vague, the answer can be but little more than a statement of the opposite belief. Mr. Arnold quotes Carlyle as saying that he would not live in America because it was not interesting. If he found us so, well and good ; it was his affair, not ours. I knew of a Scotchman who once announced that on the whole he found the pleasant town of Peebles more interesting than London or Paris. To us the statement seems less a reflection upon America than an illustration of the fact that a man can write well about deeds which, when he sees them done, he is utterly unable to appreciate ; that he can sing the praises of greatness achieved, and yet be blind to the heroism of those who before his own eyes are achieving it. Carlyle could deify Cromwell, the hero of a civil war big with fate to the English race ; yet he could not so much as see Lincoln and Grant as they brought to a close another contest surely no less important. He could bow down before the memory of the military prowess of Frederick the Great ; yet he could not perceive the superb soldiery of Lee. He could shout with exultation over the French Revolution, and be dumb in the presence of a struggle of which the outcome decided the unity of a nation, the destiny of a continent, and the freedom of a race. Let me make myself clear : no one can possibly complain because Carlyle found the United States uninteresting ; but if Mr. Arnold makes his doing so the ground for saying that there is a great lack somewhere, it is permissible to answer that the fault may lie in the observer quite as much as in what he observed.

Of the two causes that make us uninteresting, Arnold lays perhaps most stress upon our lack of the beautiful. Here, likewise, he is certainly right in part. More than any other of the

founders of our nation, the Puritan has left his mark stamped deep in the character of our people ; and the Puritan had only the beauty that belongs to the grim, homely, rugged strength of a race with many forbidding traits, but yet essentially moral and essentially manly. Does any man think it would have been to the ultimate advantage of America to have exchanged the qualities of the Puritan for those of the beauty-loving, beauty-producing Greek ? The Greek could never, like the Puritan, have conquered a continent, and then governed both it and himself. I wish we had a keener, higher sense of beauty ; I hope we may develop it ; but I should be sorry to see it cultivated at the cost of more virile and useful qualifications. Moreover, Arnold goes much too far in some of his statements. His strictures on American natural scenery must be due simply to his having seen very little of America ; to attempt to compare even the eastern States with England is like trying to include in the same comparison Portugal, Sweden, and the Tyrol. Maine and Florida, New York and Virginia, differ among themselves as Italy differs from Norway. Americans often brag with absurd lack of judgment even about their scenery ; it seems impossible, for instance, to instill into the minds of some of our countrymen the fact that New York Harbor has not the least resemblance to the Bay of Naples, and to persuade them that it is in the worst possible taste to copy the ludicrous example of Saxony, and christen a pretty bit of hilly country the American Switzerland, or degrade a beautiful mountain road by calling it the American Cornice. But if a man looks only at the country, and does not bother himself with what a very small portion of the inhabitants say about it, he ought to be able to satisfy himself somewhere between the Atlantic, the Alleghanies, Canada, and the Gulf. Moreover, we must remember that each man naturally loves best the woods and mountains, the lakes and rivers of his own land. I am much too fond of the Catskills and the Adirondacks, the Hudson, the Sound, and our midland lakes to be able to compare them fairly with those of England or Scotland. But of course it is true, as our critic says, that we have

not "that charm of beauty which comes from ancientness and permanence of rural life."

Mr. Arnold denies us also all claim to beauty in architecture, and mentions that we have produced nothing of importance in literature. If he means that we have nothing like the "Iliad" or the Parthenon, he is well within the mark. But of all his criticism upon us, I am inclined to think that what he says of our architecture has least warrant in fact; certainly he has wholly failed to appreciate the difference between our architecture of to-day and of twenty years back, and he is curiously ignorant of Richardson's work, as well as being utterly mistaken in his idea of the conditions under which it was done. Curiously enough, when Mr. Arnold wishes to illustrate by example, the architectural beauty to which we have failed to attain, he instances Somerset House and Whitehall; yet he has been singularly unhappy in his choice, for these two buildings at least are fully equalled by half-a-dozen of our own public structures. But when he speaks of literature, he is on ground that he thoroughly knows, and whereof America would be first to acknowledge him a master; and yet not even because of his great authority would I be willing to miss from my bookshelves Irving and Hawthorne and Emerson and Cooper, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier and Poe, and Parkman and Motley; and I shall still continue to look forward to a new novel by Charles Egbert Craddock, and to a new story by Thomas Nelson Page or Joel Chandler Harris. But unquestionably—and very naturally—we have not produced writers that stand relatively as high as our statesmen and soldiers; we have *done* a good deal more than we have *written*. And it seems to me that a critic should keep in mind that we are a young land, and as yet must be judged, whether for good or evil, almost as much by our promise as by our performance. After all, taming a continent is nobler work than studying *belles lettres*.

Mr. Arnold instances, as a proof of how unsatisfactory educated people find existence in America, the numbers that go abroad. If he had gone on and taken into account the number of Eng-

lish tourists who visit Italy, he would have gained a clear idea of the exact value of his proof. Nor is he right in his belief that our best artists and literary men like to live abroad; those who do so are a very feeble folk indeed, as any man can find by searching through the list of Americans who have done good work in any given department. The Americans who make their home abroad are men too weak to make their way at home; they belong to some such class as that of our so-called "realistic" novelists—not theirs the realism that gives us so excellent and true a type as, for instance, Silas Lapham—but men who apparently seek to supplement French realism, which consists in depicting the unspeakably nasty, by a realism of their own, the portrayal of the unutterably trivial. It is distinctly to our discredit as a nation that we have produced these men; but then it is much to our credit that, when produced, they are driven to live somewhere else. The Americans who do good work are invariably those whose Americanism is most pronounced, and who are themselves American in heart and spirit, in marrow and fibre. The acquisition of a species of flaccid cosmopolitanism is one of the surest signs of a feeble nature.

Mr. Arnold is part right and three parts wrong in speaking of the "hideous nomenclature" of the United States. The names of most of our states, rivers, lakes, and mountains are by no means hideous; on the contrary, many of them are very beautiful. But the names of many of our cities, towns, and villages are not only hideous but ludicrous also. Such names as Memphis in Tennessee, Paris and Versailles in Kentucky, Syracuse, Elmira, and Utica in New York, stand as high-water marks of hedge-school pedantry, utter poverty of imagination, and absurd, uneasy pretentiousness. They, and the men who tolerate them, cannot be sufficiently ridiculed. But Mr. Arnold is on more uncertain footing when condemning in even stronger terms all names ending in "ville." I am far too good a disciple of Mr. Freeman not to greatly prefer some form of "boro," "ton," or "ham" as a termination; but the fact remains that, in addition to these Teu-



tonic endings, we have now also adopted the Romance termination "ville," as we long ago adopted the Romance termination "chester"—that is, castra. I prefer the ending "ton" to the ending "ville," exactly as I prefer the words fall and outlook to the words autumn and prospect: but no individual dislike can drive out words and terms that have been accepted into the language. Mr. Arnold is peculiarly unhappy in his condemnation of Jacksonville in Florida. Except for the fact that we see one and do not see the other, through the mist of centuries, this is a name precisely parallel to that of Edinburgh (King Edwin's borough). Jackson was once the ruler of our country, and a valiant general; by his successful, albeit piratical, wars with the Spaniards and Seminoles he won Florida for us; and it was most fitting that the chief of the new towns we there founded should have been named after him. Still, I do not wish to enter into a defence of the termination "ville;" and much that Mr. Arnold says about our lack, as a nation, of a sense of beauty and grace, is correct, and we would do well to ponder it, and profit by it.

But when he speaks of the lack of distinction in our history and our civilization, he seems to use the word in a sense that in our eyes renders it meaningless. It almost seems as if he unconsciously connected distinction with pageantry and fine clothes, with what he himself calls the "frippery" of the middle ages. Certainly, as he uses it, he would have to deny its existence in Clive, Hastings, or Wolfe when compared with the highly polished, salon-frequenting French who were their contemporaries—and in our homely eyes their inferiors. He says we are deprived of the effect made upon men by the contemplation of what is elevated, that we are lacking in the sense of awe. If he means that Americans do not regard any man as a moujik regards the Czar, he is right; and though such a feeling as that of the moujik has much in it that is fine and good, yet we believe that it can only be acquired or retained at the expense of even more valuable qualities. But it seems to me that the feeling shown by Americans for men like Lincoln and Grant, the attitude they now hold toward old Te-

cumseh Sherman, shows an appreciation of true elevation of character; it certainly implies loyalty, and gratitude, and respect toward men who have shown in high degree courage, warcraft, statecraft, and devotion to their country.

Mr. Arnold grants us that Washington is distinguished, but says that Lincoln is not, though he admits the latter deserves the most sincere esteem and praise. He adds that Washington has not the high mental distinction of Cæsar. This may be true; but woe to the nation where Cæsar rather than Washington stands as the arch-type and ideal! He also states that Washington belongs really to the pre-American age, and was an Englishman, not an American. He might as well say that Cromwell, as compared to Pitt, was a German, and not an Englishman. Washington lived a generation or two nearer the time our people crossed the water than Lincoln did; and similarly Cromwell lived several generations nearer than Pitt to the English settlement and conquest of Britain. Washington was the typical American of his age; there has never lived a man who was more thoroughly bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

I cannot help thinking that the difference Mr. Arnold makes between Washington and Lincoln is due to the fact that one lived a century ago, and the other in our own time. A hundred years ago Englishmen would have laughed at the praise he gives to Washington; fifty years ago they would have still considered it extravagant; to-day they think it just. So it will be with Lincoln. Compare what was said of him in his lifetime with what is said of him even now, and we can form some idea of the verdict of the future. Writing in 1864, Mr. Freeman, who is always friendly to America, and puts the best interpretation he conscientiously can on our deeds, touched incidentally on Lincoln. He felt called upon to make a stand against the general feeling of his countrymen toward Lincoln, and he boldly took advanced ground. This is what the defender of Lincoln said: "It is ridiculous to speak of him as the mere drivelling idiot which it suits party prejudice to call him;" and he admitted his inferiority to McClellan and

Jefferson Davis, but said he was better than any President since Jackson !

Mr. Arnold's estimate, twenty-four years later, shows a gigantic advance when compared to Mr. Freeman's ; and, perhaps, had he, for the good fortune of the world of letters, been spared to live longer, he would by degrees have seen still more clearly the character of Lincoln. If so, he would surely have

given all honor to the uncouth backwoods giant ; the shrewd, far-seeing statesman ; the high-minded patriot, with his clear eyes, his iron will, his sad, patient, kindly heart ; who for four years bore a burden that would have broken any back but his, and who then met death for the sake of the people whom he had loved and served in his life.—*Murray's Magazine*.

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### MILITARY GENIUS.

BY GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY.

ALL great genius is as individual to its possessor as are good looks or a cheerful countenance. Education and opportunity may develop, but they cannot create it. The grain of wheat may lie in the Egyptian coffin for a thousand years, neglected and apparently useless ; but the germ of life within it is always in a condition to give forth leaves and fruit when required. There can be no doubt that men with all the genius of a Homer, a Shakespeare, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon may have lived and died in obscurity, but I believe they have been few in number. It is not every race of human beings that can produce the highest type of genius. A certain condition of life, I might almost say of civilization, or at least of settled government, seems to be, as it were, the soil necessary for the germination of supreme genius.

A great poet, it is true, may possess little book-learning, but his knowledge of human nature must be extensive, and he must have sounded all the depths of passion. His mind and very being should so harmonize with nature, that he and it should be compounded, as it were, of the same essence. Even then it is very doubtful whether any truly great poem could be produced in the language of a people without a history. Wars and conquests seem to be essential to the development of those soul-absorbing and transcendent passions from which the poet borrows his enthusiasm. Be that as it may, it is, I think, tolerably certain that before any nation or collection of kindred tribes can produce a great leader of men—a Moses, a Han-

nibal, or a Mahomed—there must be in that people not only a warlike instinct, some principle of self-assertion and self-confidence, but also that order of intellectual ability and that natural power of reasoning which distinguish the civilized man of all ages from the thoughtless Negro of equatorial Africa. The race that produces an Attila or a Zenghis Khan may have no great and recognized national yearnings, but the mind of the people must be so far prepared, although perhaps unconsciously, for the reception of the seed of some high ambition, that as soon as it is sown by the master husbandman, it takes root and bears a hundredfold.

No species of study can be more deeply interesting than the early history of the great leaders of men, whose doings have changed the face of the world and altered the fortunes of numerous races of human beings. What was it that fired those leaders with the craving for conquest ? What was it within them, the possession of what attributes both mental and bodily was it, that gave them, or obtained for them, that power of leadership which they exercised, often unquestioned by even the proudest and greatest of their followers ? To what extent did they make the circumstances they guided, or were they themselves made by them ? Were the conquests of Attila merely the natural outcome of his people's warlike genius ? or was it he who prompted or created their ambition ? Have individuals rough-hewn the world's history, or were its heroes, those who were apparently its great leaders in all the most remarkable events, merely

the creatures of circumstance, who simply led others along the furrows that had been gouged out and ridged up over the earth's surface by natural laws of which they had no clear conception, and by subtle influences which they only felt without realizing, and which certainly they could not understand? If your imagination enables you to do so, eliminate from all known history the lives of those who have done most to upset the settled order of human institutions, whose actions have been the elements of greatest importance in impeding the progress of man; do the same as regards those who are commonly looked upon as the saviours of their nations, and what monuments will remain to guide the student of history? You may, then, divide man's career on earth into epochs distinguished one from the other by the species of instrument used by him to kill his fellow; but even if, for the sake of argument, you allow there would be any history at all to record, would it not, if robbed of its greatest figures, of its most illustrious names, be insipid, colorless, and devoid of all the poetry of life, which is the sunshine that can alone illumine the landscape of time? Without great men history would be as the night-time of chaos before light was created.

There are historians now who desire apparently to teach the doctrine that our world's affairs move steadily forward in directions and in grooves furrowed out for them by the action of natural laws; that it is not the teaching or the leading of great men which directs human progress. They refuse to admit the determining influence of poets or prophets upon man's actions, they eliminate from their pages the life-stories of heroes; they tell us that a great man is but as the crest of a wave. While admitting that the powerful genius of an Attila or of a Napoleon has been, and may again become, a disturbing element in the onward and upward progress of man toward a higher and a better life and a nobler condition of things, it is asserted that after all the influence of such men has never been, and never can be, more than temporary and unimportant. There are, they tell us, waves of thought and emotion which, although seemingly capricious, follow well defined

though perhaps not well understood or generally recognized natural laws, and which are as certain in their action upon the conduct of men as that of the attraction of gravitation in physical nature. It is with men, they say, as with the march of young locusts, though a few outsiders may straggle to the right or left, and intervening obstacles may in places occasion delay, the great main column still marches steadfastly forward over all impediments with astronomical correctness of direction.

Yet surely the process of decay which has prepared many great peoples for destruction, has never yet brought that end about. The 'death-blow' has in all instances been delivered by some sturdy conqueror. If this be so, how can we afford to ignore that conqueror's story?

As nations have been destroyed by individuals, so, too, they have been created by individuals. I need not go beyond our own times for an illustration, for Italy and Germany furnish striking instances of this truth. Can the history of the last thirty years be written so as to be intelligible if the figures of Cavour and of Bismarck be omitted from its pages?

How, then, can it be said that all the great political and national revolutions of the world are the direct outcome of natural laws? Into every phase of history the sheer ability, will, force of character, the very idiosyncrasies of individuals, and above all other things, the military genius of great commanders or rulers, enter very largely as powerful factors for good or evil. Surely events have been determined or, at least, influenced largely by these men and by their actions.

Even if the statement does not express the whole truth, there was force which we now ignore in the old apophthegm that the history of a nation is the history of its great men. Read a nation's poetry, and become acquainted with the character, views, aspirations, and actions of its leaders, and the outline of its history can be sketched out, as the great naturalist was able to describe the extinct bird of which he was given one or two bones.

Should we ever have had the Crusades had Peter the Hermit never been born? And in that case how different would

have been the history of European civilization! What an influence Holland has exercised upon the world, and yet, if the sickly, prematurely-born William of Orange had died of the virulent small-pox with which he was attacked in early life, or had John Churchill died of fever in Tangiers, there can be little doubt that Holland would have followed the fate which then overtook Alsace and Lorraine, and, like them, it must have become in time essentially French in feeling and an integral part of France.

If Wellington in early life had accepted the small post in the Irish Excise which his family pressed him to take, or after Talevera, had he resigned his command in disgust with the interference of ministers, as ignorant of war as he was of theology, Napoleon would in all human probability have died in peace and triumph at the Tuileries. After Sir John Moore's death, there was no English general save Wellington. In the same way, a hundred years before, Marlborough was our only commander who was fit to cope with Villars and the other marshals of France of that time. In Anne's reign, the grand alliance, which may be said to have saved European liberty, could have only been kept together by the tact and military genius of Marlborough. It was his great ability in the field that secured the independence of Holland, that saved Europe from the grasp of the great French King, as she was saved a century later from the tyranny of the great Corsican by another illustrious British soldier. That in two such remarkable epochs of the world's history, peace and liberty were secured to all Europe by two of England's most renowned soldiers, two of her very greatest sons, would indeed be a proud remembrance for every British subject, were it not for the comparison between the position we then occupied in the world and that to which a sickly and pharisaical philanthropy has since reduced us. Then we were the acknowledged mistress of the seas, and our recognized military strength gave us a power and influence in the world which, while it was gratifying to our pride, helped largely toward the creation of this wide empire of ours, and conducted greatly to the good and welfare of mankind.

The torrent of anarchical democracy lately let loose upon England is undermining, and must eventually destroy, that fabric of military and naval strength upon which our stability as a nation rests. With its destruction, hundreds of millions of money, now invested in British enterprises, will be removed to some country with an executive government strong enough to maintain order and secure the rights of property at home, and strong enough, in a military sense, to hold its own against all foreign aggression. Our recent naval manœuvres will certainly cause all Europe to question our naval strength, even if it does not open the eyes of our own electorate to the very disagreeable truths long known to every one not seated on the "front benches."

If it is true that great men have produced the effect upon the world's history which I claim for them, and that we are now suffering from the assumption that we can dispense with them and with their leading, then it is worth while to consider what those qualities have been which have given these men their commanding influence.

It is not my intention to discuss the relative influences exercised by the poet and by the great leader of men upon the high events of the world past and present. Others must determine which conferred the greater benefit upon England, Blake and Howard of Effingham, who saved us from invasion three hundred years ago, or the greatest of British, if not of all poets, who flourished at the same time. It is not necessary for me to consider whether we as a nation owe more to Wellington than to Byron, or whether the civilized world, and especially Europe, is more indebted to Bismarck than to Heine. The poet supplies thoughtful pleasures in our moments of studious ease, and awakens within us by his glorious strains noble ideas never realized before. He gives form and substance to manly aspirations, which although they often flitted darkly over the brain's retina, had never previously been presented to the intellect in any concrete shape. In dwelling on these gifts we are apt to forget or ignore the benefits we have received from the men of action. While in the full enjoyment of the pleasures of imagina-



tion that have been provided for us by the great poet, our mind is in no fit condition for any just appreciation of the more substantial blessings secured to us by the great doers of daring deeds.

The influence exercised by ballads and poetry in all phases of the world's history has been great. Independence, love of country and of freedom, loyalty, devotion to religion, in fact, all that is noblest in man's nature, have been inspired and maintained by the poet's grand appeals to man's highest and best nature. It is not, however, always the poetry of the highest order which exercises the greatest influence at critical moments in a nation's history. England battling for her own existence and for European freedom, owed more to the simple songs of Dibdin than to all the great poems of that same period, more even than to the noble sonnets in which Wordsworth appealed to love of country and national enthusiasm. A few fiery sentences addressed by Napoleon to the army of Italy had more influence upon the destiny of France than all the volumes of Voltaire.

The genius of the poet, painter, musician, the great mathematician or mechanician is of a specific kind in each case. Each of these men, though surpassingly great in his own line, may be thoroughly unbusiness-like and impractical, and without even any appreciation of excellence in any other walk in life but his own. The great artist may be and often is what is commonly understood by us as "an uneducated man," and all those to whom I have referred may be absolutely incapable of any discrimination as regards the character and relative worth of men. They may be childlike in their trust of all with whom they have intercourse. They may be but half-baked, puling specimens of humanity, destitute of nerve, strength, or fibre.

There are, on the other hand, many walks in life which require a great knowledge of men as well as of things or thoughts, careers in which no excellence is to be attained without habits of order and great businesslike capacity, but yet in which there is no necessity for physical health and strength. Furthermore, some men have been regarded as among the world's greatest benefac-

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tors who were very scantily provided with that rarest of talents, common-sense. Between this, the most useful of all mental gifts to man, and pure genius, there is often no connection. The fable tells us that when both once roamed in company, Genius, full of lofty ideas, fell into a pond, while Common-sense, avoiding all obstacles, went forward in safety.

In many professions and callings genius pure and simple may command success, but genius alone does not make the great commander. When leadership and responsibility in war are conferred upon a man devoid of sound common-sense, tact, good temper, and good health, simply because he can write ably on strategy, or is a first-rate lecturer on tactics, the fate of his army will be that of Genius in the fable. As I understand the genius possessed by the Marlboroughs and Napoleons of all ages, it is composed of a greater variety of talents and of natural gifts than that which has made men great and renowned in any other walk of life. Military genius in its highest sense is a combination of many qualities and powers. A man may shine as an eminent military historian and yet be wanting in some of the simple attributes without which no man can even be a good private soldier. In fact, he need not be a soldier at all. Mr. Kinglake and Thomas Carlyle have shown genius in describing actions in which they had no share. Sir William Napier, though a soldier, made his type of genius most felt as a military historian. Strategy as a science can be learned from illustrations drawn in chalk on a blackboard; and an able man who has mastered its rules and laws, and who is thoroughly well versed in military history, may write valuable works upon it, although he may be entirely destitute of that sound and clear judgment without which no general can be worth anything in the field. Jomini, the greatest of writers on tactics, never held any independent command in war. Then, rising higher in the scale of military genius, you may have, not only the intimate knowledge of the science of war, but you may possess also an intuitive clearness of perception, and the great gift of being able to unravel a tangled mass of contradictory information about the

enemy's position, doings and intentions, so that you can arrive at just conclusions and rapid decisions, and yet be devoid of those qualities of character and of temper, and that personal charm of manner without which no one can ever aspire to lead others. I have, on the other hand, known these genial qualities possessed to a very remarkable extent by officers whom all loved in consequence, but to whom God had denied the power of thought, the grasp of view and intellect, without which no man can ever rise above mediocrity as a general. Field-Marshal Von Moltke's character is so simple and winning, and his military genius of such a high order, that it is most probable he would have become a great leader of men in the field had any such command ever devolved upon him. To direct, as he did, the daily movements of a huge army, numbered by hundreds of thousands, is a colossal task. There are few, if any, men now living who could have accomplished it. At the same time it is quite possible that even Moltke does not possess the qualities which made the "Tenth Legion" love Cæsar, and which made the Roman one of the few great leaders of armies whom the world has ever known. Great coolness of head and sternness of nerve are required by the general whose exclusive rôle in the field is to keep several large armies in motion, each on its own line, but each and all moving, as the pieces on a chessboard, toward one common object. The sternness—I might say, the relentlessness—of disposition which enables such a man to do his daily work unaffected either by the all-absorbing joy of success or by the depressing influences of passing failure, is a rare gift. But it is quite possible that such a strategist if carried from the safe position of army headquarters, and pushed into the midst of excitement and of peril, and of all the emotions and startling sensations which such a position occasions, might then be unable to exercise the quickness of apprehension and the soundness of judgment that can alone enable a man in that position to duly weigh the circumstances, analyze the situation, and at once come to the right conclusion. To be able to do this, and to carry out a decision so arrived at with all the coolness of one who has no

serious responsibility in the matter—to be not only personally indifferent to danger in its most appalling form, but to possess a mind so evenly balanced that it is inaccessible to the impressions and disturbing influences of danger, is surely one of the very rarest of all human qualities. Of all the commanders whose lives I have studied, none possessed this gift, this rare power, in so remarkable a degree as Marlborough; as a general in action it was his most striking characteristic. The military historian of a high order, the able writer on strategy, the first-class instructor in the science of war, and also the Chief of the Staff who directs the moves of the campaign as the chess player does who is far from the board on which the game is carried on, each and all of these require military genius of a distinct order and of various degrees of excellence. Theirs need not be by any means, however, in my opinion, the highest form of military genius. To illustrate my meaning, I would instance Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Napoleon, and General Lee as men who possessed what I regard as the highest development of military genius—men who combined with the strategic grasp of Von Moltke and the calm wisdom and just reasoning power of Wellington, all the power of Marshal Bugeaud and of Souwaroff to inflame the imagination of their soldiers and impart to them some of the fiery spirit of reckless daring which burned within their own breasts. As the word "General" is usually interpreted, a great strategist may be fairly given that title, but he is not at all, necessarily, a great commander, a great leader of armies. The personal magnetism which such great men possess so largely, and can without effort impart to others, was, I think, wanting in our "Iron Duke." What is more, he never seems to have valued it as a desirable quality in an English leader, although he fully realized its force and power when exercised by Napoleon. This may partly be accounted for by the way in which he looked upon his army. Although, when it broke up in 1814, after an education of five years of victory under his command, he pronounced it to be able to go anywhere and do anything, still he seems always to have regarded it

more as a splendidly constituted machine in the highest possible working order, than as a living, animate being, sensible to and affected by all the subtle emotions by which man is influenced. The marvellous magnetic power of the great, generous leader over his men was certainly undervalued by Wellington. He used to say that Waterloo was won in the playgrounds of Eton and Harrow, and no man has ever set a higher value upon good breeding and blue blood in officers than he did. He seems in his mind to have divided his army into gentlemen and common men, placing a great unbridged gulf between the two classes. With one or two exceptions, he apparently had the very poorest opinion of the military capacity of his generals of division, while he believed with all his cold heart in the dash, courage, endurance, loyalty, and patriotism of his regimental officers, the sons of English squires and younger sons of what was then called our aristocracy. He believed they would always do their duty; he depended upon their breeding in that respect just as he depended upon the strength and courage of his thorough-bred charger to carry him for a long day's hard riding over any battlefield. He had seemingly no faith in the half-bred man, no more than in the badly-bred hound that always required the lash of the huntsman. He seldom, if ever, spoke in appreciative terms of those brave soldiers who carried him in triumph from Lisbon to Toulouse, and if he had any affection for them, he never showed it. He believed that when restrained by the most rigorously enforced discipline and led by English gentlemen, they were, under him, invincible. But he never hesitated to describe them as a collection of ruffians, the blackguards of every British parish, the scum of every English town. Feeling thus toward them, he never thought it worth his while to appeal to sentiments he did not believe them to possess, and it never seems to have occurred to him that he could raise their tone or create in them those feelings of honor and of patriotism which had formed at other epochs and in other countries the mainspring of those armies whose great achievements are best known to the world. In fact, he was a thor-

ough aristocrat at heart, with all the best sentiments but still with all the prejudices of that class. There was no genial sympathy between him and his soldiers; they respected him and, during his later campaigns, they had the most unbounded confidence in his military genius, but beyond his own immediate military household, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy, no one loved him. It is for this reason that I think he will never be classed in the same rank of military greatness—of real military genius—with the five great leaders of men I have named above.

Let me now consider briefly some deeds of these greatest commanders, and then my readers perhaps may understand better what I mean by the highest type of military genius. And first of all let me take NAPOLEON.

If there be any one rule which may be said to sum up the science of strategy and the tactical art, it is that you should make your plans, and carry them out so as to be always superior to your enemy at the point of contact. From this it follows, that when you have to engage several armies, you should contrive to engage them one by one with all your concentrated strength. This rule, carried out most suddenly with the utmost secrecy and celerity of movement, may be said to have been the great secret of Napoleon's success. When he fired the imagination of his footsore and almost shoeless soldiers in 1796, by pointing out to them from the rugged Apennines, where they were in want of food and shelter, the riches of Italy that lay beneath them, he had already carefully digested his plan for meeting and destroying his enemy in detail. This he carried out by a series of most brilliant movements, surprising the widely-separated armies of his enemies by sudden blows delivered with all his concentrated strength. It was the same in the following year when he destroyed Wurmser's army. Who but a great military genius would have conceived and executed the idea of abandoning no less than one hundred and forty guns in his besieging batteries before Mantua, and of raising the siege for the time being, leaving his stores, etc., to the mercy of his enemy, in order that he might be able to attack, with all his concentrated

army, that of Wurmser, which was divided by Lake Garda? Who but a great leader would have made the news that one of his generals had been defeated on one side of the lake, and another on the other, the very harbinger of final victory?

Napoleon's conception of the situation of the allied armies in Belgium in 1815 was most sound and just, and the plan he formed for their overthrow was perfect. Through the mistakes of his opponents, he was enabled to fight each separately, and the more one studies that grand campaign, the more is one unwillingly convinced that had Napoleon then been physically the man he was at Rivoli, he would have defeated Wellington at Waterloo as he had just defeated Blücher at Ligny. Napoleon failed, because at that period of his life he lacked one of those qualities which are essential to military success. He was suffering from such terrible physical ailments that the marvellous energy of the past was at times altogether lacking to him. No illustration could more strongly than this one enforce my point that for successful command in the field mind and body with all their powers in full force are needed, that genius, without health and the energy which springs from health, fails like genius without common sense, like common sense without genius, like genius without training or training without genius. The poet may reach his highest effort when blind. The greatest genius fails in war if all his bodily and mental faculties are not at their very best. You must have them all in full vigor to win a Blenheim or an Austerlitz. You must be able to accurately estimate the numerical strength of your enemy, to gauge the fighting value of his troops, and all the forces, moral, physical, and political, that you have for and against you. To discount as Napoleon did in his early campaigns the military ignorance and possible weakness of the Government under whose orders he was acting, is also necessary, and to know your own men so thoroughly that you do not miss the right moment to call upon them for those exertions, those personal sacrifices, those hardships and sufferings, without which no great victory was ever won.

Now let me take CÆSAR.

To say of Cæsar that the political and military genius which he showed in Gaul, in Italy, and in Spain, involved that kind of understanding of men and of the movements and forces of his time which is, in its way, somewhat of the same order as the poet's genius, would be only to repeat what all men acknowledge. What is not necessary to the poet, and what few men not soldiers realize, is that quality which Cæsar showed when defeated by no fault of his own at Dyrrhachium, or when after almost all the world had deserted him because of his apparent failure in Spain, he changed the history of the world by his calm facing of misfortune and his power of using his knowledge of men and his military skill undisturbed by the accidents of fate. It was probably this latter quality that Pompey, himself no mean strategist, lacked, and his want of steadfastness lost him the empire of the world. Unduly elated after Dyrrhachium, he abandoned himself to despair after Pharsalia. A man must almost have stood in the position of the general who suddenly sees before him the probability of failure, to realize the strain that, on either of the occasions I speak of Cæsar must have undergone, and the greatness of the mind that, unaffected by fate or chance, could in such circumstances lift the feelings of a whole army from discouragement and despair to victory-giving enthusiasm.

Let me now take MARLBOROUGH.

No part of his life perhaps more perfectly brings out the varied qualities which went to make up the sum of Marlborough's genius than the campaign of Blenheim and the diplomatic labors with the States-General which preceded it. The large and statesmanlike political grasp of the whole situation, which made him realize the importance at all cost of saving Austria, the bold and original move to join Eugene, the patient tact and quiet businesslike way in which the scruples of the States-General were overcome, all these are easily appreciated by the careful reader of his life. But what Marlborough was on the field of Blenheim itself, how in the moments of apparent ill-success and failure his presence by its combined fire and calmness reanimated the wavering and assured the victory; this may be recorded,



but here, as elsewhere, I believe that not one man in a thousand who reads of it realizes what it implies.

And lastly, let me glance at GENERAL LEE.

The Confederate Commander-in-Chief, Gen. J. E. Johnston, was so badly wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks that he was obliged to resign his command of the Southern armies. Two days afterward General Robert Lee was appointed to command the army of Northern Virginia, upon whose fighting power the whole Southern Confederacy then depended. General McClellan's army of over ninety-two thousand men was on the Chickahominy River within a few miles of Richmond, the seat of the Confederate Government. General McDowell's Corps, of about forty thousand men, retained at Fredericksburg by President Lincoln for the protection of Washington, against all the principles of military science, was at last ordered to join McClellan's army. To prevent this junction, by again alarming Mr. Lincoln and his civilian military advisers for the safety of the Union Capital, was Lee's first object. This he could only do by the action of the force beyond the Blue Mountains, under the command of that most brilliant of leaders and of tacticians, General Stonewall Jackson. That hard-fighting, clear-headed soldier of the Puritan stamp was then in the Shenandoah Valley, near the village of Port Republic. Lee's army round Richmond was much inferior in strength to that of the army of the Potomac, directly under McClellan, without counting McDowell's corps as part of it. The Confederate Commander had thus the difficult task before him of making Mr. Lincoln believe that Stonewall Jackson was about to move on Washington, while at the same time he drew that general with all possible rapidity and secrecy to join him near Richmond. It was designed that while making a flourish of trumpets in the Shenandoah Valley, and threatening a movement toward Washington, along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, the Confederate army, covered by a screen of cavalry on its left flank, should make a most rapid march behind it, and fall upon McClellan's right flank and rear, near Mechanicsville, on the Chickahominy River.

The splendid execution of this bold and well-planned movement does undying credit to Stonewall Jackson. His division was invincible because the leader, while thoroughly understanding the science of his profession, was further endowed with the power of carrying out the most difficult plans, the most far-reaching strategical conceptions of his great commander. Stonewall Jackson's troops were unconquerable because they had unbounded confidence in their God-fearing leader, who in his turn trusted them most fully, and believed they could accomplish anything. Never was there in any army, or portion of an army, a more complete union of spirit and of mutual confidence than existed between Stonewall Jackson and all under his command. As I looked into his curiously blue eyes, and watched the movements of his calm, frank, and charming face as the sentences came slowly out of the firmly set and determined mouth, I felt and understood the influence he exercised over his soldiers.

I shall not attempt in this short article to describe how this splendidly conceived project was as splendidly executed. How McClellan's right was rolled up, and how the Southern troops cut his line of communication and supply with the White House on the Pamunky River; how the army of the Potomac, driven from position to position, had to retreat, and after great losses in men, guns, material of all sorts, and above all things in reputation, had to seek refuge at Harrison's Landing, on the Lower James River—these things are known to all men. Richmond, the Confederate capital, was saved; and the Northern army, recalled from its vicinity, had soon to fight on the Upper Potomac for the safety of Washington.

Lee's strategy in this year, when he fought in defence of the Southern capital, and threatened and finally struck at that of the United States, marks him as one of the greatest captains of this or of any other age. No man has ever fought an uphill and a losing game with greater firmness, or ever displayed a higher order of true military genius than he did when in command of the Confederate army.

The knowledge of his profession displayed by General McClellan was considerable, and his strategic conceptions

were admirable ; but he lacked one attribute of a general, without which no man can ever succeed in war—he was never able to estimate with any accuracy the numbers opposed to him. Before he embarked on this disastrous campaign he believed the Confederate army at Centreville (80,000 strong), which then threatened Washington, was about equal to his own of 150,000 men. It was the same with him all through his military career. He thoroughly enjoyed, and even in reverse never lost, the confidence of his soldiers. The civilian strategists at Washington dismissed him from his command after this disastrous campaign in the peninsula, to the results of which their ignorance and folly had largely contributed. But when, some months afterward, everything looked very black indeed at Washington, and the Northern armies had been driven back there helter-skelter, it was to him they had to turn to save them. No other general in the Northern army could, I think, have got it together in the short time he did to fight at Antietam in defence of Washington. That battle alone saved the Northern capital ; if lost, Lee could have dated his despatch from thence to announce the triumph of the Southern arms. Lee, then, possessed priceless qualities which were lacking to McClellan. It was the presence in him of that intuitive genius for war which McClellan lacked which again and again gave him victory, even when he was altogether outmatched in numbers.

The history of the Franco-German contest has led some readers to imagine that, as war is now conducted—namely, by a whole armed nation pieced together to form one great fighting machine—there is no longer the same room for the action and influence of any one great commander, as was the case in all former times. It is difficult to fix upon any one individual German general who should be regarded as the hero of that great struggle between the Teuton and the Frank. In the military hierarchy which directed and led the march of the three great German armies upon Paris, each member had his appointed place, his regulated functions, from the aged Emperor downward. But the lesson I learn from the story of that war is not that a Napoleon can have no place

again in the world's future history, but that an army when worked up to become the perfect military machine which that of Germany is, can accomplish under a strong monarchy, but without a Frederick the Great at its head, all that the natural and just aspirations of its nation require of it. The Emperor William was a thorough soldier in all his instincts, and was wise enough to know that, as a general, he was no Marlborough, no Napoleon. He possessed the talent to recognize the power and wisdom of the able servants with whom Providence had provided him, and he had the courage—rare with princes—to trust them fully. The *précise* mode in which that great trinity—the King, Bismarck, and Moltke—worked together is, and must long continue to be, a mystery to all outsiders, but it worked as one man, as one directing mind. It took the place and fulfilled the functions which in all other armies and in all other times has been the *rôle* of some one great general.

The history of the world is the story of how at some epochs man's destinies have been changed by the action of small, highly disciplined armies, while at others the armies used have numbered hundreds of thousands. Small and large armies have each had their day. The present age is one of large masses of fairly trained soldiers, but it is by no means certain to me that the time may not yet come again when all nations will once more resort to small, standing armies of the most highly trained and disciplined soldiers. We may find that the soldier, to be at his best, or to be even thoroughly efficient, will require such long, and above all things, such constant training, that an army consisting of a people in arms will be impossible. In fact, we may find out by-and-by that a comparatively small, standing army of carefully selected men, the flower of the nation highly skilled in all manly exercises, in all military arts, and kept in a constant state of perfect training, is a more effective weapon for fighting purposes than the slow-moving and more or less unwieldy armies of the present day.

Although I believe that the highest order of military genius is a direct gift from the Creator, that a man is born

with this union of great qualities as another is born to be a poet, it is, I think, the wildest fallacy to imagine that the innate powers alone have ever made a man a great general. It is only by a deep study of military history, of the military arts and sciences in all their phases, that the heaven-born genius can be converted into the successful commander. Not even Jomini was more thoroughly conversant with all the great campaigns of Cæsar, Hannibal, Turenne, Marlborough, and Frederick the Great, than Napoleon was. No man has so emphatically laid down the absolute necessity of study for all who aspire to lead armies, than did the great Corsican in his memoirs dictated when a prisoner. Had he been employed for the first forty years of his life at some civil occupation, and then been suddenly given command of an army, it is tolerably certain he would have failed. It has been the same with all great commanders. Wellington, as a youth, begged his parents to send him to France to study the military sciences, and it was there he imbibed that knowledge, which grafted on the genius he had been born with, enabled him to win in the history of the world the high position he now holds. It is well also to remember, that as he and Sir John Moore were at that time the only English generals of any eminence, they were also the only two we know of that had made military history their study.

It is indeed a foolish notion that any man can rise to the eminence of a Cæsar without earnest application to his work, deep study of its science, and long and anxious thought bestowed upon the conduct and actions of the great leaders of preceding generations. In the war between the Northern and Southern States of America both armies were composed of great masses of newly-raised levies. Heaven-born genius, unallied with military education and knowledge, had therefore the best chance of making itself felt, and of coming to the front. Yet what is the lesson the history of that war teaches us? All those whose names will be forever remembered in connection with it by the English-speaking race throughout the world, were educated soldiers. Lee and Grant, Stonewall Jackson, Sherman, McClellan, Sheri-

dan, Longstreet, Johnston, Hill, and a host of others, whose names are and will long be household words in their own States, were all graduates of West Point, that most excellent of military colleges. One of the greatest men of that exciting and memorable time was Abraham Lincoln, a shrewd, clear-headed man of business, of very great natural ability and quick apprehension, possessing too a keen insight into human character and endowed with a splendid patriotism. All the best qualities he possessed are indispensable to the general, but he knew nothing of war or of the soldier's science. Can his most ardent admirer imagine for one moment that, had he been pitchforked into the command of any of the Northern armies, he would have succeeded? Can it be supposed for a moment that our greatest of artists, instinct though he was with artistic genius from his birth, could ever have produced any great picture had chance made him in early life a vicar or a doctor? It cannot be too forcibly impressed upon all who aspire to high military positions, that no amount of inborn genius, unless accompanied by deep and thoughtful study, can ever secure them success.

There is a quality that must not be ignored in any analysis of military genius: I mean the power of calculating chances. This power is much more natural to some than to others. I have known men with whom it is a second instinct, while with others it is merely an arithmetical process, learned by book and never thoroughly effective. This, I think, is to be accounted for by want of imagination. The general who cannot in his mind's eye see before him the whole scene that some projected operation will present, who cannot as it were picture to himself in a series of mental dissolving views all the various and progressive phases of, say, an attack upon his enemy's position, lacks a natural quality which no amount of study can supply. If you cannot in your own mind identify yourself with your antagonist; if you cannot put yourself within his brain, as it were, and reason as he is doing at every critical moment of a campaign, and from your knowledge of men, and of him in particular, gather what he means to do, you can never be

in the front rank of great commanders. A vivid imagination, allied to a cool calculating brain, can alone insure this power to any one. The poetical, the imaginative side of war cannot be dispensed with by the able general, the great leader. Wellington, in conversation long after his great achievements, said that he had spent his military life in trying to divine what was taking place behind the ranges of hills which bounded his view. He was above all things a man of sound common sense; unimpressible, and the last man whom the world would have accredited with a brilliant imagination. The story of his life always appears to the casual reader of history as the abnegation of

poetry. And yet he must have had a large share of imagination to have enabled him to foresee his enemy's movements with that perspicuous clearness which was manifest in all his campaigns, Waterloo alone excepted.

Great military genius is impossible without a combination of all these qualities, many of which are rare, even when taken singly. They must be well balanced, also, so that no one quality shall overweigh or outrun the other. No one can be omitted without leaving a weak point, a breach into which uncertainty of decision and confusion of action may penetrate to the utter destruction of the man and of all committed to his care.—*Fortnightly Review.*

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#### THE GLORIFIED SPINSTER.

THE student of social phenomena who considers that the modification of human beings by their environment follows the same general laws, and is, at least, as interesting and important as the evolution of inferior organisms by the same method, and who, believing that observation is the true parent of knowledge in both spheres, has furthermore kept his ears and eyes open, will not have failed to notice the appearance of a new variety of the class *Homo* within the last two decades.

This variety, as commonly happens among naturalists when similar discoveries are made, has given rise to a dispute concerning its claim to the dignity of being deemed a new species; and philosophers have answered this question in accordance with the natural bent of their several minds. Those who lay stress on external characteristics deny the claim; on the other hand, those who adhere to more modern methods and are inclined to doubt the necessary identity of the essential with the external, are disposed to make an addition to those divisions of mankind which have been hitherto recognized.

It may be granted that the careless observer will not at once be able to distinguish the individuals who form the subject of this paper from the class Spinster, from which they have been evolved. If he content himself with

noting only the "morphology" of the specimen under notice, he will behold nothing but a plainly-dressed woman, clad in an ulster and unmistakably home-made hat or bonnet; but if he note her self-reliant bearing, her air of having some definite business to perform in a definite time, her general aspect of being ready to meet all emergencies, he will begin to see he has here something differing considerably from the ordinary female. Other characteristic marks are her agility in gaining the tops of omnibuses, her power of entering a tram car without stopping the horses, her cool self-possession in a crowd, her utter indifference to weather, and, it must be added, an undoubted disposition to exact her rights to the uttermost farthing. If he should chance to overhear her conversation with a boon companion he would be still more enlightened, and perhaps dismayed. For the sisterhood hold strong opinions which, however, they are very cautious not to promulgate to the vulgar. Dependent for subsistence on the patronage of middle-class Philistines they are too wise to shock their prejudices needlessly, but atone for this reticence in public by the boldness of their private speculations. Some are theoretically Socialists who would limit the population by forcible means; others are thorough-going Democrats who would hail a



revolution as the quickest and best solution of existing difficulties; others, Dames of the Primrose League. Varied as are their nostrums, they agree in ardently desiring the public good, and would make considerable sacrifices to attain that object. Their courage in following out the premises they severally accept is striking. It is not uncommon to hear them discuss such propositions as the lawfulness of suicide, the advantages of a State-regulated infanticide, the possibility of compelling incurable invalids or useless individuals to undergo euthanasia after a certain time, or the merits of a general redistribution of property.

One of them explained this trait by saying that while other people were hampered by the necessity of making their theories coincide with personal or family interests, they themselves, having given no hostages to fortune, were exempt from the temptation to shirk facts and conclusions which logically lead to the reorganization of the social structure. The speaker added that, since they have at present little power for good or evil, they indulge in such academic discussions rather as an intellectual pleasure than with any strong wish to see such measures actually tried, and that personally they were always remarkably law-abiding and orderly citizens. Like meteors, they wander free in inter-familiar space, obeying laws and conventions of their own, and entering other systems only as strange and rare visitants. Widely read and often highly cultured, their circumstances prevent them from associating with the learned classes, who in England are always wealthy, while their tastes and habits forbid them finding enjoyment in ordinary middle-class female society.

By careful investigation we find that the main forces which have brought about the evolution of this variety of *Femina* have been, in the first place, the present contraction of means among the professional classes without their standard of comfort being correspondingly lowered, which has driven the sisters and daughters to seek remunerative employment; the same cause has operated powerfully in checking the marriage-rate, and thus leaving more women unprovided for. Secondly, the democratic

spirit of the age, which is unfavorable to satisfied acquiescence in a position of dependence and subjection. Thirdly, the general spread of education, which has enabled many women to find happiness in intellectual pleasures and to care comparatively little about social environment.

As concerns the all-important question of money, it may be stated that the Glorified Spinster is invariably poor, her income varying from eighty to one hundred pounds. If it approach the latter sum she is quite sure to disburse a considerable amount yearly for the benefit of her relatives; for, in spite of the apparent selfishness of her mode of life, she readily acknowledges the claims of family, and, if the truth must be told, her male connections show themselves very willing to shift the burden of providing for the ineffective members of the family to her willing shoulders.

But in spite of the smallness of her resources, she manages to see every good piece at the theatres, to attend a dozen good concerts during the season, to visit the chief picture-exhibitions, and in addition to experience something of foreign travel. She shows herself a financial genius in extracting the greatest possible amount of pleasure out of every shilling. She patronizes the galleries of the Albert and St. James's Halls, and the pits at the playhouses, where, be it confessed, she is sometimes unreasonable enough to resent being subjected to the scrimmage which ensues at such places. A man with her income would be wretched, but as she spends no money on beer, tobacco, or bets, she manages to exist in tolerable comfort.

She economizes, too, in her lodgings. A visit to the den of one of the sisterhood reveals a small room, twelve feet by fourteen, in a quiet street in Kensington, for which its occupant pays six shillings a week. In one corner stands a small wooden bed covered with gay chintz, an idea evidently adopted from Newnham College; before the window is a large tin trunk, the battered sides and numerous labels of which attest it has been a wanderer in its time; this also has a chintz cover, not over clean, be it noted. Next, comes a cheap imitation of an old-fashioned bureau which

is meant to conceal the necessities of the toilet; but, alas! the spring is broken, and the Irish expedient of inserting a small wedge of paper has been, perforce, adopted. Over the mantelpiece are well-filled bookshelves, in which may be noted Mill's Logic, two volumes of Mr. Browning's poems, one of Walt Whitman's, Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology," and several French and German novels. The Spinster is an omnivorous reader, and would sooner forego her breakfast than her newspaper. A small cupboard fills the recess which contains her wardrobe—"two frocks and a rag," as the proprietress observes. But in the bottom of a common painted chest of drawers, carefully enfolded in sheets of tissue paper, reposes her one "dress," usually a handsome garment of satin or velvet, which is so ingeniously contrived as to be capable of serving for an evening robe, by the removal of certain portions of the bodice. In this she appears when she revisits the upper air, at her brother's, the doctor's, dinners, or her married sister's Christmas parties; it likewise forms her Sunday gown when she runs down to the old rectory home for a short holiday. The other drawers are a confused mass of reels, pens, handkerchiefs, linen, papers—tidiness in small matters being the first virtue to disappear in a Bohemian life. A hammock-chair, one of the common bedroom pattern, and a small table, complete the furniture. On the walls are a few good photographs and prints, her own property, but the room is otherwise without any attempt at ornament. My friend explains that, as one must not expect much dusting for six shillings a week, the fewer knick-knacks one has, the better. A person very fastidious as to cleanliness would have to pay at least double rent, which would mean an entire renunciation of all amusements and pleasure. She herself prefers roughing it a little, and by keeping a couple of private dusters, avoids being absolutely choked, and her daily bath keeps her in health. This is an all-important matter. Illness is the unpardonable sin among the sisterhood; it is looked upon as a sign of culpable weakness, and as disqualifying the sufferer for aught but matrimony.

"A little extra sickness then does not matter," they declare.

They obtain the wherewithal to keep up their modest establishments by acting as teachers, nurses, accountants, clerks, librarians, heads of certain business-departments, and so forth. Their great grievance is that their pay is always much lower than what would be given to men for the same work; but they recognize that at present their only chance of employment is to undersell the other sex in the labor-market.

My own acquaintance was kind enough to describe her working-day. She said: "I rise at half-past seven and have breakfast, which I eat standing, brought to me on a tray, and then walk a mile and a half to my business. I choose to live at this distance because I consider the daily walk essential for health, and again, as an unappreciative public only bestows a poor eighty pounds a year on me, I must economize, and so prefer not being exposed to the chance visits of casual acquaintances. One does not mind receiving *friends*, of course, and many an absorbing conversation do we hold concerning all things in heaven and earth, while toasting our toes at the shabby little bedroom grate; but these friends are of old standing, and not to be influenced by one's surroundings. We have several times tried to form clubs, which would be an inestimable boon; but as long as most of us are practical teetotalers, and consider that a shilling a day must provide for food, clubs, I fear, will always prove financial failures.

"To go on with my day: I begin work at nine o'clock and leave off at half-past six. We have half an hour's interval at one o'clock, when the richer ones among us pay ninepence for a substantial meal; we indigent creatures get a small plate of meat with potatoes and cabbage for sixpence. On my way home in the evening, I usually stop at a workman's café, and buy, for tea, two ounces of capital collared head, brawn, pressed tongue, or salt beef for a couple of pence; sometimes I indulge in eggs or fish. As soon as I reach my lodgings, I divest myself of my frock, and don either the 'rag' before mentioned or my dressing-gown, prop myself up

with pillows on my bed, which thus serves for a couch, have tea brought to my side on a small table, and prepare to enjoy both it and my papers. This is my principal meal, and is often prolonged for over an hour, most of my light reading being done at this time. Toward half-past eight I have to rouse myself and resume work, if I wish to keep Saturday pretty free; but on one or two evenings of the week this is not necessary, and so I have an opportunity of occasionally attending a concert or lecture. You ask if I never crave for companionship in my leisure hours. Candidly I do not. After all we are, as yet, but a small class, and congenial spirits are rather hard to meet with, as they are scattered all over London. You must not for one moment imagine that anything like half of the women at present earning their own living belong to our denomination. All those must be eliminated who are looking forward to marriage as their ultimate destiny, those who are living with their own relations, and again, all who are properly classified as Old Maids, that is to say, women who feel themselves cruelly deprived of their natural sphere of work and happiness, and becoming soured, lack strength and spontaneity to make a full and satisfactory life for themselves. An Old Maid is a woman *minus* something; the Glorified Spinster is a woman *plus* something, as was lately well remarked in a public print. This being so, we do not care for ordinary female society, and one of our grievances is that custom in this country prevents us from mixing freely with men on whose moral and intellectual level we more nearly are. We should be ticketed Not in the marriage market, and then be allowed perfect freedom in choosing our friends. This would be of mutual advantage. We are rather inclined to believe our *dicta* infallible in matters of art, literature, and politics, and outside criticism would do us good, and check our private tendency to self-assurance; while, on the other hand, we should act as a most salutary and much-needed stimulus to the ordinary British Philistine. Some of us, of course, have succeeded in making and keeping male friends, but custom and social prejudice are against it."

It was delicately hinted to my inform-

ant that, were her suggestion carried out, certain difficulties might arise, and the Spinster fall from her high estate to become a mere household-drudge and a suckler of infants! This she declared utterly improbable, and proceeded to give her reasons. Without entirely endorsing Mrs. Poyser's biting remark that "a man likes to make sure of one fool as 'ull think he's wise," she thought there was a certain truth in it. A man marries to enjoy the pleasures of protecting and caring for some one less able than himself, and rightly feels that in so doing he is developing the best side of his nature. His instinct teaches him to crave in his spouse those qualities of gentleness and softness in which he is himself deficient, and most men have no other conception of unselfishness than in providing for their own house. He would soon discover that the Spinster is not the complementary nature he needs, though he may acknowledge her to be "a good fellow," and be fond of meeting her socially, unless perchance his vanity is hurt by finding a woman as well educated and as intelligent as himself. Secondly, the Spinster has tasted the sweets of liberty and independence, and would be very loath to relinquish them; in perfect good faith she considers marriage as a last resort for those who lack sufficient strength of mind or body to maintain their footing in the world alone. Again, she is still sufficient of a woman to require something of a hero in a husband, and her critical faculty is usually so abnormally developed that the power of idealizing human beings has gone from her, and consequently falling in love is almost impossible. But she is no misanthropist, and prides herself on her capacity for lasting friendships and her affection for animals and children.

So far we have dwelt on the side of her lot which most strikes an observer who has been accustomed to consider women as necessarily connected with family life, and incapable by nature of finding happiness alone. Our Spinster has good health, good spirits, few worries, few restraints, and a keen appetite for amusement, which she has special facilities for gratifying. But being human, she has of course her share in the common lot of trouble and sorrow. Old

age is her nightmare. Her small income makes it impossible to lay up any provision, and her value in the labor-market rapidly declines after the age of thirty-five or forty. Some of her sisters talk openly of seeking a euthanasia when their powers of self-support fail; others regard the Peabody buildings as a possible refuge; the greater part refuse to look forward at all. The present at least belongs to them, and they feel that to make the most of the present is the only true wisdom when the future holds out no pleasing prospects.

In the next place, although her training and education have more or less approximated to that of her brothers, still the Spinster cannot rid herself of the nervous frame and general sensitiveness bequeathed to her by her mother, which often causes her to feel monotonous daily toil a greater burden than she can readily bear. She lacks the hereditary aptitude for prolonged steady exertion which men have acquired through centuries of training, and so becomes exhausted by a day's work in a way which is absolutely unknown to them. Then she has not yet learned a man's sublime indifference to the petty whims, tempers and "nastinesses" of "the Governor," meaning her own especial "powers that be." If not in danger of being dismissed, most young men care next to nothing for hard words and unreasonable fault-finding, but to her they are real torture. It may seem a strange assertion, but her most crying need is in some way to counterbalance this thin-skinnedness.

Thirdly, as a rule, she has strong religious or humanitarian feelings, and in proportion as these incline toward Christianity, she is conscious of a conviction, which often amounts to downright suffering, that her mode of life is essentially selfish, and therefore stands condemned. Nevertheless, she finds no way of escape. She has been formed and located by circumstances beyond her control, and is hardly responsible for either her special virtues or vices; but she more than suspects that she is in danger of serious moral deterioration, and that the want of a field wherein to exercise them threatens some of her noblest powers with extinction.

Take her for all in all, the Glorified

Spinster is a most curious product of our civilization. Uniting some of the characteristics of both sexes, she differs from each in essential points. She is, above all, an eager recipient of new ideas, and has little respect for the failings of past generations. This is the peculiarity which most distinguishes her from men. To her, it is inconceivable how these allow universally acknowledged evils, which they confess must be ultimately removed, to go on year after year in apparent indifference to the inevitable crop of misery and crime. She instances the present system of dealing with pauper children, the prolonged abuses of the London vestries, the misappropriation of endowments, and the land laws. She declares, and supports by historical illustration, that it takes the male mind at least a generation before it can act on a newly established premise—not on account of any doubt as to its truth, but from an instinctive conservative desire to defer the day of change as long as possible; perhaps also from an intellectual difficulty in following out a new line of thought. Her own instinct drives her to make action follow close on conviction. Undoubtedly she is often too hasty in selecting her remedies, and would frequently do more harm than good; this necessarily follows from her want of practical experience and from an incapacity to recognize the difficulties of change in a highly organized society; but, right or wrong, she at least tries to combat the evil she perceives.

In spite of her training, moral and intellectual, she has naturally a strong feminine side, and the chief question about her is, whether this will be finally forced under the surface by the severe struggle of life in these days of competition.

It was pointed out in a very able article in one of the quarterly reviews last spring that the special virtues as well as the special vices of women had been produced by their race-history. The circumstances of her life have done much to deliver our Spinster from some of the latter—want of courage and straightforwardness, narrowness, vacillation, stupidity; it will be a grievous loss to both the community and herself if the former also are allowed to disappear.



As the reviewer remarked, the peculiar womanly virtues—power of self-sacrifice, warm sympathies, compassion, patient endurance—represent an untold amount of suffering on the part of the weaker sex in past ages. It is to the world's interest that the fruit of such suffering be not lost. Into the characteristic vices of Old Maids our Glorified Spinster will not fall. Her contentment, on the whole, with her lot, her unfeigned thankfulness in escaping some of the trials incident to married life, her marvellous faculty of extracting happiness in apparently most unpropitious circumstances, the prolongation of youthful looks and sensations until middle age, will preserve her from the "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" supposed to belong of right to a woman in the unmarried state; but she may become self-absorbed, self-centred, incapable of high enthusiasms, unless some way is found of giving her a recognized place in the social and political scheme. That State is most prosperous which avails itself of the proper capacities of each class of its citizens and employs them for the general good; and the class treated of in this paper—destined in the near future to become numerically very large—has certain very

special powers and capacities. They can neither fill the place nor do the work of *Hausvater* or *Hausmutter*: they can neither accumulate capital nor greatly add to the wealth of the country; but the philanthropist and the statesman should find among them potent and ready instruments for the battle against ignorance, vice, and crime. They who possess by inheritance woman's passionate pity for suffering and power of self-abnegation, while hard necessity has, perforce, taught them something of self-control, coolness of judgment, and the adaptation of means to ends, should be the knight-errants of forlorn hopes, the unfailing champions of the miserable, the sworn foes of all abuses. They should find their happiness in expending for the public advantage those powers for good which in other women find their natural and right use in the family circle; and he who can discover a method to bring up these recruits to the aid of those who are already desperately struggling with the evils which threaten to overwhelm our civilization will perhaps do as much for the commonwealth as the inventor of a new torpedo or the originator of a new party-cry.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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### THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

THERE stood a castle long ago, that lordly was to view,  
Full far across the wold it gleamed unto the ocean blue,  
Around it like a garland gay fair fragrant gardens run,  
Where cooling fountains, leaping high, make rainbows in the sun.

There rich in land, in conquest rich, a haughty king did dwell,  
Death-pale upon his throne he sat, his look was fierce and fell;  
For angry fire was in his eye, grim terror in his mood,  
His every word like lashes stings, and what he writes is blood.

Unto this castle once drew nigh a noble minstrel pair,  
With flowing locks of gold was one, and one with grizzled hair;  
The old man with his harp upon a dainty jennet rode,  
And by his side in blooming youth his comrade blithely strode.

The old man to the springald said, "Be ready now, my boy,  
Call up our lays that deepest thrill, your fullest tones employ;  
Sing of life's joys, its sorrows too, and with your rarest art—  
To-day our aim must be to touch the king's dead stony heart!"

Anon in the high-pillared hall these minstrels twain were seen,  
 There sat the king upon the throne, and by his side the queen :  
 The king, in splendor awful, like the northern lights blood-red,  
 The queen, sweet, gentle, there as though the moon's soft light were shed.

The old man swept the strings, he swept them wondrously and well,  
 Till richer on the ear their tones and ever richer swell ;  
 Then heavenly clear the young man's voice gushed in a stream of song,  
 The old man's faintly heard between, like the hum of an angel throng.

They sing of spring and happy love, of the blessed golden time,  
 Of freedom, manly worth, of truth, and a holy faith sublime ;  
 They sing of all sweet things, that thrill man's breast with pure delight,  
 They sing of all high things, that raise man's heart to noblest height.

The throng of courtiers standing round forget to scoff and jeer,  
 The king's bluff burly warriors bend a reverential ear,  
 The queen, dissolved in sadness blent with sweetness, plucks a rose  
 From off her breast, and down the flower unto the minstrels throws.

" My people you've debauched, my queen your fool, too, would you make ?"  
 The king cries out with anger mad—and his every limb did shake ;  
 He hurled his sword, that flashing through the young man's bosom sped,  
 Where now not golden lays sprang up, but jets of gore instead.

As though by tempest scattered, the throng fled all aghast,  
 Enfolded in his master's arms the young man breathed his last ;  
 He swathes his mantle round him, he sets him on his steed,  
 Fast binds him there, and turns away from those grim halls with speed.

But at the outer gate awhile he halts, that minstrel gray,  
 And there he grasps his harp, the harp no other rival may,  
 Against a marble pillar then he shatters it, and wide  
 Through castle and through garden rang his voice, as thus he cried :

" Woe, woe to you, proud halls ! May ne'er again sweet music ring  
 Throughout your chambers vast and high of song nor yet of string !  
 No ! only sighs and groans, the tread of slaves that crawl in fear,  
 Till vengeful heaven shall hurl you down in dust and ruin drear !

" Woe, woe to you, sweet gardens, bright with sunny May, woe, woe !  
 To you the face, so altered now, of this dead youth I show,  
 That you may wither at the sight, your fountains all run dry,  
 So in the days to come that you a stony desert lie !

" Woe, murderer vile, to thee ! Thou curse of minstrel-craft, thou shame !  
 Vain, vain be all thy toils henceforth for wreaths of bloody fame !  
 Thy name, be it forgotten, whelmed in everlasting night,  
 And fade into the empty air, like breath of dying wight !"

Up went the cry of the old man, heaven heard the cry, I ween :  
 The walls are levelled to the dust, the halls no more are seen ;  
 Still doth one lofty pillar tell of splendors passed away,  
 But even this, rent through its length, is crumbling to decay.

All round is only barren heath, where fragrant gardens strayed,  
 No fountain pierces now the sand, no tree diffuses shade ;  
 Of that king's name tells neither lay, nor storied legend old,  
 Forgot as though he ne'er had been ! The Minstrel's Curse has told !

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## CHAUCEY AND THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

THREE stages may commonly be noticed in the life of those very few books which, in every national literature, really survive; which men still read for pleasure, not for study; which we visit not as repositories of fact or monuments of language, but as shrines of genius. In their own age, on the whole, such works will, I think, be found to have had their most vivid, most penetrating power; they then, in their own birth-country at least, are most in men's mouths and minds at the same time; are most thoroughly intelligible and enjoyable. The nation moves on; sentiments, ideas, taste, language, change; the great author becomes antiquated; he may count still among those whom we metaphorically allow ourselves to call immortal; but he is an immortal out of fashion, a god relegated to a Lucretian Olympus. Then in the third stage, *the days* (to take Pindar's deeply-felt phrase) *that are still left*, the "nery force" revives; the "heavenly origin" is again recognized, and all the stores of research and commentary and criticism are lavished in the noble effort to give genius its due and lasting place among those influences by which nations are at once moulded and refined and elevated. Books of this supreme rank, poetry in particular, do admit of a genuine revival:

Igneus est ollis vigor et cælestis origo;

and the revivalist efforts of later days have hence been fruitful of good. Yet we must, somewhat sadly, confess that these efforts lack spontaneity, that something of antiquarianism inevitably clings to them; that nations as such can never live their past again; that the fame of the greatest poet, if now more widely and securely established, will not reach its first vital and delightful freshness.

A similar evolution, analogous grades of life, are exhibited in other fine arts; the likeness between Architecture and Poetry being here most closely marked. Ely or Salisbury must have been most completely impressive as cathedrals in the centuries when they were built, their

whole purpose most intelligible. Then followed an age of neglect or contempt or incongruous and blundering repair. And if the structural restorations and additions of our day are not always happy, they are at least the evidence of scientific and devoted research. The use of the cathedral, in its degree, has been revived; the beauty and the glory of it as a monument is again, and even more widely acknowledged than of old.

For about a century Chaucer has been in the third stage above indicated, and an immense mass of valuable matter is now piled up about the text and meaning of his works, his life, and his place in poetry.\* And although the "biographical infection," the natural frailty to mispraise and overpraise, has not failed to show itself—although research has rather demolished personal tradition about the poet than added facts of value, yet we may heartily and honestly rejoice that among all English-speaking races Chaucer is once more readable, once more,—to those few whom the nineteenth century does not wholly absorb,—a living genius and power.

What is here offered to such readers is not a review of Chaucer, but an attempt, mainly, to set forth his debt to the early Italian Renaissance movement, whether by way of actual suggestion or of general tone. But Chaucer, though deeply and vitally moved by Italy and her culture, is yet essentially English in mind: to understand how much he owed to foreign sources, we must therefore compare his native, his home elements; in this limited sense a criticism of him must be attempted. The task will be aided by the copious and well-known Renaissance literature of the

\* Among recent Chaucerian work, I venture specially to name the *Life*, by Professor A. W. Ward, which may be reckoned among the successes of that very unequal series, the *English Men of Letters*. His little book throughout shows careful study and true feeling for poetry; and to this he adds good sense and sanity—virtues in which "specialists" do not commonly shine.

present century, from the works of Roscoe and Sismondi to those of Symonds and Creighton; and I shall assume that those who may care to read this paper have familiarity with Chaucer sufficient to dispense with the illustrative quotations for which space is inadequate.

But the leading word *Renaissance* is itself ambiguous, and used in varying senses. It is here looked at as one portion of a long continuous movement, the aim of which was to preserve and to advance European culture;—a movement divisible indeed (so far as the eighteenth century) into three periods, yet only intelligible when considered in its continuity. We have, I hope, outgrown the narrow fashion of terming these three periods the Dark Ages, the Middle, and the Renaissance: we recognize, though perhaps insufficiently, that Culture (to use perforce another word which is also unsatisfactory, as denoting *processes* rather than *results*)—that Culture is a single development, advancing and receding, checked and accelerated, but that it is never strictly a Renaissance; that knowledge is never strictly *born again*. To Culture at least, the somewhat over-fatigued phrase Evolution may be applied with full and indisputable right. Mental life, like physical, has at no time died out. And, if so, we have further to confess that to speak of the stream of *modern* thought and knowledge is another inaccuracy, tending, as it inevitably does tend, to conceal the fact that the new Europe, with all its history—literature included—is but the child of the old, the heir to ancient civilizations. But it would be pedantic if we disused these well-established phrases; the insufficiency of which, indeed, is shared by all attempts to clothe thought in language.

The first of these three periods we may date from the fall of the Western Empire roughly to the year 1100, during which time the barbarians, in their youthful vigor, first overthrew and then were penetrated by the ancient civilization. The second stage runs from that time to about 1350; and this may be called the first or general Renaissance. The Italian Renaissance, the modern movement, is the third. With this we shall be most concerned: but it is itself wholly misinterpreted, if, after the fash-

ion of some writers, we dis sever it from its predecessors.

We might also define these periods as (1) that of chaos, conservation, and reconstruction, in which the great early monastic foundations were the sole agents; (2) the mediæval movement throughout Europe, in which universities and the romances of chivalry play the leading part; (3) the first example (given by Italy) of specially national culture; of which the classical Revival was the distinctive note.

Or, again, we may look at each of these stages as representing a great political moment in Western and Central Europe—the successive invasions of the Teutonic tribes; the free formation of the European community under popes and emperors; the evolution of separate and more or less firmly established kingdoms.

“Like the times to which he belongs,” Mr. Ward accurately notes, “Chaucer stands half in and half out of the Middle Ages.” His work corresponds thus not so much to the Renaissance in its later, its popular sense, as to the work of the years during which the second or mediæval movement in Italy reached its final flowering in Dante, and the revival of letters began under Petrarch and Boccaccio; in a word, Chaucer reflects the Italian genius of the *whole* fourteenth century. But his was also an eminently receptive nature: men, as he read of them or saw them, are the constant subject of his tale; it is the workings of human character which he so shrewdly observed, more than the workings of his own mind, which he loves to set before us. Hence a short glimpse at the England of Edward the Third’s time, in which he found himself, may here be useful.

Dates are of course only general and approximative when used in reference to great national movements. Keeping this in view, we may take 1375 for the dividing time when the Italian mind essentially broke with mediæval ideas, when culture in the modern sense had its birth in that country. The same great change then begins also to show itself in England;—a country which we may, I think, assert stood next to Italy at this period in wealth and civilization. The course of the Renaissance among



us was, however, immediately much interrupted by political causes. Edward's reign was the turning-point of the Middle Ages in England; but the change wrought itself stealthily and unconsciously: it was not prepared for us, as it was for the Italians, by that long historical tradition which descended from imperial Rome. There was, in truth, as has been forcibly put by Macaulay, no Roman province in which the break between the old world and the new, between classical and mediæval, though not absolute, was so marked as in England. Thus the beginning of our Renaissance movement could not be traced here on the surface of life. Edward's reign, at least during those successful years in which Chaucer's youth was moulded, has often been described, and probably appeared at the time, as emphatically an age of chivalry. Crécy and Poitiers, the captive kings, the Order of the Garter, the Arthurian Round Table set up at Windsor, the tournaments and festivities of the court; this dazzling pageant is the first impression given by Edward's reign. And it was this, and this almost only, that impressed Chaucer. Yet it proved but a tinsel, an artificial, a reactionary show of chivalry: it had no more real hold over England than those illusory conquests gave her over France or Spain. When we look a little deeper, these Edwardian splendors, culminating by 1363, stand in contrast, strange and pathetic, with the ravages of the Black Death, which in its four visits between 1348 and 1376, slew, it has been reckoned, at least one-half of our population; and they are not less contrasted with the dreary end of Edward—his brilliant heir cut off in the prime of life, and he himself alone, and plundered as he lay, dying in deserted Eltham. That revolutionary period which opened so rapidly under Edward's grandson was but the natural result of Edward's reign; Wycliffe, with his anarchic speculations on religion, with his communistic followers; the Tyler riots; the dynastic civil war that ended in Richard's murder: all were signs, as we can read them now, that our mediæval period was essentially completed. And although a brilliant reaction set in under Henry the Fifth, yet this again was soon over-

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clouded in the even more stormy and disastrous epoch of the Lancastrian and Yorkist wars; and it is truly another England, politically, morally, socially, commercially, which emerges when peace and despotism established themselves under the first of the Tudors.

This outline has run on past the age of Chaucer, and may serve to indicate briefly the great difference between England and Italy in regard to the soil which the Renaissance movement found, and the course which it took in each country. The progress that was there continuous from Petrarch and Boccaccio onward, was with us interfered with and stayed by these political revolutions: the Renaissance, as initiated by Chaucer, turned out in some sense to be premature. If we now look back to his period of active life and authorship, say between 1360 and 1400, it is remarkable how very little the signs of the time impressed him. Great poet as he was, there is nothing of the prophet about him—the *mens divini* is absent. With Dante and Petrarch he justly ranks in what has been called the triumvirate of the mediæval poets; but his work shows no sign whatever of their patriotic passion, none of their interest in statesmanship and politics: to take a phrase from the *Commedia*, he cannot discern even the tower of the heavenly City. Thus, although Chaucer heads magnificently the long list of our poets, and has never wanted some of the honor which was paid to Homer in his own land, yet I think he must be regarded as essentially retrospective; nay, in a certain sense, if I may venture on the word, superficial. In his brilliant criticisms of the humors of his day, in his freshness and lucidity of style, in the movement of his narrative, he is modern. But in the choice of subjects, in the general matter of his tale, in the feelings with which he seems to look upon life, he scarcely rises above the showy court-atmosphere of Edward's reign. It is less the dawn of modern ways in thought and literature which we see in him, than the gorgeous sunset of chivalry:—his poetry reflects the earlier rays of the Italian Renaissance, but its massive substance is essentially mediæval.

I now propose to trace the influences

of his age upon Chaucer by means of a short sketch of his literary development as it is shown in his principal poems. In this, for convenience' sake, we shall follow the chronological order given by Mr. Fleay in his useful little *Guide*, although the arrangement must, of necessity, be often conjectural.

We may roughly say that Chaucer found his models and motives largely in French literature till about 1370. To this period belongs his free and abridged rendering of the famous *Romance of the Rose*, a translation which, despite the great authority of Mr. Skeat, I prefer to hold as substantially Chaucer's. The argument, at any rate, on the strength of which it has been denied to him, namely, that he uses the weak rhyme in *y* here and not afterward, to those who consider how a poet naturally works, modifying his rhyme-system at his fancy, would rather prove its early date than its spuriousness.

Whether, however, this particular version be authentic or not, matters little; as from Chaucer's own words we know that the poem was translated by him. There is not space here to analyze the very curious contents of the *Roman de la Rose*, of which a clear account will be found in Mr. Ward's Chaucer. It must be enough to say that it is the first conspicuous example of the mediæval allegory. Allegory is a vessel so elastic that anything may be poured into it; and in the Middle Ages the fine sense of poetical form and poetical unity, in which the great writers of Greece and Rome are supreme, had little existence. Hence the *Romance of the Rose* is a strangely motley structure: in part a psychological study of human virtue and vice; in part a kind of encyclopædia or treasury of the knowledge of the day; in part a coarse and materialistic story of love. Thus it addressed readers of all tastes and classes; and, in spite of the contempt with which Petrarch regarded it, not only enjoyed a long popularity in Europe, but was the too fruitful parent of that allegorical style which for so many centuries alternately delights and wearies us in European literature. But the production and wide diffusion of a poem such as this points to a decline in the sense of chivalry; it shows that the Romances proper were

beginning to be outworn; that readers were satiated with stories of action and adventure; that analysis of motive and character was asserting its interest. It has, in short, already a subjective character.

In this last respect, however, allegory was wholly alien from Chaucer's realistic, unspeculative genius; and although he returns to the style in his *House of Fame* and *Assembly of Fowles*, yet, in each case, although unable to conquer the inherent feebleness of the style, he gives life and individuality to his characters, and his allegories hence remain, at any rate, readable.

Chaucer's free translation of the *Romance of the Rose* seems to mark the height of French influence over him; it points to the flexibility of his mind, to his readiness to accept new ways in literature; but his model could hardly lift him into a new and fruitful path; and, like other French *fabliaux* which he used throughout his career, it supplied him rather with material than with method. For the motive power which enabled him to found the art of English Poetry we must look to that Italian impulse which made him the connecting link between England and the Renaissance in the earlier and most fruitful phase of that movement in Italy. This we may name Chaucer's Second Period. Nothing is more tantalizing, I must here note, than the wretchedly imperfect state in which the lives of our writers, our poets especially, have come down to us, almost to the very end of the Elizabethan age. From Chaucer to Shakespeare we really know little more about them with certainty than we do about Homer himself. To take a figure from him, we might, indeed, almost say that they are hidden in the mist with which the gods shrouded their favorites. Hence we can only conjecture that this new impulse, this electric shock, was due to the foreign missions which, between 1370 and 1373, carried Chaucer to Genoa and Florence on commercial or political business. Whether in these journeys he met either Petrarch or Boccaccio is absolutely uncertain; and by 1378, when a third embassy led him into Lombardy, both were no longer living. What we can clearly see is that it was the three greatest writers whom

Italy had yet produced—Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio—by whom the Englishman was moved and penetrated. It is on this point that I desire particularly to insist. He went at once to the master-sources—a sure sign that a man has that sanity in judgment, that largeness of aim, without which nothing great can be compassed in art. Chaucer's Italian journeys hence naturally remind us of those which Goethe took at about the same age, and to which the German poet assigned so large a place in his own mental development. The main difference is that Goethe was moved mainly by the later and feebler poetry and art of the imperial time; and that he was hence impelled toward the attempt to classicalize, to neopaganize, his native and natural Teutonic genius; an effort which, to my mind, despite his great powers, led him into that essentially false, eclectic, dilettantist direction (glossed over by partisans as "many-sidedness"), above which, during his later years, he rarely lifts himself. Chaucer, on the other hand (himself also a man of a robust fibre), came under the spell of a magnificent living literature, which did not yet stand at too great a distance from the best thoughts and most characteristic elements of mediæval Europe to be out of harmony with English feeling. Hence, although its influence was not altogether healthy, yet to his *Italianization* Chaucer (to put it briefly) owes that variety of range, that heightening of style, that improvement in poetical form, which liberated and gave full play to his splendid natural gifts. No important poem written by him after his visit to Italy, as Mr. Ward remarks, is without traces of the vivifying and regulative effect which that "magna parens" of Art produced upon him. But as we noticed in reference to the men whom he may have met and known, so how his Italian studies were made is wholly uncertain. All that I can venture decidedly to assert, in opposition to even so good an authority as Professor G. L. Craik,\* is that he must have mastered the Italian lan-

guage. This I rest very much upon the passages which he has rendered or transfused from Dante's *Commedia*, of which at that date no translation appears to have existed. But to this I shall recur presently.

Dante is so absolutely the greatest among mediæval poets, while standing among mediæval thinkers in the very first rank, and is also, happily, so much a living influence still among us, that I pause a little upon this subject. It is a pleasure to note, as Dean Plumptre observes in his very interesting and complete translation of Dante's poems (1887-8), that "the earliest and fullest appreciative welcome given to the great poet of Italy came from the first, in order of time, of the great poets of England. . . . That he, an English gentleman, filling this or that office in the court of Edward the Third, should thus have known the three great names in the Italian literature of the times, shows that there was a more real fraternization between the men of letters of the two countries than has been common since"—a fact which the Dean justly traces to the cosmopolitan character (as we say) of mediæval university life, when there was as yet no overt religious schism, when scholars naturally visited, in turn, such centres of study as Paris, Bologna, and Oxford.

Although it remains very doubtful whether Chaucer met Petrarch face to face, yet, looking at all the circumstances, there is much probability that he held some communication with him, and became thus acquainted with the writings of Dante; and it is tolerably certain that he must have brought to England a manuscript, which might be presumably the first seen here, of the *Commedia*. Yet his Italian studies still left him in what would have seemed to Petrarch or Boccaccio a very primitive stage of classicism. Chaucer has no scholarship in the strict sense, no historical insight into antiquity. In his *Troilus*, Dares, Dictys, Lollus, fabulists who wrote long after the Christian era, are all quoted side by side with Homer as authorities together. Troy with him has all the air of a French or English Gothic city; the warriors are

\* *Compendious History of English Literature*, 1861. It is remarkable that neither Mr. Craik nor Sir H. Nicholas, who also denies to Chaucer the knowledge of Italian, takes any notice of his quotations from Dante.

\* Vol. ii. p. 424.

knights in mediæval armor. Cressida talks of reading the lives of holy saints, while rejoicing that she is not a nun herself; *Amphiorax* (meant for *Amphiaraus*) is Bishop of Thebes. In the mythology of the *House of Fame*, written after his Italian journeys, *Dan* (Knight) *Cytherus* seems to stand for Mount Cithæron; *Marsyas* appears in the feminine form *Marcia*; Orion the giant is mistaken for Arion the musician.\* It is, however, in the *Troilus and Cryseyde*, written probably between 1378 and 1382, that the Italian influence over Chaucer seems to culminate. Here the tale is distinctly founded upon the *Filosttrato* of Boccaccio, whom, however, for some now inexplicable reason, Chaucer never names. The plot of *Troilus and Cressida* is well known. Perhaps none so unpleasant in itself, so unchivalrous and unideal, so little suited to any but a satirical treatment, such as Shakespeare gives with a power extraordinary even in him, has ever been handled by the poets. It is the picture of a gallant knight ruined by the baseness of man and the sensual faithlessness of woman; the ruin is ignoble, the catastrophe pitiable; justice, whether poetical or moral, is left wholly unsatisfied at the close. With material so opposed to our natural instincts, so alien from the eternal requirements of poetical art, no genius could really succeed. But Chaucer has thrown all his power into it; after the *Canterbury Tales* the *Troilus* is by far his longest and most sustained work. Among his poems it is also perhaps the most modern in style; we see in it a strenuous attempt to delineate and analyze passion, and the hateful figure of Pandarus is drawn with a truth to nature and a force of humor which has been rarely equalled.

In this poem, the effect of Chaucer's Italian journeys was perhaps most freshly, as it is also most fully, displayed. It is hence very curious to note the differences between his *Troilus* and that of Boccaccio.† According to the state-

ment of Mr. W. Rossetti, who some years since printed an interesting but uncompleted essay on the subject, more than two-thirds of Chaucer's poem is his own work. His tale is also much longer than the Italian, extending over 8,000 lines; and although the plot is managed with great skill and variety, and the poet's vigor and vivacity rarely at fault, it is impossible entirely to escape the sense of what I may perhaps call primitive diffuseness in this immense narrative, built also as it is upon such unsatisfactory material. Comparing his treatment with Boccaccio's, Chaucer has changed Pandarus from the youthful cousin of *Griseide* into her uncle; a change which gave at once a far more dramatic character to the story. He has also dwelt at much greater length than Boccaccio upon the long series of incidents and the gradual growth of passion by which *Troilus* and *Cressida* are brought together. He tries even to soften the heroine's fall by treating it as a surprise; but this (as Mr. Rossetti justly remarks) has really the result, that in the end we cannot help feeling *Cressida* more base and inexcusable when we find her selling herself, with perfect readiness, to the lust of *Diomede* for reasons of the merest self-interest, and even weeping "crocodile tears" over *Troilus* when wounded by her new paramour.\*

It was perhaps with the unconscious wish to cast a little glamour over his unfortunate theme that Chaucer has in this poem borrowed several touches from his two nobler Italian models. In the first book he has translated from Petrarch that sonnet in praise of *Laura* which begins:—

*S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch' i' sento?*

This, however, is not one which can be reckoned among Petrarch's best: it must be rated with those in which subtlety of phrase rather than refinement of feeling predominates; and Chaucer has characteristically lengthened the fourteen lines into twenty-one. The transmutations from Dante are more remarkable. In Book III. we find

\* All the six texts of Mr. Furnivall's *Hexapla* give this last remarkable error, which cannot, therefore, be reasonably considered as a blunder of transcription.

† Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* and Boccaccio's *Teseide* offer a similar field for comparison, which I have not space here to undertake. Some hints toward it are given by Warton.

\* It is surprising to find Mr. Ward, who throughout his book has manifestly tried to contend against the fatal influence of biographical idolatry, describing *Cressida* as "not ignoble, even in the season of her weakness."



For, of Fortunës sharp adversité,  
The worstē kynde of infortune is this,  
A man to have been in prosperité,  
And it remember, whanne it passēd is.

This is the rendering of Francesca's famous

Nessun maggior dolore,  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria.

The next, which occurs near the beginning of Chaucer's fourth Book, paints the desolate condition of Troilus when deserted by his Love :

—As in wynter leavēs ben byraft [bereft],  
Eche after other, tell the tree be bare,  
So that there nys [is nothing] but barke and  
braunche ylast.

This translation is less distant than the former from the music and beauty of the original ; which in its turn derives from Homer :

Come d'autunno si levàn le foglie  
L' una appresso dell' altra, infin che il ramo  
Rende alla terra tutte le sue spoglie. . . .

The *Inferno* has furnished these fragments to Chaucer ; but at the close of the *Troilus* we have a few lines that seem to echo the fine phrase of the *Paradiso* which Dante, again, took as a suggestion from Cicero :

Col viso ritornai per tutte quante  
Le sette spere, e vidi questo globo  
Tal, ch' io sorrisi del suo vil sembiante.

So the English :

And down from thennēs faste he gan avyse  
[look on]  
This litel spot of erth, that with the sea  
Embracēd is ; and fully gan despise  
This wretched world.

Some other references to the *Commedia* by Chaucer may be here conveniently noticed. In the *Second Nun's Tale*—the legend of St. Cecilia (dated 1374-75 by Mr. Fleay), he translates freely, but with grace and tenderness, a part of the hymn addressed to the Blessed Virgin by St. Bernard in the last book of the *Paradiso*. In the *Squire's Tale*, Francesca's exquisite phrase of self-defence for her fall, the

Amor, ch' al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,

is rendered and distinctly referred to in the lines

That pity runneth soon in gentle heart  
(Feeling his simil'tude in painēs smart),  
Is proved every day, as men may see,  
As well by work [fact,] as by authority.

A triplet from the *Purgatorio* (vii. 121-23) is quoted by the Wife of Bath from the *wysē poet of Florence*, That hightē Dante, in proof that human excellence—(*prowess* Chaucer calls it, as his rendering of *probitate*)—rarely runs in families. It is so eminently unlikely that a passing remark like this would have found its way into Chaucer's story, had he been himself unable to read the original, that the quotation of it seems to me by itself sufficient to decide the point in favor of his mastery over Italian.

The starvation of Count Ugolino and his children, narrated in the *Monk's Tale*, is however the most important and curious of Chaucer's translations from Dante. That famous narrative ranks among the very greatest passages in the *Divina Commedia* : it ranks among the very greatest tragic scenes in the literature of the world. Perhaps Chaucer felt this, and did not care to measure himself seriously against a masterpiece of such tremendous power ; certain it is that he has almost wholly missed the awful intensity, the stern brevity, the strokes of pathos and terror that, after near six hundred years, pierce us as we read with a poignancy almost physical. Even that Shakespearian touch, when the children weep, and the father can only say

I' non piangeva, sì dentro impietrai :

is changed into the commonplace

Therewith the tearēs fellē from his eyen ;\*

while the mystery of that dreadful closing suggestion, the

Poscia, più che il dolor, potē il digiuno,

Chaucer has omitted. He has not in fact succeeded here ; in such rivalry what translator could ? and perhaps he may modestly have referred to this when, at the end of his much-abridged version, he directs those

\* The *Monk's Tale* seems to me much below Chaucer's ordinary level in brilliancy and interest. This, however, should excite no suspicion to a sane criticism ; few indeed are the artists, however gifted, who have been at all times equal to themselves, and the *Canterbury* series was written at scattered dates, and left unfinished and unrevised. Yet such a blot as this is enough to make one doubt the authenticity of the tale in question.

Whoso will hear it in a longer wise,  
 Readë the greatë poet of Itale,  
 That Dante hight, for he can it devise [tell]  
 From point to point ; not one word will he fail.

Chaucer doubtless knew that, in power and elevation of mind, Dante held a rank immensely above Boccaccio. Yet we must confess with a certain regret that it is with him, in fact with the lower spirit of the advancing Renaissance, that Chaucer has the nearest affinity. The unforced humor, the strong simple strokes, the shrewd cynicism of the *Decamerone*, we may, I think, justly hold without lapsing into the weakness of national vanity, are fully rivalled in our countryman's work. We have noticed that he has nothing of the high patriotism of Dante or Petrarch ;—another point in which he reminds us of Goethe. But Chaucer also is wanting in their spiritual elevation of tone, their depth and purity of passion, their finer insight into the soul. If, again, we compare his tales of chivalry with their old Celtic predecessors, the *Mabinogion* of Wales, the mysterious magical atmosphere of the Welsh legends, so beautifully touched on in one of his *Essays* by our lamented Arnold, never appears : it was in the trappings, the outward circumstances of chivalrous romance, in human nature naturally displaying itself, that Chaucer found his proper element.

Yet we can hardly imagine now how fresh and striking such a tale as the *Troilus*, and so told, must have seemed to English readers, and this especially at the time when English first fully asserted itself as the language of the country ; what a revelation of the Renaissance it must have been both in style and in sentiment. Chaucer, above all, proved himself here our first eminent poet of Love. And if this, with him, is not that ideal passion which immortalizes the names of Beatrice and Laura, of Una and Imogen, yet he has no small share in Shakespeare's exquisite naturalism—something of his pathos, though little of his intensity. In Chaucer's *Goodly Ballad* he gives us as his own motto "Je serve Joyesse." And thus what he paints by preference is love successful, love as happiness, love in its comic, perhaps in its sensual aspect. And here, once more, it is the spirit of

the literature of France, the spirit of the later Italian Renaissance, which reveals itself.

After the great effort of the *Troilus*, those foreign influences are in some degree less marked upon Chaucer, and his Third, his most characteristic, his English period, may be said to date. The picture of woman's frailty which he had so powerfully presented gave offence to some readers ; and he began his long but unfinished *Legend of Good Women* as a kind of recantation. These tales are wholly taken from Ovid ; and, except the prologue, justly celebrated for its interest and brilliancy, they may be ranked as the least successful of his longer works. But Chaucer's heart too clearly did not go with his subject. This palinode in favor of women (as Mr. Ward acknowledges) everywhere shows signs of "perfunctoriness and flippancy," and its incomplete state may point to the weariness of the poet. It is certain from various allusions that his own married life—whoever may have been to blame—was not happy ; and this was, perhaps, one cause of Chaucer's too frequent unchivalrous attitude toward women. That attitude was indeed common in the Middle Ages ; it may have been a reaction against the exaggerated tone of chivalrous romance or Provençal Troubadour love-poetry, and it has also been ascribed to monastic influences, to the coarse tone of the cloister. By this last motive, however, it is not likely that Chaucer would be influenced ; and we can hence hardly be wrong if here again we read the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. It is impossible, therefore, to agree with those writers who, led away by the charm of this great genius, speak of Chaucer, in the words of Mr. Stopford Brooke's spirited criticism, as having "a true and chivalrous regard for women," whether "of his own class" or any other ; a view which, in truth, was only excusable in the uncritical days, when the *Flower and the Leaf* and the *Complaint of the Black Knight* were reckoned among his authentic writings.

The *Canterbury Tales* are of course the great achievement of Chaucer's later life, although two or three of the finest belong to his preceding period, while of the hundred stories which he had plan-

ned barely one-fourth were executed. But I shall not attempt the needless task of praising or describing this famous series of poems. They make a first step in the literature of his country, second only in importance to that which Dante's *Commedia* made for Italian literature. Keeping then the *Tales* generally before our minds, let me now try to put together what the effect of the Italian Renaissance was upon Chaucer, and in what points he especially shows our English genius. Chaucer is like Boccaccio in his political indifferentism, in his anti-monastic animus, which increased toward the close of his life, until he also reached the final repentance (whatever may have been its value) of his Recantation. He resembles Boccaccio again in his animal spirits, in his satire, in his fun, and his evident enjoyment of it—laughing at his own jokes after the way of all true humorists. He reminds us of the *Decamerone* in a love of coarseness, which, though not new in the Middle Ages, seems to have somewhat shocked his contemporaries, and which he has attempted to defend by the old sophistical device of declaring that he is bound to tell stories in *character*. Once more, Chaucer is like Boccaccio, like the Italians of the Renaissance, in his intense passion for study. No one has described more delightfully the fascination which the advent of spring has for every feeling mind: every one knows or ought to know his address to the Daisy; how in May-time he was always up

And walking in the mead  
To see this flow'r against the sunnē spread,  
When it upriseth early by the morrow,  
That blissful sight softeneth all my sorrow:—

yet, despite the joy and comfort which he found in nature, despite his pleasure in observing the ways of men, his own writings are enough to prove that books must have been his most absorbing interest.

To study and read alway  
I purpose to do day by day,

is the moral with which he ends his *House of Fame*: he shares to the full that desire for encyclopædic knowledge by which the earlier European stage of culture was so eminently characterized. Proofs of his vast reading in ancient and modern literature, of his attention to

physical science, are scattered through his poetry; the treatise on the *Astrolabe* (written 1391) for the use of his son, shows a sound and rational, perhaps we might say an almost scientific, judgment. With him, in short, as with Dante, the poet as such is regarded as emphatically the wise and learned man—the σοφός:—an idea of his vocation which, I may remark by the way, runs through literature from Pindar to Spenser.

From Chaucer, as a man of the Renaissance, the French and the Italian, we turn to Chaucer as our own countryman. He is English, he is what no Italian writer of the Renaissance revival was or perhaps could be, in the breadth and depth of his insight into human nature. Chaucer is our first great character painter. The Italians of his time, and indeed for two centuries and more afterward, gave many brilliant sketches after real life, but it is from the point of view of humor, often passing into caricature, that their pictures of man, I think, are mainly drawn. The inward nature, the groundwork from which every man's humor springs, is rarely indicated. The Italian Renaissance, in fact, loves to play over the surface; its literature is wanting in seriousness, except when it takes the form of satire. Chaucer, as we have seen, shares in these qualities; yet he also, especially in his later work—the immortal Prologue to the tales above all—has that depth and strength of penetration into human nature which is often spoken of as Teutonic, but which we find eminently in the great Greek and Roman writers; which we find not less in Dante. This gave him a genuine dramatic power in which the Italians, with all their gifts, were on the whole signally deficient.\* Compare the characters in his Prologue just mentioned with those in the equally famous introduction to the *Decamerone*, and this difference, the presence of this strikingly English gift, will be felt at once. The vision of the

\* Mr. Symonds (so far as I have compared his criticisms with the original plays) seems to me to have been led, through affection for the literature which he has studied so fully, into considerable overestimate of the dramatic faculty shown by the writers of the Italian Renaissance.

Temple of Mars in the *Knight's Tale* has a similar dramatic force and concentration: it is worthy of Milton's great hospital scene, near the close of *Paradise Lost*, in power though not in beauty of art. If, in fine, we read *dramatic* impulse in place of *oratorical*, Quintilian's fine criticism upon Homer may be transferred to our own first great poet: "Idem laetus et pressus, iucundus et gravis, tum copia tum brevitate mirabilis; nec poetica modo, sed oratoria virtute eminentissimus."\*

Chaucer, again, is English especially in this, that he has the conservative spirit which, if not our dominant temper, yet at any rate is the temper underlying our progressive development; the common-sense which

Makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of.

In fact, at least as I have long read him, he never really breaks with mediævalism. From Dante he may have caught the higher tone, the more marked union of the ideal with the real which we occasionally feel in his later writings. The other elements which he learned from the Renaissance seem to lie in his secular tone, in the contrast and variety of his subjects, in his power of going from grave to gay without losing unity of effect; perhaps also in certain metrical advances, especially his adoption of that noble seven-line stanza which bears the name of *Rhyme-Royal*, and was formed by dropping the fifth line of the *ottava rima*;—a metre which from Boccaccio onward became only too dominant in Italian narrative poetry. It was, in short, in the region of art that he profited most: and improvement here was what our literature, rich in ideas, feeble in form, rich in language, wanting in selection and appropriateness, in conciseness and good taste, indisputably most required. But the distinctive note of Humanism, as it first appeared in Petrarch and Boccaccio, he probably never felt nor understood. He could not share the Italian sense of a continuity in culture with ancient Rome and its paganism: he has not the belief or the profession of belief which the Humanists affected in the old mythology. It is certainly no Christian spirit which per-

vades the *Troilus and Cressida*, yet this is the moral with which it concludes:

Lo! here of paynims cursed oldē rites!  
Lo! here what all their goddēs may avail!  
Lo! here this wretched worldē's appetites!  
Lo! here the fue [end], and guerdon for  
travail,  
Of Jove, Apollo, Mars, and such rascaille!  
Lo! here the form of oldē clerkēs speech,  
In poetry, if ye their bookēs seech [examine]!

This abjuration would have seemed utterly strange, barbarous, and inartistic to Boccaccio. In other points also, which can be only briefly noted, Chaucer, if we compare him with his Italian models, remains mediæval. He is wanting in form. The art of concealing art has not dawned upon him. There is little *perspective* in his work; we might say that it always consists of lively foreground. His great skill in narrative saves him from rambling on like the older Romance writers, yet his sense of poetical unity is in some degree immature. Hence he does not succeed in short pieces; he has no command over the pure lyric: despite his knowledge of Petrarch, he does not attempt sonnet or canzone. Chaucer stands thus between the old world and the new; but on the whole, to use again a phrase of the day, he is reactionary in temperament; he is singularly wanting in enthusiasm. He may laugh at and satirize the monastic abuses of the time, in agreement with his patron John of Gaunt, but he never seems to look to reforming them: the horrors of the Black Death have left no trace on his poetry: the cry of the poor, never louder than in his time, is never heard in tale or allegory. I have called him reactionary; but we might perhaps better define him as a man who, with all his wonderful acuteness of vision, yet does not care to look before or after; one to whom the present was all-sufficient. He is eminently English, and with this he has the "defects of his quality;" he has the weak side of our national character.

Chaucer, like all men of high genius, has enjoyed to the full his share in that worst kind of enemy, those who overpraise him. He is even not without those who, like country churchwardens, have thought to improve the image they admire by whitewashing it. Yet, after all that has been said and written, Hal-

\* *Inst. Orat.* x. i. 46.



lam's judgment remains by far the most honestly and finally true: the most weighty in and through its moderation, in one word, its sanity. We have had a few other critics—they might be counted on one hand, and barely exhaust the fingers—who show flashes of finer insight. Even, however, from a born rhetorician like Lord Macaulay, Hallam extorted the praise that here only was the judge with one weight and one balance,—*iustissimus unus*. Let me then quote some lines from a criticism which is in curious and instructive contrast with some which recent indiscriminate admiration has given us. "Chaucer," says Hallam, "seems to me to have wanted grandeur, where he is original, both in conception and in language. But in vivacity of imagination and ease of expression, he is above all poets of the middle time, and comparable perhaps to the greatest of those who have followed. . . . It is chiefly as a comic poet, and a minute observer of manners and circumstances, that he excels. In serious and moral poetry he is frequently languid and diffuse; but he springs like Antæus from the earth, when his subject changes to coarse satire or merry narrative." He is among our greatest poets; but no other among them keeps so steadily to the mere average level—one might almost hint, the *bourgeois* level, of his time, as Chaucer; he is of his age, not above it.

Chaucer, as Dryden said, is our father in poetry; there has been no century during which English poets have not done him honor, no period in which he has wanted students. We have thus far looked mainly at his own development, more especially at the new currents of thought, subject, and style, which he received from the Italian Renaissance. Let us now lastly ask which of our poets he most resembled or most influenced. It is with difficulty that men ascertain and measure the loftiest peak of some great mountain; and it is with similar diffidence that I venture to name Chaucer's dramatic faculty as his highest gift. Hence we naturally compare him first with Shakespeare. He has Shakespeare's gayety, his versatility and vividness, his energetic movement, his skill for unfolding a situation; he has his eye for humorous character and strong

straightforward manliness; his geniality, his readiness to take the world as it goes—in a word, his humanity. Both have the same wonderful gift, by which the figures who move before us as men, living as the men we know, at the same time, are types true to all time; like Titian at his best, they paint classes, while they offer us portraits. He is like Shakespeare also in always preferring rather to take than to make his plots. On the other hand, his voice, if I may be allowed the figure, wants the Shakespearean lower note, the deep bass, as it were, which underlies the gayety and humor of Shakespeare; his recognition of the mystery of life. Chaucer, although exquisite in occasional touches of simple pathos,\* is also incomparably inferior in inward force and delicacy of passion; in his sense of woman's worth. He never gives the unmistakable impression of one who had himself loved deeply: the note of true personal passion, I think, is nowhere heard in his verse. Again, with all his charming fluency and lucidity, his style is rarely imaginative in the highest sense: the noble style, in which every phrase receives a certain indefinable poetical heightening, as Arnold has finely said, is very rare in Chaucer's writing. If this criticism be correct, despite Spenser's famous references to his great predecessor, the tone and the gifts of these two men were widely different—indeed, in some ways antagonistic. Between the *Faerie Queene* and the *Canterbury Tales* lies the gulf which parts Idealism and Realism. But into this I cannot here enter.

Chaucer's style, in fact, by natural law answers to his general mood of mind, which, as I have noticed, moves by constant preference, when not engaged with humorous anecdote, in the sphere of brilliant, cultivated, courtly life; as he said himself, he was one who served *Joyesse*; "the burthen of the mystery,"

. . . The heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,

\* Yet we must agree with Mr. Ward that "the fidelity of Griseldis under the trials imposed upon her is the fidelity of a martyr to unreason." Chaucer here follows Boccaccio, whose power over the pathetic and the poetical (except in his passionate *Fiammetta*), it seems to me, has been often much overrated.

had, or seems to have had, no existence for him. Like the company whom Boccaccio painted as flying from the plague of Florence to the Armida Palace of the *Decameron*, his pilgrims ride with light hearts and legendary tales and lively jests to Canterbury, as if to a world's fair. Hence, perhaps, his affinity with Shakespeare is hardly nearer than with Dryden and Pope, who also rarely go beyond the world of society and letters; in whom, with all their merits, the *mens divini* is scarcely to be found. It is in their best satires or narratives that Chaucer's direct influence over our older literature is most distinctly marked. Nor is it fanciful, I think, to trace a close analogy between his world and that which, in prose of similar brilliancy and lucid grace, was painted for us in our own days by Thackeray.

With reluctance I leave Chaucer, unsatisfied myself, and with a notice which to those who have studied him must inevitably be unsatisfying. But his work will receive more justice, his novelty in tone of thought and in form will be made clearer, if I give a few words to two of his contemporary poets: the unknown writer of the Romance of *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*, and William Langland. The *Gawayne*\* (which Ten Brink dates about 1360) belongs to the great Arthurian cycle, but it is immediately founded upon that beautiful legend of the Holy Grail, which was added to or developed from the Welsh original published by Geoffrey of Monmouth.

This very curious romance, little known in proportion to its merit, tells how, at the Court of Arthur, held at Camelot (the hill which still bears the name in Somerset), a savage knight makes his appearance; how Gawayne strikes off his head, which the savage immediately replaces; Gawayne promising to seek him out and give him his revenge in turn. Gawayne presently sets forth: in a castle on his way he is courteously received; he bravely resists the passion which the lady of the castle at once avows for him; yet consents to

accept from her a magic girdle which will insure his life;—and this girdle, when he presently meets the Savage or Green Knight, accordingly saves him from certain death. Then the moral of the story reveals itself. The lord of the castle and the Savage Knight were the same: the protecting girdle was his own: the amorous snare his device. But Gawayne in resisting that temptation has conquered where victory is most difficult; hence his punishment for having feared death is slight, and he is forgiven by his spiritual antagonist. Full of shame and remorse, Gawayne stands motionless; all the blood rushes to his face. "Cursed be cowardice," he cries, and returns to Arthur's Court to confess how far he had fallen from the full height of ideal chivalry.

The thought and the plot, the sentiment and the manner of this fine allegorical tale are in a higher mood, and perhaps show more force and skill of original invention than any of Chaucer's; and while it belongs wholly to the early, the mediæval Renaissance, on the other hand it is equally an anticipation of Spenser. Langland's contemporary *Vision of Piers the Plowman* is again in a widely different key, at once from the *Canterbury Tales* and from the *Gawayne*; although Langland's also is a long allegory, and, like it, untouched by the Italian movement. Not less closely devoted to the real life about him than Chaucer, Langland in his rude, alliterative verse—a metre by the middle of the fourteenth century fallen into disuse—declaims against the evils in Church and State, the sins of the rich and powerful: paints oppression of tenants by landlords, and of the poor by tradesmen: satirizes the marriage-market of the day with the keenness of Thackeray or Tennyson, and prophesies approaching redress at the hands of the divine hero of his song. Under different forms, the *Vision* shows forth always with unflinching earnestness the battle of the soul, the crusade of life. Thus we might say that the *Pilgrim's Progress* is foreshadowed by Langland, while Chaucer, once more, is resplendent in the last rays of declining and enfeebled chivalry.

Perhaps I may here quote my own attempt to set forth the contrasted atti-

\* For this sketch I venture, with some hesitation, to rely upon Ten Brink's *Early English Literature*, B iv. c. 2.

tude of these two poets. Chaucer's work, as it seems to me, was

... To paint  
With Nature's freshness, what before him lies ;  
The knave, the fool, the frolicsome, the quaint ;  
His the broad jest, the laugh without restraint,  
The ready tears, the spirit lightly moved :  
Loving the world, and by the world beloved.

So forth fared Chaucer on his pilgrimage  
Through England's humors ; in immortal song  
Bodily the form and pressure of his age,  
Tints gay as pure, and delicate as strong ;  
Still to the Tabard the blythe travellers throng,  
Seen in his mind so vividly, that we  
Know them more clearly than the men we see.

It is Langland himself who tells us in what sad, ominous colors, as he walked through the little London of those days, the Pageant of Life presented itself to him, the pageant which had seemed so brilliant to Chaucer, at the very moment when it was about to pass away forever.

O Poet of romance and courtly glee,  
And downcast eager glance that shuns the sky,  
Above, about, are signs thou canst not see ;  
Portents in heaven and earth !—And one goes  
by

With other than thy prosperous, laughing eye,  
Framing the rough web of his rueful lays,  
The sorrow and the sin ;—with bitter gaze

As down the Strand he stalks, a sable shade  
Of death, while, jingling like the elfin train,  
In silver samite knight and dame and maid  
Ride to the tourney on the barrier'd plain ;  
And he must bow in humble mute disdain,  
And that worst woe of baffled souls endure,  
To see the evil that they may not cure.\*

Thus each poet had his contrasted mission ; and the fate of their poems

also presents a curious contrast. The lesson of Langland's allegory is in reality more true for us, more true for all time, while the world runs its old course, than the jests and legends of the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas. It is also written with great vigor ; the scenes shown are picturesque and dramatic ; the language hardly more antiquated than Chaucer's. Yet the *Vision of Piers* has long been a mere curiosity of literature.\* Chaucer's richer gifts, his genial humor, the "infinite graciousness of his tongue" (to take one of his own phrases), explain in part why he survives, while Langland is obliterated. But the main reason is one to which I invite attention, because when studying books as books, when dealing with the historical career of poetry, we are always apt to lose sight of poetry as an art—to forget that its aim must always and in the long run be pleasure ; its first and last word, Beauty. Langland's poem sacrifices these aims to moral usefulness, to solving the deep problems of the soul. It is too deeply saturated with the evils of life—

Times out of joint, a universe of lies ;

—we may learn, but we do not enjoy while learning. And it therefore pays the penalty which, as the ages go by, never has failed, and never can fail, to overtake the artist who, even for the highest motives, forgets the natural and necessary laws of his vocation. For Art, like Nature, has her revenges.—*Nineteenth Century*.

### THE MEXICAN MESSIAH.

BY DOMINICK DALY.

THERE are few more puzzling characters to be found in the pages of history than Quetzatcoatl, the wandering stranger whom the early Mexicans adopted as the air-god of their mythology. That he was a real personage—that he was a white man from this side of the Atlantic, who lived and taught in Mexico

centuries before Columbus was born—that what he taught was Christianity and Christian manners and morals—all these are plausible inferences from facts and circumstances so peculiar as to render other conclusion well-nigh impossible.

\* I here faintly follow one of the most deeply felt and pathetic passages in literature, the Ἑλθίστη δδίνη τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις, πολλὰ φρονέοντα ὑπὲρ τοῦ ἀρτέειν (Herodotus, ix. 16).

\* Langland's anti-monastic satire, however, gave his book some popularity during the Reformation period, and it was reprinted so late as 1561. Yet this was only a party-move. His devout Catholicism is as marked as Dante's ; they aimed at reform, not at disruption.

When, in 1519, Cortez and his six hundred companions landed in Mexico, they were astonished at their coming being hailed as the realization of an ancient native tradition, which ran in this wise: Many centuries previously a white man had come across the Atlantic from the north-east, in a boat with "wings" (sails), like those of the Spanish vessels. He stayed several years in the country, and taught the Mexicans (Toltecs) a new and humane system of religion, instructed them in the principles of good government, and imparted to them a knowledge of many useful industrial arts. He loved peace, and had a horror of war. By his great wisdom and knowledge of divine things, his piety and his many personal and god-like virtues, he won the esteem and veneration of all the people, and exercised great control over them. His sojourn in Mexico was a kind of golden age. The seasons were uniformly favorable, and the earth gave forth its produce almost spontaneously and in miraculous quantities. In those days a single head of maize was a load for a man; cotton (used for the clothing of the natives) grew in marvellous abundance, already tinted in many brilliant hues; flowers filled the air with delicious perfumes; birds of magnificent plumage incessantly poured forth the most exquisite melody. Under the auspices of this good white man, or god, peace, plenty, and happiness prevailed throughout the land. The Mexicans knew him as Quetzatcoatl, or the Green Serpent, the word "green" in their language being a term for a rare and precious thing. Through some malign influence—brought about by the enmity of a rival deity—Quetzatcoatl was obliged or induced to quit the country. On his way to the coast he stayed for a time at the city of Cholula, where, subsequently, a great pyramidal mound, surmounted by a temple, was erected in his honor. On the shores of the Gulf of Mexico he took leave of his followers, soothing their sorrow at his departure with the assurance that he would not forget them, and that he himself, or some one sent by him, would return at some future time to visit them. He had made for himself a vessel of serpents' skins, and in this strange contrivance he sailed away in a north-

easterly direction for his own country, the Holy Island, or Tlapallan, lying beyond the great ocean.

Such, in outline, was the tradition which Cortez found prevalent in Mexico on his arrival there, and powerfully influencing every inhabitant of the country, from the great Montezuma, who ruled as king paramount in the city of Mexico, to the humblest serf who tilled the fields of his lord. Equally to their surprise and advantage the Spaniards found that their advent was hailed as the fulfilment of the promise of Quetzatcoatl to return. The natives saw that they were white men, and bearded, like him; they had come in sailing vessels such as the one he had used across the sea; they had clearly come from the mysterious Tlapallan; they were undoubtedly Quetzatcoatl and his brethren come, in fulfilment of ancient prophecy, to restore and permanently re-establish in Mexico the period of peace and prosperity which the country had experienced for a short time many hundreds of years before.

The Spaniards made no scruple of encouraging and confirming a belief so highly favorable to their designs, and it is conceded by their writers that this belief, to a large extent, accounts for the comparative ease and marvellous rapidity with which a mere handful of men made themselves masters of a great and civilized empire and subjugated a warlike population of millions. To the last the unfortunate emperor Montezuma, in spite of much evidence of the ungodlike character of the Spaniards, held to the belief that the king of Spain was Quetzatcoatl and Cortez his lieutenant and emissary under a sort of divine commission.

The Mexicans had preserved a minute and apparently an accurate description of the personal appearance and habits of Quetzatcoatl. He was a white man, advanced in years and tall in stature. His forehead was broad; he had a large beard and black hair. He is described as dressing in a long garment, over which there was a mantle marked with crosses. He was chaste and austere, temperate and abstemious, fasting frequently, and sometimes inflicting severe penances on himself, even to the drawing of blood. This is a description



which was preserved for centuries in the traditions of a people who had no intercourse with or knowledge of Europe, who had never seen a white man, and who were themselves dark skinned, with but few scanty hairs on the chin to represent a beard.

It is, therefore, difficult to suppose that this curiously accurate portraiture of Quetzatcoatl as an early European ecclesiastic was a mere invention in all its parts—a mere fable which happened to hit on every particular and characteristic of such an individual. Nor is it easier to understand why the early Mexicans should have been at pains to invent a Messiah so different from themselves and with such peculiar attributes. Yet, in spite of destructive wars, revolutions, and invasions; in spite of the breaking up and dispersal of tribes and nations once settled in the vast region now passing under the name of Mexico, the tradition of Quetzatcoatl, and the account of his personal peculiarities, survived among the people to the days of the Spanish invasion. Everything, therefore, tends to show that Quetzatcoatl was an European, who by some strange adventure was thrown among the Mexican people and left with them recollections of his beneficent influence which time and change did not obliterate.

But time and change must have done much in the course of centuries to confuse the teachings of Quetzatcoatl. These would naturally be more susceptible of mutation than the few striking items of his personal appearance, which (if only on account of their singularity) must have deeply impressed the Mexicans generation after generation. Notwithstanding such mutation, enough remained of the teachings of Quetzatcoatl to impress the Spaniards of the sixteenth century with the belief that he must have been an early Christian missionary, as well as a native of Europe. They found that many of the religious beliefs of the Mexicans bore an unaccountable resemblance to those of Christians. The Spanish ecclesiastics, in particular, were astounded at what they saw, and knew not what to make of it. Some of them supposed that St. Thomas, "the Apostle of India," had been in the country and imparted a knowledge of

Christianity to the people; others, with pious horror, and in mental bewilderment, declared that the Evil One himself had set up a travesty of the religion of Christ for the more effectual damning of the souls of the pagan Mexicans.

The religion of the Mexicans, as the Spaniards found it, was in truth an amazing and most unnatural combination of what appeared to be Christian beliefs and Christian virtues and morality with the bloody rites and idolatrous practices of pagan barbarians. The mystery was soon explained to the Spaniards by the Mexicans themselves. The milder part of the Mexican religion was that which Quetzatcoatl had taught them. He had taught it to the Toltecs, a people who had ruled in Mexico some centuries before the arrival of the Spaniards. The Aztecs were in possession of power when the Spaniards came, and it was they who had introduced that part of the Mexican religion which was in such strong contrast to the religion established by Quetzatcoatl. It appeared further that the Toltec rule in the land had ceased about the middle of the eleventh century. They were a people remarkably advanced in civilization and mental and moral development. Somewhere between the latter part of the fourth century and the middle of the seventh century they were supposed to have come into Mexico from the northeast—possibly from the Ohio valley, where vast remains of a Toltec character have been found. They were well versed in the arts and sciences, and their astronomical knowledge was in many respects in advance of that of Europe. They established laws and regular government in Mexico during their stay in the country, but about the year A.D. 1050 they disappeared south by a voluntary migration, the cause of which remains a mystery. They are supposed to have been subsequently the builders of the great cities the marvellous remains of which are found in the wilds of Central America. In the migration of the Toltecs some remained behind from choice or necessity, but no attempt appears to have been made at re-establishing a Toltec empire and government in Mexico.

After the lapse of a century or more from the era of the great Toltec migra-

tion the first bands of Aztecs began to appear. They were wanderers from the northwest, from the Pacific slopes of North America, and were a fierce and warlike people, possessing little capacity for the mental and moral refinement and high civilization of their Toltec predecessors. It was not until the middle of the fourteenth century that the Aztecs acquired sufficient settled habits to enable them to found states and cities, and by that time they seem to have adopted as much of what had been left of Toltec civilization and Toltec religion as they were capable of absorbing, without, however, abandoning their own ruder ideas and propensities. Hence the incongruous mixture of civilization and barbarism, mildness and ferocity, gentleness and cruelty, refinement and brutality presented by Mexican civilization and religion to the astonished contemplation of the Spaniards when they entered the country two centuries later. "Aztec civilization was made up" (as Prescott, the author of the "History of Mexico," says) "of incongruities, apparently irreconcilable. It blended into one the marked peculiarities of different nations, not only of the same phase of civilization, but as far removed from each other as the extremes of barbarism and refinement."

The chief deity of the whole of the Aztecs was Huitzilopochtli, god of war, whose hideous images had accompanied them in all their wanderings. The idol of this deity shown to the Spaniards in the great temple at Mexico "had" (as Cortez himself describes it) "a broad face, wide mouth, and terrible eyes. He was covered with gold, pearls, and precious stones, and was girt about with golden serpents. . . . On his neck—a fitting ornament—were the faces of men wrought in silver, and their hearts in gold. Close by were braziers with incense, and on the braziers three real hearts of men who had that day been sacrificed. The smell of the place was like that of a slaughter-house. To supply victims for these sacrifices the emperors made war on all the neighboring and subsidiary states, or in case of revolt in any city of their dominions, and levied a certain number of men, women, and children by way of indemnity." Daily sacrifices of human victims were

made on all the altars of this monster in the chief cities of Mexico. One of the lowest estimates of the multitude of victims thus slaughtered in the city of Mexico alone, in the year before the arrival of the Spaniards, places the number at twenty thousand. Sacrifices on a corresponding scale were carried out in the provincial cities. The victim was secured to the altar-stone, the breast cut open, and the palpitating heart torn out by the priest. On solemn occasions the heart or other portions of the body were chopped up fine, mixed into a horrible paste with maize and blood, and in the form of a cake eaten by the faithful. In contrast with dreadful rites such as these were graceful and elegant ceremonies in which youths and maidens gayly dressed, and decorated with flowers and foliage, took a leading part. The first-fruits of the season were carried in joyous processions to the temples, with music, singing, and dancing, and laid upon the altars of the gods.

All that was savage and barbarous in the religious rites of the Mexicans was attributed by the Mexicans themselves to the Aztecs; all that was gentle and humanizing to the Toltecs, and probably with substantial justice in each case. To a Toltec origin were assigned those doctrines and practices which struck the Spaniards as remnants of an early knowledge of Christianity. The Aztecs only came into the inheritance of those doctrines and practices at second-hand—that is, from the remnants of the Toltec people. The new-comers were probably little disposed to submit wholly to the influence of alien religious ideas essentially different from their own gloomy and sanguinary notions of Divine things. Some they adopted while still retaining their own national observances, and hence the extraordinary mixture of brutality and gentleness presented to the wondering contemplation of the Spaniards by the Mexican culte as they found it in the early part of the sixteenth century. The better—that is the Toltec—side of this mixed belief included among its chief features a recognition of the existence of a supreme god, vested with all the attributes of the Jehovah of the Jews. He was the creator and the ruler of the universe, and the fountain of all good. Subordinate to

him were a number of minor deities, and opposed to him a father of all evil. There was a paradise for the abode of the just after death, and a place of darkness and torment for the wicked. There was an intermediate place, which was not, perhaps, so much a purgatory as a second-class heaven. There had been a common mother of all men, always pictorially represented as in company with a serpent. Her name was Cioacoatl, or the serpent woman, and it was held that "by her sin came into the world." She had twin children, and in an Aztec picture preserved in the Vatican at Rome those children are represented as quarrelling. The Mexicans believed in a universal deluge, from which only one family (that of Coxcox) escaped. Nevertheless, and inconsistently enough with this, they spoke of a race of wicked giants, who had survived the flood and built a pyramid in order to reach the clouds; the gods frustrated their design by raining fire upon it. Tradition associated the great pyramid at Cholula with this event. This was the pyramid which had been erected to Quetzatcoatl, and which had a temple on the summit dedicated to the worship of him as the god of air. The Mexicans regarded Cholula as the one holy city—the Jerusalem or Mecca of their country—from having been the abode of Quetzatcoatl. The pyramid, in a dilapidated condition, still remains, and is surmounted by a chapel for Christian worship. It is scarcely necessary to suggest that the traditions of Cioacoatl, Coxcox, the giants and the pyramid at Cholula are extremely like a confused acquaintance with biblical narratives.

The foregoing are merely specimens of the more remarkable features of Mexican belief, and they are so special and peculiar in character as to leave no reasonable alternative to the supposition that the Mexicans must have had imparted to them at one time a knowledge of the Bible. This has induced, in some quarters, the opinion that the Mexicans are descendants of the lost tribes of Israel; but, whatever may be the arguments for or against this theory, the still more abundant knowledge of a Christian-like character possessed by the ancient Mexicans is strongly suggestive of Christian teaching, which would suf-

ficiently account for familiarity with narratives contained in the Old Testament.

Whether due to such teaching or accidental coincidence, it is certain that the Mexicans held many points of belief in common with the Christians. They believed in the Trinity, the Incarnation, and, apparently, the Redemption. One of the first things which struck the Spaniards on their arrival in Mexico was the spectacle of large stone crosses on the coast and in the interior of the country. These were objects of veneration and worship. One cross of marble, near one of the places the Spaniards named Vera Cruz, was surmounted by a golden crown, and, in answer to the curious inquiries of the Spanish ecclesiastics, the natives said that "one more glorious than the sun had died upon the cross." In other quarters the Spaniards were told that the cross was a symbol of rain. At any rate, it was clearly an object of divine association and consequent adoration. In the magnificent pictorial reproduction of Mexican antiquities published by Lord Kingsborough there is a remarkable sketch of a monument representing a group of ancient Mexicans in attitudes of adoration round a cross of the Latin form. The leading figure is that of a king, or priest, holding in his outstretched hands a young infant, which he appears to be presenting to the cross.

Further acquaintance with the people and their religious ideas disclosed to the Spaniards additional evidence of Christian-like beliefs. They believed in original sin, and practised infant baptism. At the naming of the infant the lips and bosom of the child were sprinkled with water, and the Lord was implored to "permit the holy drops to wash away the sin that was given to it before the foundation of the world, so that the child might be born anew."

Confession to the priests, absolution, and penance were also features of the Mexican religion. The secrets of the confessional were esteemed inviolable. Absolution not only effaced moral guilt, but was held to free the penitent from responsibility for breaches of the secular law. Long after the Spaniards had established their rule in the country it was a common thing for the natives, especially in the remoter districts, to de-

mand acquittal from the tribunals on the plea that they had confessed their crimes to the priest.

The Mexican prayers and invocations were strongly Christian in character. The priestly exhortation after confession was—"Feed the hungry and clothe the naked according to your circumstances, for all men are of one flesh." Another formal exhortation was—"Live in peace with all men; bear injuries with humility; leave vengeance to God, who sees everything." Among the invocations to the Deity was the following—"Wilt thou blot us out, O Lord, forever? Is this punishment intended not for our reformation but our destruction?" Again—"Impart to us, out of thy great mercy, thy gifts, which we are not worthy to receive through our own merits." A still more striking similarity to scriptural morality and expression is contained in the admonition—"He who looks too curiously on a woman commits adultery with his eyes."

The Mexicans believed in the doctrine of transubstantiation in its strictest form, and even in its Roman Catholic peculiarity of communion under one kind. Communion and administration of the eucharist took place at stated intervals. The priest broke off morsels from a sanctified cake of maize and administered it to the communicant as he lay prostrate on the ground. Both priest and communicant regarded the material as the very body of God himself. The religious consumption of a horrible mixture of maize and human blood, and sometimes flesh, has already been alluded to as associated with the worship of the Aztec war-god Huitzilopochtli, and is suggestive of an Aztec perversion of the Christian and, apparently, Toltec idea of transubstantiation. On some occasions a model of the god was formed out of a paste of maize flour tempered by the blood of young children sacrificed for the purpose, the figure being subsequently consumed by the worshippers.

The Mexican priesthood had much in common and little in conflict with the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church. Celibacy was esteemed a merit, and was observed by certain orders, though not by all; but all were governed by rules of a monastic charac-

ter very similar to, and quite as severe as, those in force in the earlier ages of the Christian Church. Thrice during the day and once at night the priests lodging in the great temples were called to prayer. They also mortified the flesh by fasting and abstinence, by severe penances, flagellations, and piercing the flesh with sharp thorns. They undertook the entire education of the young, and devoted themselves to works of charity. The great cities and rural districts were divided into parishes, each presided over by a priest. These priests were of a different order and had different functions from the priests who lived and served in the temples, and seem to have been in all important respects similar to the regular parochial clergy of Christian countries.

The inference to be drawn by students of early Mexican history from those apparent remnants of Christian teaching is very much a matter of personal capacity and individual idiosyncrasy. Probably the majority would conclude that the Mexicans must have had Christian enlightenment from some source at a time long antecedent to the Spanish invasion. That such enlightenment should have become obscure and confused in the lapse of centuries, through the operation of revolutions and by contact with Aztec idolatry, would not be surprising; the only wonder would be that so much that was still Christian-like should remain at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Was it, then, some remains of Christianity which the Spaniards found? There is no reason to doubt the concurrent testimony of their writers and historians, lay and clerical, as to what they *did* find. There could be no adequate motive for a general conspiracy among them to manufacture evidence and invent fables for the purpose of making it appear that the people whom they were about to plunder, enslave, and slaughter were a sort of Christians. On the contrary, their expressions of surprise and horror at finding Christian doctrines and Christian practices intermingled with the grossest idolatry and the most barbarous and bloody rites, are too natural and genuine to be mistaken. They—the direct observers, and with the best opportunities for judging—had no doubt that what they saw was a debased form



of Christianity. The points of resemblance with real Christianity were too numerous and too peculiar to permit the supposition that the similarity was accidental and unreal. With them the only difficulty was to account for the possession of Christian knowledge by a people so remote and outlandish—or rather to trace the identity of Quetzatcoatl, the undoubted teacher of the Mexicans. Their choice lay between the Devil and St. Thomas. However respectable the claims of the former, it is clear enough that St. Thomas was not Quetzatcoatl and had never been in Mexico. He was dragged in at all because the Spaniards long cherished the idea that America was a part of India, and St. Thomas was styled the Apostle of India on the authority of an ancient and pious but very doubtful tradition. The weakness of the case for St. Thomas secured a preference for the claims of the Devil, and the consensus of Spanish opinion favored the idea that Quetzatcoatl was indeed the Devil himself, who, aroused by the losses which Christ had inflicted upon him in the old world, had sought compensation in the new, and had beguiled the Mexicans into the acceptance of a blasphemous mockery of the religion of Christ infinitely more wicked and damnatory than the worst form of paganism.

Another theory as to the identity of Quetzatcoatl may here be noticed. Lord Kingsborough makes the startling suggestion that Quetzatcoatl was no other than Christ himself, and in support of this maintains that the phonetic rendering in the Mexican language of the two words "Jesus-Christ," would be as nearly as possible "Quetzat-Coatl." He does not mean to say that Christ was ever in Mexico, but his suggestion is that the Mexicans, having obtained an early knowledge of Christianity and become acquainted with the name and character of its divine founder, imagined in subsequent ages that Christ had actually been in Mexico, and so built up the tradition of Quetzatcoatl. But this theory does not get rid of, on the contrary makes essential, the presence of a missionary in Mexico, through whom the people were instructed in the truths of Christianity, and from whom they obtained a knowledge of Christ. It is,

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of course, possible that, in the lapse of ages, the Mexicans might have transferred to this missionary the name of the great founder of his religion; but that there was no confusion of personalities is obvious, for in age and in many personal peculiarities Quetzatcoatl is represented as very different from the earthly figure of Christ. It may further be noted that the terms "Quetzat-Coatl" have a clear and appropriate significance ("Green Serpent") in the Mexican language, and this is somewhat inconsistent with the supposition that they are a close phonetic rendering of the words "Jesus-Christ." In fact, Lord Kingsborough's ingenious and not wholly improbable theory in no degree helps to the identity of the early Christian missionary called Quetzatcoatl.

But whoever Quetzatcoatl may have been, and whatever might be the right designation of the religion which he taught, it is clear beyond question that he was the medium through which the Mexicans obtained their curious Christian-like knowledge. To him there is no rival. The Aztecs claimed the honor of being the importers of the terrible Huitzilopochtli and all the unholy rites connected with his worship. They, and all other Mexicans, agreed in assigning the milder features of Mexican worship to the teachings of Quetzatcoatl. To him also they attributed the foundation of the monastic institutions and clerical system, and the introduction of baptism, confession, communion, and all the beliefs, ceremonies, and practices bearing a greater or less resemblance to those of the Christian religion.

It is, therefore, hard to understand what it was that Quetzatcoatl taught if it was not Christianity, and equally hard to conceive what he could have been if he were not a Christian missionary. His personality and attributes are altogether, and without a single exception or the slightest qualification, those of an early Christian missionary. A white man, with all the peculiarities of a European, teaches to a remote and isolated pagan people *something* the remnants of which centuries afterward are found to bear an extraordinary resemblance to Christianity. Could that "something"—coming from such a source—be other than Christianity? The teacher himself

is depicted as a very perfect and exalted type of a Christian missionary, though the Mexicans could have no model to guide them in their delineation of such a character. The "Lives of the Saints," the "Annals of the Faith," and records of the lives and labors of pious and devoted Christian missionaries supply no more perfect nor more Christian-like character than that of Quetzatcoatl. Long, earnestly, and successfully he preached the worship of the great unseen but all-present God, and taught the Mexicans to trust in an omnipotent and benevolent Father in Heaven. He preached peace and goodwill among men, and "he stopped his ears when war was spoken of." He taught and encouraged the cultivation of the earth and the arts and sciences of peace and civilization. He conferred upon the Mexicans, through the great influence he seems to have obtained over them, so many material benefits that in after ages they exaggerated the period of his rule into a veritable golden age, and exalted himself into a deity of the most benevolent attributes. The impression he made was, indeed, so profound that the memory of his virtues and good works survived and were exaggerated through centuries of change and trouble, and made him acceptable as a god even to the rude, intruding barbarians, who only learned of him remotely and at second hand ages after the completion of his mission. Chaste, frugal, earnest, self-denying, laborious, he stands depicted in Mexican tradition as the highest specimen of an Apostolic saint or early Christian missionary. Can he then be an imaginary person? Could the early Mexican pagans have evolved such a character from their own fancy or created it out of pagan materials? The thing seems incredible. It would indeed be curious if the Mexicans—never having seen a white man, and wholly ignorant of European ideas and beliefs—had invented a fable of a white man sojourning among them; it would be still more curious if, in addition to this, they had invented another fable of that white man instructing them in European religion and morals. The white man without the teaching might be a possible but still a doubtful story; the teaching without a white man would

be difficult to believe; but the white man and the teaching together make up a complete and consistent whole almost precluding the possibility of invention.

Three points in relation to Quetzatcoatl seem well-established—(1) he was a white man from across the Atlantic; (2) he taught religion to the Mexicans; (3) the religion he taught retained to alter ages many strong and striking resemblances to Christianity. The conclusion seems unavoidable, that Quetzatcoatl was a Christian missionary from Europe, who taught Christianity to the Mexicans, or Toltecs.

Accepting this as established, the possibility of fixing the European identity of Quetzatcoatl presents itself as a curious but obviously difficult question. To begin with, the era of Quetzatcoatl is not known with any precision. It has a possible range of some six and a half centuries—from before the beginning of the fourth century to the middle of the tenth century; that is, from about A.D. 400 to A.D. 1050, which is the longest time assigned to Toltec domination in Mexico. The era of Quetzatcoatl may, however, be safely confined to narrower limits. The Toltecs must have been well settled in the country before Quetzatcoatl appeared among them, and he must have left them some considerable time before their migration from Mexico. The references to Quetzatcoatl's visits to the Toltec cities prove the former, and the time which would have been required to arrange for and complete the great pyramid built at Cholula in honor of the departed Quetzatcoatl proves the latter. From a century to two centuries may be allowed at each end of the period from A.D. 400 to A.D. 1050, and it may be assumed with some degree of probability that Quetzatcoatl's visit to Mexico took place some time between (say) A.D. 500 and A.D. 900.

If attention is directed to the condition of Europe during that time, it will be found that the period from about A.D. 500 to A.D. 800 was one of great missionary activity. Before the former date the Church was doing little more than feeling its way and developing its strength in the basin of the Mediterranean, and making extensions in settled states. After the latter date the incursions and devastations of the north-

ern barbarians paralyzed European missionary efforts. But from the beginning of the fifth to the beginning of the eighth century there was no limit to missionary enterprise, and if ever a Christian missionary had appeared in Mexico, all the probabilities favor the theory that he must have gone there within those centuries. The era of Quetzatcoatl may therefore be narrowed to those three hundred years, and the task of tracing his identity thus simplified to some slight extent.

It may now be asked, is it reasonable to expect that there are, or ever were, any European records of the period from A.D. 500 to A.D. 800 referring to any missionary who might have been Quetzatcoatl? It is a long time since Quetzatcoatl, whoever he was, sailed from the shores of Europe to carry the truths of Christianity into the unknown regions beyond the Atlantic, but the literary records of his assumed period are numerous and minute, and might possibly have embraced some notice of his undertaking. It seems unlikely that his enterprise would have escaped attention altogether, especially from the ecclesiastical chroniclers, who were not given to ignoring the good works of their fellow-religionists. Moreover, the mission of Quetzatcoatl was not one which could have been launched quietly or obscurely, nor was there any reason why it should be. The contemplated voyage must have been a matter of public knowledge and comment in some locality; it could not have been attempted without preparations on some scale of magnitude; and such preparations for such a purpose must have attracted at least local attention and excited local interest. It is thus reasonable to suppose that the importance and singularity of a project to cross the Atlantic for missionary purposes would have insured some record being made of the enterprise. *A fortiori*, if the venturesome missionary ever succeeded in returning—if he ever came back to tell of his wonderful adventures—the fact would have been chronicled by his religious *confrères* and made the most of then and for the benefit of future ages. It comes, therefore, to this—accepting Quetzatcoatl as a Christian missionary from Europe, we have right and reason to expect that his singular

and pious expedition would have been put upon record somewhere.

The next step in the inquiry is to search for the most likely part of Europe to have been the scene of the going forth and possible return of this missionary. The island of Tlapallan, according to the Mexican tradition, was the home whence he came and whither he sought to return. The name of the country affords no assistance, and it might not be safe to attach importance to its insular designation. But in looking for a country in Western Europe—possibly an island—which from A.D. 500 to A.D. 800 *might* have sent out a missionary on a wild transatlantic expedition, one is soon struck with the possibility of Ireland being such a country. To the question—"Could Ireland have been the Tlapallan, or Holy Island, of the Mexican tradition?" an affirmative answer may readily be given, especially by any one who knows even a little of the ecclesiastical history of the country from A.D. 500 to A.D. 800. In that period no country was more forward in missionary enterprise. The Irish ecclesiastics shrunk from no adventures by land or sea, however desperate and dangerous, when the eternal salvation of heathen peoples was in question. On land they penetrated to all parts of the Continent, preaching the Gospel of Christ and founding churches and religious establishments. On sea they made voyages for like purposes to the remotest known lands of the northern and western seas. They went as missionaries to all parts of the coast of Northern Britain, and visited the Hebrides, the Orkneys, and the Shetland and Faro Islands. Even remote Iceland received their pious attention, and Christianity was established by them in that island long before it was taken possession of by the Norwegians in the eighth century.

*Prima facie*, then, Ireland has not only a good claim, but really the best claim, to be the Tlapallan of the Mexicans. It is the most western part of Europe; it is insular, and in the earlier centuries of the Christian era was known as the "Holy Island;" between A.D. 500 and A.D. 800 it was the most active centre of missionary enterprise in Europe, and its missionaries were con-

spicuous above all others for their daring maritime adventures. It is natural, therefore, to suspect that Ireland may have been the home of Quetzatcoatl, and, if that were so, to expect that early Irish records would contain some references to him and his extraordinary voyage. Upon this the inquiry suggests itself—Do the early Irish chronicles, which are voluminous and minute, contain anything relating to a missionary voyage across the Atlantic at all corresponding to that which Quetzatcoatl must have taken from some part of Western Europe?

To one who, step by step, had arrived at this stage of the present inquiry, it was not a little startling to come across an obscure and almost forgotten record, which is, in all its main features, in most striking conformity with the Mexican legend of Quetzatcoatl. This is the curious account of the transatlantic voyage of a certain Irish ecclesiastic named St. Brendan, in the middle of the sixth century—about A.D. 550. The narrative appears to have attracted little or no attention in modern times, but it was widely diffused during the middle ages. In the *Bibliothèque* at Paris there are said to be no fewer than eleven MSS. of the original Latin narrative, the dates of which range from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries. It is also stated that versions of it in old French and Romance exist in most of the public libraries of France; and in many other parts of Europe there are copies of it in Irish, Dutch, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. It is reproduced in Usher's "Antiquities," and is to be found in the Cottonian collection of MSS.

This curious account of St. Brendan's voyage may be altogether a romance, as it has long been held to be; but the remarkable thing about it is the singularity of its general concurrence with the Mexican tradition of Quetzatcoatl.

St. Brendan, called the "Navigator" from his many voyages, was an Irish bishop, who in his time founded a great monastery at Clonfert on the shores of Kerry, and was the head of a confraternity, or order, of three thousand monks. The story of his transatlantic voyage is as follows:—From the eminence now called after him, Brendan

Mountain, the saint had long gazed upon the Atlantic at his feet, and speculated on the perilous condition of the souls of the unconverted peoples who possibly inhabited unknown countries on the other side. At length, in the cause of Christianity, and for the glory of God, he resolved upon a missionary expedition across the ocean, although he was then well advanced in years. With this purpose he caused a stout bark to be constructed and provisioned for a long voyage, a portion of his supplies consisting of live swine. Taking with him some trusty companions, he sailed from Tralee Bay, at the foot of Brendan Mountain, in a southwesterly direction. The voyage lasted many weeks, during several of which the vessel was carried along by a strong current without need of help from oars or sails. In the land which he ultimately reached the saint spent seven years in instructing the people in the truths of Christianity. He then left them, promising to return at some future time. He arrived safely in Ireland, and in after years (mindful of the promise he had made to his transatlantic converts) he embarked on a second voyage. This, however, was frustrated by contrary winds and currents, and he returned to Ireland, where he died in 578, at the ripe age of ninety-four, and in "the odor of sanctity."

It would be idle to expect a plain, matter-of-fact account of St. Brendan's voyage from the chroniclers of the sixth century. The narrative is, in fact, interwoven with several supernatural occurrences. But eliminating these, there remains enough of apparently real incident worthy of serious attention. The whole story, as already suggested, may be a mere pious fable promulgated and accepted in a non-critical and ignorant and credulous age. If substantially true, the fact could not be verified in such an age; if a pure invention, its falsity cannot now be demonstrated. All that can be said about it is that it is in wonderful agreement with what is known, or may be inferred, from the Mexican legend. The story of St. Brendan's voyage was written long before Mexico was heard of, and if forged, it could not have been with a view to offering a plausible explanation of a singular Mexican tradition. And yet



the solution which it offers of that tradition is so complete and *à propos* on all material points as almost to preclude the idea of accidental coincidence. In respect to epoch, personal characteristics, race, religion, direction of coming and going, the Mexican Quetzatcoatl might well have been the Irish saint. Both were white men, both were advanced in years, both crossed the Atlantic from the direction of Europe, both preached Christianity and Christian practices, both returned across the Atlantic to an insular home or Holy Island, both promised to come back and failed in doing so. These are certainly remarkable coincidences, if accidental.

The date of St. Brendan's voyage—the middle of the sixth century—is conveniently within the limits which probability would assign to the period of Quetzatcoatl's sojourn in Mexico, namely, from about the fifth to the eighth centuries. The possibility of making a voyage in such an age from the western shores of Europe to Mexico is proved by the fact that the voyage was made by Quetzatcoatl, whatever part of Europe he may have belonged to. The probability of St. Brendan designing such a voyage is supported alike by the renown of the saint as a "navigator," and by the known maritime enterprises and enthusiastic missionary spirit of the Irish of his time; the supposition that he succeeded in his design is countenanced by the ample preparations he is said to have made for the voyage.

There is a disagreement between the Mexican tradition and the Irish narrative in respect to the stay of the white man in Mexico. Quetzatcoatl is said to have remained twenty years in the country, but only seven years—seven Easters—are assigned to the absence of St. Brendan from his monastery. Either period would probably suffice for laying the foundations of the Christianity the remnants of which the Spaniards found in the beginning of the sixteenth century. On this point the Irish record is more likely to be correct. The Mexican tradition was already very ancient when the Spaniards became acquainted with it—as ancient as the sway of the vanished Toltecs. For centuries it had been handed down from generation to generation, and not always through gen-

erations of the same people. It is, therefore, conceivable that it may have undergone variations in some minor particulars, and that a stay of seven years became exaggerated into one of twenty. The discrepancy is not a serious one, and is in no sense a touchstone of the soundness of the theory that Quetzatcoatl and St. Brendan may have been one and the same person.

A curious feature of the Mexican tradition is its apparently needless insistence upon the point that Quetzatcoatl sailed away from Mexico in a vessel of serpents' skins. There seems no special reason for attributing this extraordinary mode of navigation to him. If the design were to enhance his supernatural attributes some more strikingly miraculous mode of exit could easily have been invented. The first impulse, accordingly, is to reject this part of the tradition as hopelessly inexplicable—as possibly allegorical in some obscure way, or as originating in a misnomer, or in the mis-translation of an ancient term. But further consideration suggests the possibility of there being more truth in the "serpents' skins" than appears at first sight. In the absence of large quadrupeds in their country the ancient Mexicans made use of serpents' skins as a substitute for hides. The great drums on the top of their temple-crowned pyramids were, Cortez states, made of the skins of a large species of serpent, and when beaten for alarum could be heard for miles around. It may, therefore, be that Quetzatcoatl, in preparing for his return voyage across the Atlantic, made use of this material to cover the hull of his vessel and render it watertight. The Mexicans were not boat-builders, and were unacquainted with the use of tar or pitch, employing only canoes dug out of the solid timber. When Cortez was building the brigantines with which he attacked the city of Mexico from the lake, he had to manufacture the tar he required from such suitable trees as he could find. Quetzatcoatl may have used serpents' skins for a similar purpose, and such use would imply that the vessel in which he sailed away was not a mere canoe, but a built-up boat. If he was really St. Brendan nothing is more likely than that he should seek for a substitute for

tar or pitch in skins of some sort. Coming from the west coast of Ireland he would be familiar with the native curracles, coracles, or hide-covered boats then in common use (and not yet wholly discarded) for coasting purposes, and sometimes for voyages to the coasts of Britain and the continent of Europe. Some of these were of large size, and capable of carrying a small mast, the body being a stout framework of ash ribs, covered with hides of oxen, sometimes of threefold thickness. It may have been a vessel of this kind which Quetzatcoatl constructed for his return voyage, or it may be that he employed the serpents' skins for the protection of the seams of his built-up boat in lieu of tar or pitch. In any case the tradition makes him out a navigator and boat-builder of some experience, and if he were really St. Brendan he would have had a knowledge of the Irish mode of constructing and navigating sea-going crafts, and would probably have employed serpents' skins, the best Mexican substitute for ox hides, in either of the ways suggested.

In the Mexican tradition there is no certain reference to Quetzatcoatl having with him companions of his own country, though in the story of St. Brendan the Irish saint is given such companions both in his going out and coming back. But the Mexican tradition nowhere negatives, either by implication or directly, that Quetzatcoatl had companions of his own race, and it seems in the highest degree improbable that he could have crossed the Atlantic both ways alone and unassisted by comrades. It may, therefore, be supposed that the fact of Quetzatcoatl having attendants of the same religion and nationality as himself was a detail omitted from an account which chiefly concerned itself with the great figure of Quetzatcoatl himself.

It would be presumptuous to claim that the identity of Quetzatcoatl with St. Brendan has been completely established in this essay, but it may reasonably be submitted that there is no violent inconsistency involved in the theory

herein advanced, and an examination of the evidence upon which it is based discloses many remarkable coincidences in favor of the opinion that the Mexican Messiah *may* have been the Irish saint. Beyond this it would not be safe to go, and it is not probable that future discoveries will enable the identity of Quetzatcoatl to be more clearly traced. It is a part of the Mexican tradition that Quetzatcoatl, before leaving Mexico, concealed a collection of silver and shell ornaments and other precious things by burial. The discovery of such a treasure would, no doubt, show that he was a Christian missionary, and would probably settle the question of his nationality and identity; but the deposit may have been discovered and destroyed or dispersed long ago, and if not there is little probability now that it will ever see the light of day. It would be equally hopeless to expect that Mexican records may yet be discovered containing references to Quetzatcoatl. A thousand years may have elapsed from the time of that personage to the days of Cortez, and since then nearly another four hundred years have contributed to the further destruction of Mexican monuments and records. In the earlier days of the Spanish conquest all memorials of the subjugated races were ruthlessly and systematically destroyed, and so effectually that but comparatively few scraps and fragments remain of native historical materials which formerly existed in great abundance. Even these remnants are for the most part useless, for in a single generation or two Spanish fanaticism and Spanish egotism destroyed all use and knowledge of the native Mexican languages and literature. It may, therefore, be concluded that we know all we are ever likely to know of the history and personality of the Mexican Messiah, and what we do know is this—that he was a Christian missionary from Europe, and is more likely to have been St. Brendan than any other European of whom we have knowledge.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

## STATE-SOCIALISM.

BY JOHN RAE, AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF SOCIALISM."

## II.

FEW words are at present more wantonly abused than the words Socialism and State-Socialism. They are tossed about at random, as if their meaning, as was said of the spelling of former generations, was a mere affair of private judgment. There is, in truth, a great deal of Socialism in the employment of the word; little respect is paid to the previous appropriation of it; and especially since it has become, as has been said, *hoffähig*, men press forward from the most unlikely quarters, claim kindred with the Socialists, and strive for the honor of being called by their name. Many excellent persons, for example, have no better pretext to advance for their claim than that they also feel a warm sentiment of interest in the cause of the poor. Churchmen whose duties bring them among the poor are very naturally touched with a sense of the miseries they observe, and certain of them, who may perhaps without offence be said to love the cause well more than wisely, come to public platforms and declare themselves Socialists—Socialists, they will sometimes explain, of an older and purer confession than the Social Democratic Federation, but still good and genuine Socialists—merely because the religion they preach is a gospel of moral equality before God, and of fraternal responsibility among men, whose very test in the end is the test of human kindness—"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not to Me." But Socialism is not a feeling for the poor, nor yet for the responsibilities of society in connection with their poverty; it is neither what is called humanitarianism, nor what is called altruism; it is not an affair of feeling at all, but of organization, and the feeling it breathes may not be altruistic. The revolutionary Socialists of the Continent, for instance, are animated by as vigorous a spirit of self-interest and an even more bitter class antagonism than a trade union or a land league. They fight for a particular

claim of right—the utterly unjustifiable claim to the whole product of labor—and they propose to turn the world upside down by a vast scheme of social reconstruction in order to get their unjust, delusive, and mischievous idea realized. The gauge of their Socialism therefore must, after all, be looked for in their claim and their remedy, and not in the vague sympathies of a benevolent spectator who, without scrutinizing either the one or the other, thinks he will call himself a Socialist because he feels that there is much in the lot of the poor man that might be mended, and that the rich might be very properly and reasonably asked to make some sacrifices for their brethren's sake out of their abundance. The philanthropic spectator suffers from no scarcity of words to express his particular attitude if he desires to do so; why then should he not leave Socialists the enjoyment of their vocable?

There is often at the bottom of this sentimental patronage of Socialism the not unchivalrous but mistaken idea that the ordinary self-interest of the world has been glorified by economists into a sacred and all-sufficing principle which it would be interfering with the designs of Providence to restrict, and that therefore it is only right to side with Socialism as a protest against the position taken by the apologists of the present system of things, without being understood to commit one's self thereby to the particular system which Socialism may propose to put in its place. But while the economists think very rightly that self-interest must always be regarded as the ordinary guide of life, and that the world cannot be reasonably expected to become either better, or better off, if everybody were to look after other people's interest (which he knows nothing about) instead of looking after his own (of which he at least knows something), they are far from showing any indifference to the danger of self-interest running into selfishness. On the contrary, they have constantly insisted—as the evidence we have already

produced abundantly proves—that where the self-interest of the strongly placed failed to subject itself spontaneously to the restraints of social justice and the responsibilities of our common humanity, it was for society to step in and impose the restraints that were just and requisite, and to do so either by public opinion or by public authority in the way most likely to be practicable and effectual. Another thing our sentimental friends forget is that the Socialists of the present day have no thought of substituting any other general economic motive in the room of self-interest. If they had their schemes realized to-morrow, men would still be paid according to the amount of their individual work, and each would work so far for his own hand. His daily motive would be his individual interest, though his scope of achievement would be severely limited by law with the view of securing a better general level of happiness in the community. The question between economists and Socialists is not whether the claims of social justice are entitled to be respected, but whether the claims which one or other of them make really are claims of social justice or no. Still, so firm is the hold taken by the notion that the Socialists are the special champions of social justice, that one of our most respected prelates has actually defined Socialism in that sense. The Bishop of Rochester, in his Pastoral Letter to his Clergy last new year, takes occasion, while warning the younger brethren against the too headlong philanthropy which “scouts what is known as the science of political economy,” to describe Socialism as “the science of maintaining the right proportion of equity and kindness while adjudicating the various claims which individuals and society mutually make upon each other.” In reality, Socialism would be better defined as a system that outsteps the right proportion of equity and kindness, and sets up for the masses claims that are devoid of proportion and measure of any kind, and whose injustice and peril often arise from that very circumstance.

If bishops carry the term off to one quarter, philosophers carry it to another. Some identify Socialism with the associative principle generally, and

see it manifested in the growth of one form of organization as much as in the growth of another, or at most they may limit it to the intervention of the associative principle in things industrial, and in that event they would consider a joint-stock company, or a co-operative store, or perhaps a building like Queen Anne's Mansions, or the common stair system of Scotland, to be as genuine exhibitions of Socialism as the Collectivism or Anarchism of the Continental factions or the State monopolies of Prince Bismarck. But a joint-stock company is no departure from—it is rather an extension of—the present *régime* of private property, free competition, and self-interest; and why should it be described by the same name as a system whose chief pretension is to supersede that *régime* by a better? Another very common definition of Socialism—perhaps the most common of all, and the last to which we shall refer here—is that Socialism is the general principle of giving society the greatest possible control over the life of the individual, in contradistinction to the opposite principle of individualism, which is taken to be the principle of giving the individual the greatest possible immunity from the control of society. Any extension of the authority of the State, any fresh regulation of the transactions of individual citizens, is often pronounced to be Socialistic without asking what the object or nature of the regulations may be. Socialism is identified with any enlargement, and individualism with any contraction, of the functions of government. But the world has not been made on this Socialist principle alone, nor on this individualist principle alone, and it can neither be explained nor amended by means of the one without the other. Abstractions of that order afford us little practical guidance. The Socialists of real life are not men who are bent on increasing Government control for the mere sake of increasing Government control. There are broad tracts of the individual's life they would leave free from social control; they would give him, for example, full property in his house and furniture during his lifetime, and the right to spend his income, once he had earned it, in his own way. Their scheme, if



carried out, might be found to compel them to restrict this latter right, but their own desire and belief undoubtedly is that the individual would have more freedom of the kind than he has now. They seek to extend Government control only because, and only so far as, they believe Government control to be necessary and fitted to realize certain theories of right and well-being which they think it incumbent on organized society to realize; and consequently the thing that properly characterizes their position, is not so much the degree of their confidence in the powers of the State as the nature of the theories of right for which they invoke its intervention. And just as Socialists do not enlarge the bounds of authority from the mere love of authority, so their opponents do not resist the enlargement from the mere hatred of authority. They raise no controversy about the abstract legitimacy of Government encroachments on the sphere of private capital or of legal enlargements of the rights or privileges of labor. There is no Socialism in that; the Socialism only comes in when the encroachments are made on a field where Government administration is unlikely to answer and where the rights conferred are rights to which labor can present no just and reasonable claim.

It will be objected that this is to reduce Socialism to a mere matter of more or less. The English economists, it will be said, practised a little Socialism, because they allowed the use of State means to elevate the condition of the working-classes or to provide for the wants of the general community; and the Continental Social Democrats only practise a little more Socialism when they cry for a working-class State or for the progressive nationalization of all industries. But in practical life the measure is everything. So many grains of opium will cure, so many more will kill. The important thing for adjusting claims must always be to get the right measure, and the objection to Socialistic schemes is precisely this, that they take up a theory of distributive justice which is an absolutely wrong measure, or else some vague theory of disinheritance which contains no measure at all. They would nationalize industries without

paying any respect to their suitability for Government management, simply because they want to see all industries nationalized; and they would grant all manner of compensating advantages to the working-class as instalments of some vague claim, either of economic right from which they are alleged to have been ousted by the system of capitalism, or of aboriginal natural right from which they are said to have been disinherited by the general arrangements of society itself. What distinguishes their position and makes it Socialism is therefore precisely this absence of measure or of the right measure, and one great advantage of the English doctrine of social politics which I expounded in a previous article, is that it is able to supply this indispensable criterion. That doctrine would limit the industrial undertakings of the State to such as it possessed natural advantages for conducting successfully, and the State's part in social reform to securing for the people the essential conditions of all humane living, of all normal and progressive manhood. It would interfere, indeed, as little as possible with liberty of speculation; because it recognizes that the best way of promoting social progress and prosperity is to multiply the opportunities, and with the opportunities the incentives, of talent and capital; but, while giving the strong their head, in the belief that they will carry on the world so far after them, it would insist on the public authority taking sharp heed that no large section of the common people be suffered to fall permanently behind in the race, to lose the very conditions of further progress, and to lapse into ways of living which the opinion of the time thinks unworthy of our common humanity. Now, State-Socialism disregards these limits, straying generally far beyond them, and it may not improperly be defined as the system which requires the State to do work it is unfit to do in order to invest the working-classes with privileges they have no right to get.

The term State-Socialism originated in Germany a few years ago to express the antithesis not of free, voluntary, or Christian Socialism, as seems frequently to be imagined here, but of revolutionary Socialism, which is always considered to be Socialism proper because it is

the only form of the system that is of any serious moment at the present day. State-Socialism has the same general aims as Socialism proper, only it would carry out its plans gradually by means of the existing State, instead of first overturning the existing State by revolution and establishing in its place a new political organization for the purpose, the Social Democratic Republic. There are Socialists who fancy they have but at any moment to choose a government and issue a decree, as Napoleon once did—"Let misery be abolished this day fortnight"—and misery would be abolished that day fortnight. But the State-Socialists are unable to share this simple faith. They are State-Socialists not because they have more confidence in the State than other Socialists, but because they have less. They consider it utterly futile to expect a democratic community ever to be able to create a political executive that should be powerful enough to carry through the entire Socialistic programme. Like the Social Conservatives of all countries, like our own Young England party for example, or the Tory Democrats of the present generation, they combine a warm zeal for popular amelioration with a profound distrust of popular government; but when compared with other Socialists they take a very sober view of the capacity of government of any kind; and although they believe implicitly in the "Social Monarchy of the Hohenzollerns," they doubt whether the strongest monarchy the world has ever seen would be strong enough to effect a Socialistic reconstruction of the industrial system without retaining the existence for many centuries to come of the ancient institutions of private property and inheritance.

All that is at least very frankly acknowledged by Rodbertus, the remarkable but overrated thinker whom the State-Socialists of Germany have chosen for their father. Rodbertus was always regarded as a great oracle by Lassalle, the originator of the present Socialist agitation, and his authority is constantly quoted by the most eminent luminary among the State-Socialists of these latter days, Prince Bismarck's economic adviser, Professor Adolph Wagner, who says it was Rodbertus that first shed on

him "the Damascus light that tore from his eyes the scales of economic individualism." Rodbertus had lived for a quarter of a century in a political sulk against the Hohenzollerns. Though he had served as a Minister of State, he threw up his political career rather than accept a Constitution as a mere royal favor; he refused to work under it or recognize it by so much as a vote at the polls. But when the power of the Hohenzollerns became established by the victories of Königgrätz and Sedan, and when they embarked on their new policy of State-Socialism, Rodbertus developed into one of their most ardent worshippers. Their new social policy, it is true, was avowedly adopted as a corrective of Socialism, as a kind of inoculation with a milder type of the disease in order to procure immunity from a more malignant; but Bismarck contended at the same time that it was nothing but the old traditional policy of the House of Prussia, who had long before placed the right of existence and the right of labor in the Statute-book of the country, and whose most illustrious member, Frederick the Great, used to be fond of calling himself "the beggars' king." Under these circumstances Rodbertus came to place the whole hope of the future in the "Social Monarchy of the Hohenzollerns," and ventured to prophesy that a Socialist emperor would yet be born to that House who would rule possibly with a rod of iron, but would always rule for the greatest good of the laboring class. Still, even under a dynasty of Socialist emperors Rodbertus gave five hundred years for the completion of the economic revolution he contemplated, because he acknowledged it would take all that time for society to acquire the moral principle and habitual firmness of will which would alone enable it to dispense with the institutions of private property and inheritance without suffering serious injury.

In theory Rodbertus was a believer in the modern Social-Democratic doctrine of the laborer's right to the full product of his labor—the doctrine which gives itself out as "Scientific Socialism" because it is got by combining a misunderstanding of Ricardo's theory of wages with a misunderstanding of the same economist's theory of value—and

which would abolish rent, interest, profit, and all forms of "laborless income," and give the entire gross product to the laborer, because by that union of scientific blunders it is made to appear that the laborer has produced the whole product himself. Rodbertus in fact claimed to be the author of that doctrine, and fought for the priority with Marx, though in reality the English Socialists had drawn the same conclusions from the same blunders long before either of them; but author or no author of it, his sole reason for touching the work of social reform at all was to get that particular claim of right recognized. Yet for five hundred years Rodbertus will not wrong the laborers by granting them their full rights. He admits that without the assistance of the private capitalist during that interval laborers would not produce so much work, and therefore could not earn so much wages as they do now; and consequently, in spite of his theories, he declines to suppress rent and interest in the meantime, and practically tells the laborers they must wait for the full product of labor till the time comes when they can produce the full product themselves. That is virtually to confess that while the claim may be just then, it is unjust now; and although Rodbertus never makes that acknowledgment, he is content to leave the claim in abeyance and to put forward in its place, as a provisional ideal of just distribution more conformable to the present situation of things, the claim of the laborer to a progressive share, step for step with the capitalist, in the results of the increasing productivity given to labor by inventions and machinery. He thought that at present, so far from getting the whole product of labor, the laborer was getting a less and less share of its products every day, and though this can be easily shown to be a delusive fear, Rodbertus's State-Socialism was devised to counteract it.

For this purpose the first requisite was the systematic management of all industries by the State. The final goal was to be State property as well as State management, but for the greater part of five centuries the system would be private property and State management. Sir Rowland Hill and the English rail-

way nationalizers proposed that the State should own the lines, but that the companies should continue to work them; Rodbertus's idea, on the contrary, is that the State should work, but not own. But then the State should manage everything and everywhere. Co-operation and joint-stock management were as objectionable to him as individual management. He thought it a mere delusion to suppose, as some Socialists did, that the growth of joint-stock companies and co-operative societies is a step in historical evolution toward a Socialist *régime*. It was just the opposite; it was individual property in a worse form, and he always told his friend Lassalle that it was a hopeless dream to expect to bring in the reign of justice and brotherhood by his plan of founding productive associations on State credit, because productive societies really led the other way, and created batches of joint-stock property, which he said would make itself a thousand times more bitterly hated than the individual property of to-day. One association would complete with another, and the group on a rich mine would use their advantage over the group on a poor one as mercilessly as private capitalists do now. Nothing would answer in the end but State property, and nothing would conduce to State property but State management.

The object of all this intervention, as we have said, is to realize a certain ideal or standard of fair wages—the standard according to which a fair wage is one that grows step by step with the productive capacity of the country; and the plan Rodbertus proposes to realize it by is practically a scheme of compulsory profit sharing. He would convert all land and capital into an irredeemable national stock, of which the present owners would be constituted the first or original holders, which they might sell or transfer at pleasure but not call up, and on which they should receive, not a fixed rent or rate of interest, but an annual dividend varying with the produce or profits of the year. The produce of the year was to be divided into three parts: one for the landowners, to be shared according to the amount of stock they respectively held; a second for the capitalists, to be shared in the

same way ; and the third for the laborers, to be shared by them according to the quantity of work they did, measured by the time occupied and the relative strain of their several trades. This division was necessarily very arbitrary in its nature ; there was no principle whatever to decide how much should go to the landowners, and how much to capitalists, and how much to laborers ; and although there was a rule for settling the price of labor in one trade as compared with the price of labor in another, it is a rule that would afford very little practical guidance if one came to apply it in actual life. At all events, Rodbertus himself toiled for years at a working plan for his scheme of wages, but though he always gave out that he had succeeded in preparing one, he steadily refused to disclose it even to trusted admirers like Lassalle and Rudolph Meyer, on the singular pretext that the world knew too little political economy as yet to receive it, and at his death nothing of the sort seems to have been discovered among his papers. Is it doing him any injustice to infer that he had never been able to arrive at a plan that satisfied his own mind as to its being neither arbitrary nor impracticable ?

Now this is a good specimen of State-Socialism, because it is so complete and brings out so decisively the broad characteristics of the system. In the first place, it desires a progressive and indiscriminate nationalization of all industries, not because it thinks they will be more efficiently or more economically managed in consequence of the change, but merely as a preliminary step toward a particular scheme of social reform ; in the next place, that scheme of social reform is an ideal of equitable distribution which is demonstrably false, and is admittedly incapable of immediate realization ; in the third place, a provisional policy is adopted in the meanwhile by pitching arbitrarily on a certain measure of privileges and advantages that are to be guaranteed to the laboring classes by law as partial instalments of rights deferred or compensations for rights alleged to be taken away.

It may be that not many State-Socialists are so thoroughgoing as Rodbertus. Few of them possibly accept his theory

of the laborer's right—which is virtually that the laborer has a right to everything, all existing wealth being considered merely an accumulation of unpaid labor—and few of them may throw so heavy a burden on the State as the whole production and the whole distribution of the country. But they all start from some theory of right that is just as false, and they all impose work on the State which the State cannot creditably perform. They all think of the mass of mankind as being disinherited in one way or another by the present social system, perhaps through the permission of private property at all, perhaps through permission of its inequalities. M. de Laveleye indeed goes a step further back still. In an article he has contributed on this subject to the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, he uses as his motto the saying of M. Renan that Nature is injustice itself, and he would have society to correct not merely the inequalities which society may have itself had a share in establishing, but also the inequalities of talent or opportunity which are Nature's own work. Accordingly, M. de Laveleye describes himself as a State-Socialist, because he thinks "the State ought to make use of its legitimate powers for the establishment of the equality of conditions among men in proportion to their personal merit." Equality of conditions and personal merit are inconsistent standards, but if they were harmonious, it would be beyond the power of the State to realize them for want of an effective calculus of either.

Few State-Socialists, however, profess the purpose of correcting the differences of native endowment ; for the most part, when they found their policy on any theoretic idea at all, they found it on some idea of historical reparation. In this country, Socialist notions always crop up out of the land. German Socialists direct their attack mainly on capital, but English Socialism fastens very naturally on property in land, which in England is concentrated into unnaturally few hands ; and a claim is very commonly advanced for more or less indefinite compensation to the laboring class on account of their alleged disinheritance, through the institution of private property, from their aboriginal or natural rights to the use of the earth,



the common possession of the race. That is the ground, for example, which Mr. Spencer takes for advocating land nationalization, and Mr. Chamberlain for his various claims for "ransom." The last comer is held to have as good a right to the free use of the earth as the first occupant; and if society deprives him of that right for purposes of its own, he is maintained to be entitled to receive some equivalent, as if society does not already give the new-comer vastly more than it took away. His chances of obtaining a decent living in the world, instead of being reduced, have been immensely multiplied through the social system that has resulted from the private appropriation of land. The primitive economic rights whose loss Socialists make the subject of so much lamentation are generally considered to be these four: (1) the right to hunt; (2) the right to fish; (3) the right to gather nuts and berries; and (4) the right to feed a cow or sheep on the waste land. Fourier added a fifth—which was certainly a right much utilized in early times—the right of theft from people over the border of the territory of one's own tribe. Let that right be thrown in with the rest; then the claim with which every English child is alleged to be born, and for which compensation is asked, is the claim to a thirty-millionth part of the value of these five aboriginal uses of the soil of England; and what is that worth? Why, if the "prairie value" of the soil is estimated at the high figure of a shilling the acre per annum, it would only give every inhabitant something under half-a-crown, and when compensation is demanded for the loss of this ridiculous pittance, one calls to mind what immensely greater compensations the modern child is born to. Civilization is itself a social property, a common fund, a people's heritage, accumulating from one generation to another, and opening to the new-comer economic opportunities and careers incomparably better and more numerous than the ancient liberties of fishing in the stream or nutting in the forest. The things actually demanded for the poor in liquidation of this alleged claim may often be admissible on other grounds altogether, but to ask them in the name

of compensation or ransom for the loss of those primitive economic rights—even though it was done by Spencer and Cobden—is certainly State-Socialism.

The favorite theory on which the German State-Socialists proceed seems to be that men are entitled to an equalization of opportunities, to an immunity, as far as human power can secure it, from the interposition of chance and change. That at least is the view of Professor Adolph Wagner, whose position on the subject is of considerable consequence, because he is the economist-in-ordinary to the German Government, and has been Prince Bismarck's principal adviser in connection with all his recent social legislation. Professor Wagner may be taken as the most eminent and most authoritative exponent of the theory of State-Socialism, and he has very recently developed his views on the subject afresh in some articles in the *Tübingen Zeitschrift für die Gesamten Staatswissenschaften* for 1887, on "Finanz-politik und Staatsozialismus." According to Wagner, the chief aim of the State at present—in taxation and in every other form of its activity—ought to be to alter the national distribution of wealth to the advantage of the working-class. All politics must become social politics; the State must turn workman's friend. For we have arrived at a new historical period; and just as the feudal period gave way to the absolutist period, and the absolutist period to the constitutional, so now the constitutional period is merging in what ought to be called the social period, because social ideas are very properly coming more and more to influence and control everything, alike in the region of production, in the region of distribution, and in the region of consumption. Now, according to Wagner, the business of the State-Socialist is simply to facilitate the development of this change—to work out the transition from the constitutional to the social epoch in the best, wisest, and most wholesome way for all parties concerned. He rejects the so-called "Scientific Socialism" of Marx and Rodbertus and Lassalle, and the practical policy of the Social-Democratic agitation; and he will not believe either that a false theory like theirs can obtain a lasting influence, or that a party

that builds itself on such a theory can ever become a real power. But, at the same time, he cannot set down the Socialistic theory as a mere philosophical speculation, or the Socialistic movement as merely an artificial product of agitation. The evils of both lie in the actual situation of things; they are products—necessary products, he says—of our modern social development; and they will never be effectually quieted till that development is put on more salutary lines. They have a soul of truth in them, and that soul of truth in the doctrines and demands of Radical Socialism is what State-Socialism seeks to disengage, to formulate, to realize. It is quite true, for example, that the present distribution of wealth, with its startling inequalities of accumulation and want, is historically the effect, first, of class legislation and class administration of law; and second, of mere blind chance operating on a legal *régime* of private property and industrial freedom, and a state of the arts which gave the large scale of production decided technical advantages. In one of his former writings Professor Wagner contended that German peasants lived to this day in mean thatched huts, simply because their ancestors had been impoverished by feudal exactions and ruined by wars which they had no voice in declaring; and he seems to be now as profoundly impressed with the belief that the present liberty allowed to unscrupulous speculators to utilize the chances and opportunities of trade at the cost of others is producing evils in no way less serious, which ought to be checked effectively while there is yet time. So long as such tendencies are left at work, he says it is idle trying to treat Socialism with any cunning admixture of cakes and blows, or charging State-Socialists with heating the oven of Social Democracy. State-Socialists, he continues, comprehend the disease which Radical Socialists only feel wildly and call down fire to cure, and they are as much opposed to the purely working-class State of the latter as they are to the purely constitutional State of our modern *Liberalismus vulgaris*, as Wagner calls it.

The true Social State lies, in his opinion, between the two. What the new social era demands—the era which is al-

ready, he thinks, well in course of development, but which it is the business of State-Socialism to help Providence to develop aright—is the effective participation of poor and rich alike in the civilization which the increased productive resources of society afford the means of enjoying; and this is to be brought about in two ways: first, by a systematic education of the whole people according to a well-planned ideal of culture, and second, by a better distribution of the income of society among the masses. Now, to carry out these requirements, the idea of liberty proper to the constitutional era must naturally be finally discarded, and a very large hand must be allowed to the public authority in every department of human activity, whether relating to the production, distribution, or consumption of wealth. In the first place, in order to destroy the effect of chance and the utilization of chances in creating the present accumulations in private hands, it is necessary to divert into the public treasury as far as possible the whole of that part of the national income which goes now, in the form of rent, interest, or profit, into the pockets of the owners of land and capital, and the conductors of business enterprises. Wagner would accordingly nationalize (or municipalize) gradually so much of the land, capital, and industrial undertakings of the country as could be efficiently managed as public property or public enterprises, and that would include all undertakings which tend to become monopolies even in private hands, or which, being conducted best on the large scale, are already managed under a form of organization which, in his opinion, has most of the faults and most of the merits of State management—viz., the form of joint-stock companies. He would in this way throw on the Government all the great means of communication and transport, railways and canals, telegraphs and post, and all banking and insurance; and on the municipalities all such things as the gas, light, and water supply. Although he recognizes the suitability of Government management as a consideration to be weighed in nationalizing an industry, he states explicitly that the reason for the change he proposes is not in the least the fiscal or economic one that the

industry can be more advantageously conducted by the Government, but is a theory of social politics which requires that the whole economic work of the people ought to be more and more converted from the form of private into the form of public organization, so that every working man might be a public servant and enjoy the same assured existence that other public servants at present possess.

In the next place, since many industries must remain in private hands, the State is bound to see the existence of the laborers engaged in private works guaranteed as securely as those engaged in public works. It must take steps to provide them with both an absolute and a relative increase of wages by instituting a compulsory system of paying wages as a percentage of the gross produce; it must guarantee them a certain continuity of employment; must limit the hours of their labor to the length prescribed by the present state of the arts in the several trades; and supply a system of public insurance against accidents, sickness, infirmity, and age, together with a provision for widows and orphans.

In the third place, all public works are to be managed on the Socialistic principle of supplying manual laborers with commodities at a cheaper rate than their social superiors. They are to have advantages in the matters of gas and water supply, railway fares, school fees, and everything else that is provided by the public authority.

In the fourth place, taxation is to be employed directly to mitigate the inequalities of wealth resulting from the present commercial system, and to save and even increase the laborer's income at the expense of the income of other classes. This is to be done by the progressive income-tax, and by the application of the product of indirect taxation on certain articles of working-class consumption to special working-class ends. For example, he thinks Prince Bismarck's proposed tobacco monopoly might be made "the patrimony of the disinherited."

In the fifth place, the State ought to take measures to wean the people not only from noxious forms of expenditure, like the expenditure on strong drink,

but from useless and wasteful expenditure, and to guide them into a more economic, far-going, and beneficial employment of the earnings they make.

Now for all this work, involving as it does so large an amount of interference with the natural liberty of things, Wagner not unnaturally thinks that a strong Government is absolutely indispensable—a Government that knows its own mind, and has the power and the will to carry it out; a Government whose authority is established in the history and opinion of the nation, and stands high above all the contending political factions of the hour. And in Germany, such an executive can only be found in the present Empire, which is merely following "Frederician and Josephine traditions" in coming forward, as it did in the Imperial message of November 1881, as a genuine "social monarchy."

In this doctrine of Professor Wagner we find the same general features we have already seen in the doctrine of Rodbertus. It is true he would not nationalize all industries whatsoever; he would only nationalize such industries as the State is really fit to manage successfully. He admits that uneconomic management can never contribute to the public good, and so far he accepts a very sound principle of limitation. But then he applies the principle with too great laxity. He has an excessive idea of the State's capacities. He thinks that every business now conducted by a joint-stock company could be just as well conducted by the Government, and ought therefore to be nationalized; but experience shows—railway experience, for example—that joint-stock management, when it is good, is better than Government management at its best. Then Professor Wagner thinks every industry which has a natural tendency to become in any case a practical monopoly would be better in the hands of the Government; but Government might interfere enough to restrain the mischiefs of monopoly—as it does in the case of railways in this country, for example—without incurring the liabilities of complete management. Professor Wagner would in these ways throw a great deal of work on Government which Government is not very fit to accomplish successfully, and he would like to throw

everything on it, if he could overcome his scruples about its capabilities, because he thinks industrial nationalization could facilitate the realization of his particular views of the equitable distribution of wealth. It is true, again, that Wagner's theory of equitable distribution is not the theory of Rodbertus—he rejects the right of labor to the whole product; but his theory, if less definite, is not less unjustifiable. It is virtually the theory of equality of conditions which considers all inequalities of fortune wrong, because they are held to come either from chance, or—what is worse—from an unjust utilization of chance, and which, on that account, takes comparative poverty to constitute of itself a righteous claim for compensation as against comparative wealth. Now, a state of enforced equality of conditions would probably be found neither possible nor desirable, but it is in its very conception unjust. It may be well, as far as it can be done, to check refined methods of deceit, or cruel utilizations of an advantageous position, but it can never be right to deprive energy, talent, and character of the natural reward and incentive of their exertions. The world would soon be poor if it discouraged the skill of the skilful, as it would soon cease to be virtuous if it ostracized those who were pre-eminently honest or just. The idea of equality has been a great factor in human progress, but it requires no such outcome as this. Equality is but the respect we owe to human dignity, and that very respect for human dignity demands security for the fruits of industry to the successful, and security against the loss of the spirit of personal independence in the mass of the people. But while that is so, there is one broad requirement of that same fundamental respect for human dignity which must be admitted to be wholly just and reasonable—the requirement which we have seen to have been recognized by the English economists—that the citizens be, as far as possible, secured, if necessary by public compulsion and public money, in the elementary conditions of all humane living. The State might not be right if it gave the aged a comfortable superannuation allowance, or the unemployed agreeable work at good

wages; but it is only doing its duty when, with the English law, it gives them enough to keep them without taking away from the one the motives for making a voluntary provision against age, or from the other the spur to look out for work for themselves.

It will be said that this is a standard that is subject to a certain variability; that a house may be considered unfit for habitation now that our fathers would have been fain to occupy; that shoes seem an indispensable element of humane living now, though, as Adam Smith informs us, they were still only an optional decency in some parts of Scotland in his time. But any differences of this nature lead to no practical difficulty, and the standard is fixity of measure itself when compared with the indefinite claims that may be made in the name of historical compensation, or wild theories of distributive justice, and it makes a wholesome appeal to recognized obligations of humanity instead of feeding a violent sense of unbounded hereditary wrong. No reasonable person will find fault with the actual proposals of social reform put forward by Mr. Chamberlain, for he is far from Socialist in the substance of his proposals. He has disclaimed all sympathy with the idea of equality of conditions; he hesitates about applying the graduated taxation principle to anything but legacies; and he explicitly says he will do nothing to discourage the cumulative principle in the rich, or the habit of industry in the poor; he asks mainly for free schools, free libraries, free parks, and other things of a like character that come entirely within the scope of the English economic tradition; but when he asks for them as a penalty for wrongdoing (so he has defined "ransom") instead of an obligation of ability, he chooses ground that is both weak and dangerous; weak, because the rights out of which society is alleged to have ousted the unfortunate have been compensated a hundredfold already; and dangerous, because it must nurse a spirit of disaffection and a habit of making vague and unmeasured demands.

Had space permitted, we should now have followed the theory of State-Socialism out into the practice, and illustrated from the experience of various coun-



tries, the working and effects of State-Socialism in the nationalization of industries, in the adjustments of rights

and claims, and in the manipulation of taxation ; but must forbear for the present.—*Contemporary Review*.

## MY TREASURE.

### CHAPTER I.

#### MY COUSIN PHILIP.

I AM a very ill-used woman, and the worst of it is that I cannot indulge in a good fit of ill-temper, because I have professed to be delighted, and moreover, in one way I *am* delighted. Yet now that the excitement is over, I have a distinct feeling that I have been ill-used, not by any one in particular, but by circumstances. I think it might relieve my feelings to write the story of my woes. "Mary, give me my blotting-pad, please"—there I go again. No Mary answers me, nor will answer me any more. Well, I can reach my writing things, as it happens, so I shall set to work at once.

I am a middle-aged woman (on the wrong side of middle age, so to speak) and a writer of novels. Once for all, let me say, a successful writer. Ten years ago I met with an accident which crippled me for life. I was alone in the world, and when I had recovered as completely as I ever shall, I had to consider what I should do to make my life tolerable. Hitherto I had gone a good deal into society, but that was over now. I ought to say that although I am not poor, I am not very well off, and I write in order to add to my income. I began to think that I would set up a secretary or companion. I have always been a scrupulously careful writer, never describing a place without visiting and examining it. I wanted my companion to do this for me now, therefore she must not be a mere girl. She must be musical. She must read well. She must have an angelic temper, because I have no such thing. In fact, she must be a treasure ! And rather than have any one who did not seem likely to prove a treasure, I would get on alone as best I could.

I was hard at work embodying these wants in the form of an advertisement, when a knock at the street-door made

me hastily conceal my paper : it was not to *every* visitor that I would give so good an opportunity of laughing at me.

"Will you see Mr. Mauleverer, ma'am ?" inquired my parlor-maid, and in a moment more he was in the room.

My cousin Philip—the Honorable Philip Mauleverer, to give him his full distinction—was the only son of my first cousin, Lord Mauleverer. In his early days he had been one of the most delightful young men you can imagine. Gay, kindly, bright, and clever—very clever, they told me. I forget the record of his Oxford successes, but it was a good one. He was also a first-rate cricketer, and a splendid horseman, as befitted his name. He was particularly proud of his driving, and many a time have I suffered a small martyrdom perched up beside him in a high, sketchy-looking vehicle, while he made his two frisky Irish horses spin along—driving tandem, too, a thing which I think ought only to be lawful in very quiet country places. That was—let me see—ten years or so before my accident. Philip was making holiday then, having left college, and not yet having got the appointment in the diplomatic service of which his father's services and his own promise had secured him an offer.

He was a splendid-looking fellow in those days. Not handsome, for his features were by no means regular, but he had such a winning look and such an irresistible smile—as full of glee and mirth as most laughs. He was very tall, and there was a look of easy strength about him that to look at him was quite refreshing.

I was very fond of Philip, and only that morning I had been thinking of those old days ; and I suppose this made the change in him strike me more than usual. He looked as strong as ever, and as kind, yet he was changed so utterly that it was hard to believe that he was the same man. It was hard to say in what the change consisted.

Something was gone, that had made the brightness of his face; something was added, that made his smile as sad as once it had been gay. His eyes had a patient look in them, and his voice had quite lost the old glad ring, and was level, gentle, and somewhat monotonous.

"Well, Frances?" he said, "how goes the world with you? What! have you betaken yourself to your pen already? You are certainly a brave woman!"

"I must write, you know, or leave this house and live in a very different way. Besides, I should miss the occupation. But I am only drawing up an advertisement now; I want a companion."

He took the half-written paper from under my pad, and read it: the shadow of his old smile passed over his face as he laid it down.

"Fan, why not say simply, 'I want something between an angel and a blue-stocking'?—it would save trouble."

"I know it is absurd; but if I cannot get something like what I ask for, I shall rub on as best I can alone. I knew you would laugh at me, and you're dying to say, like some one I have heard of, 'If I find what you want, I shall make her *my* wife, not your companion.'"

As I said the word wife, I knew what had been the trial that had changed Philip—his face betrayed him. Only his face—he answered in his usual tone.

"Remember, you are to write me an account of the interviews between you and those who are bold enough to reply to that challenge. I shall be very curious to hear of them."

"You are returning to Vienna, then?"

"Yes; my leave is over." And he sighed slightly.

"You think your father quite well? all at home well?" said I, rather anxiously.

"My father? he is surely the most wonderful man in England. To see him ride to hounds—he has not his equal in the field, even yet."

"But at his age, he ought to know better," said I, laughing. "It is surely too much for him. But your father is more of a boy than you are, Philip."

"Yes; there is not much of the boy

left in me, is there? But, then, I am two-and-thirty—and a diplomatist, at your service."

"True; yet I could wish to see something of the bright young cousin who led me such a life when he first discovered my scribbling propensities, and that I wished them to remain secret for a time."

"What fun we had!" he said, in the same indescribably level way. "Do you remember the morning when I persisted in reading a chapter of your first novel at the breakfast-table? and my father thought I had gone crazy?"

"And said, 'I should not have thought that sentimental stuff would have suited you, Philip.'"

"And you nearly betrayed yourself in your wrath at the 'sentimental.' Those were happy days," he concluded, absently.

"Yet, even then, do you know what I thought of you, Philip?"

"Of me? that I was a good model for the 'bold, bad man,' with the sinewy arms, muscular legs, and columnar neck, I suppose."

"No; I thought that you had a secret, and that one day in the music-room, when I had been singing for you, you were very near telling your faithful friend and cousin all about it. You even said that I might help you, but Edith came in, and you said no more. Next day you left us. Phil, it seems to me that if you wanted help then, you want it more now, and you know—"

"Stop, Frances; no one can help me. You have guessed so much that I may as well be frank. I cannot speak of it—the grief that has clouded my life; but I can say this much, neither you nor any one else can help me. I must 'dree my weird.'"

"O Philip! at your age?"

"Life may be practically over at two-and-twenty," he said; "it was so with me."

I could not help crying, for I was weak from much suffering, and I am very fond of him.

"Dear Fan, how kind you are! Some day, when I am so old that the wound has ceased to throb, I will tell you all about it. Till then, let me be silent; that is the only kindness you can show me."

I dried my eyes and began to speak of other things, and he followed my lead with his usual gentle indifference. We talked of his younger sister's marriage, of his own profession and prospects.

"You used to have plenty of healthy ambition," said I; "how comes it that you have not yet made your mark?"

"I have none now—no ambition, I mean. I am very well as I am. Now I must say good-by, dear Fan. I wish I left you as active as when I went to Vienna first; but that's a foolish speech, for these things do not come upon us by accident. Give me a kiss for old affection's sake, and mind you tell me how your advertisement speeds."

When I was alone, I cried again very heartily. I was full of pity and of wonder (you can call it curiosity if you like), for it was plain that Philip had a story, and a sad one; and I knew that not one of his own people suspected it. Presently I went back to my writing, pruned and altered, wrote and rewrote, sending finally a much shorter paper than my first, yet long enough to cost me a mint of money.

In a day or so answers began to pour in. I had desired the writers either to state their age or to send a recently done photograph. Well, I got thirty-eight letters in two days. Eight stated that the writer was "under twenty," ten that she was no longer in her first youth, while the rest sent photographs.

I ranged the twenty photographs before me, and—did not see my treasure. Some were manifestly done years ago—the dress told me that. In fact, there were but three of my unknown correspondents whom I wished to see. So I wrote my thirty-eight letters, and stopped the appearance of my advertisement, which, however, did not save me from both visits and letters. I began to wish I had never advertised. Of the three ladies I had asked to come to speak to me, one was at least seventy, and as deaf as a post; another informed me that she was herself a novelist, though, owing to the jealousy and unfairness of people whom she would not name—not until we had become real *friends*—she had never yet published anything. The third, who said she was "under twenty," might with equal truth

have said "under fifteen;" a mere schoolgirl, who presently admitted that "Pa and Ma" knew nothing of her visit to me. But she was *so* tired of taking care of the children! To this aspirant I administered a long lecture, reducing her to tears; then I had to give her tea and cake to console her; and finally I sent her home in a very proper frame of mind. If it lasted, her mother had reason to bless my name.

Three weeks passed. I began to think there were no treasures to be found. Friends began to send me their "former governesses," but I would *not* have a governess. I did not want to be set right every time I opened my mouth. One lady even recommended her own maid, who was "quite a marvel of intelligence," though unfortunately too delicate for her place.

"I'll do without a companion, Essie," said I to my servant, "for really I am plagued to death about it, and not one of these people would suit me."

"Really, mem?" replied Essie—and I changed my mind at once. I could not live without some more congenial companion than—"Really, mem."

## CHAPTER II.

MARY SMITH.

THE next day I was lying on my sofa thinking whether a new and less ambitious description of the wished-for treasure might not be more successful in luring her into my net—such really superior people are perhaps modest—when Essie appeared, saying—

"A lady down-stairs, mem, wishes to know if you will see her. About the advertisement, mem; and her name is Smith."

"I've seen four Smiths already. Essie, *do* use your senses for once; is there any use in my seeing her?"

"Well, really, mem, I could not take upon me to say. Only—I wish you would see her, mem."

"Ah, well—bring her up," said I: and lay grumbling to myself that these interviews would be the death of me. For though I do not care to dwell on it, it was hard to meet so many pairs of anxious eyes, only to disappoint them.

"Miss Smith, mem," said Essie, and a lady came up the room. It is a long

room, and I lay by the fire, at the end farthest from the door. I was struck by the grace of her movements—and then I saw, in spite of a painfully shabby jacket, that she had a figure so perfect that she could not have been awkward if she tried. An old, poor, black silk dress—but very neat; a summer cloth jacket, and there was snow on the ground!

I observed all this as she came slowly toward me; she stopped at a little distance from my sofa, and said—

"Miss Mauleverer, I believe?"

The most delicious voice! so soft, so clear; a very young voice too, and I looked up eagerly in her face. I fairly started. Anything so thin, so pinched and wan, I had never seen; and her hair, which was very thick and wavy, was perfectly white.

"Won't you sit down?" said I.

"Take that low chair. It is a bitter day."

"I have called because I saw your advertisement, Miss Mauleverer. But it is only fair to tell you that I have no recommendations. I can give no references."

Her beautiful voice trembled a little; she looked over at me, and found me gazing searchingly at her. Without a word she quietly took off her bonnet, and sat in silence while I gazed—puzzled, and a little nervous, if the truth must be told.

The silence was beginning to be awkward, when she spoke again.

"I will tell you what I can about myself, madam. I have worked for many years for one of the great outfitting houses in the city. I have earned barely enough—for I had my father to support, and he was in bad health. For him it was better for me to remain where I was, because I had more liberty; but he is dead, and the life is killing me. I am a well-educated woman. I was at school in Germany, and afterward in France; and as a child I lived in Naples. I am,—or was, I ought to say, for it is years since I played or sang,—a really good musician. I read well, and write a good hand. I should like to—serve you, Miss Mauleverer; I have read most of your books. I would try to be gentle and faithful. But, as I said, I can give no references."

"Surely the firm which has employed you would recommend you?"

"I think so; but I shall not ask them to do so. They know me by my real name, which I mean henceforth to forget. Mary Smith is not really my name."

"You must be aware," said I, "that this is a most extraordinary avowal."

"I am indeed. I am sure my employers would, if I asked them, recommend me as Mary Smith, for they know me very well, and would understand. But I have not asked them. If you think that the objection is insuperable, I can stay where I am. But I will not begin by deceiving you."

A rather long pause ensued: then I said with a laugh—

"I wonder what people would say if I did so wild a thing?"

"No one need ever know about it."

"Now, Miss Smith—since so it pleases you to be called—what put it into your head that I could possibly agree to your proposal?"

In a moment she colored crimson, and when she colored she looked quite young. After some hesitation she said—

"It was partly your books. You seem to have a great sympathy with your less fortunate sisters, and it seemed to me possible that you might be able to understand that a woman may wish to lose her old self, without being to blame in the matter. And—long ago—I knew some one who knew you. So I made up my mind to try."

"Do you know French?" I asked.

"Yes, and German, and Italian was the language of my childhood. And I used to sketch very fairly."

"Landscape?"

"Yes," she answered.

"A woman like you must be very miserable among the people employed by—oh, by the way, I don't know by whom."

"There are some that I could have liked; but I have been obliged to keep aloof. Oh, madam, my life has been one long penance since I grew to womanhood."

It was her voice that did it. If she had spoken in tones less crystal pure, if she had once said "idear," or if she had begun to cry over her woes, I should have frozen at once. But to



have that delicious voice to speak to me—that quiet presence ever with me—it was a great temptation. And I suppose her reference to my books had insensibly softened me.

"Will you go to the piano and let me hear you play?" said I.

"It is ten years since I last played," she answered. But she rose and opened the instrument, playing some simple airs with the most wonderful feeling. Then she began a brilliant mazurka, but broke down, and said, "I have forgotten that;" and almost as if unconsciously, she began to sing. It was a very simple little ballad—but as to the exquisite beauty of her voice, I can find no words to describe it.

I was conquered! but I did not care to tell her so at once. I said—

"Now, do you think you could go to any place I want to mention in my writing, sketch the most remarkable features, and describe it all to me?"

"It would be delightful work!" she exclaimed, her eyes brightening.

Still, I was anxious not to appear like a fool. So I said—

"I will consider the matter. Could you call again before the end of the week?"

"Not until Sunday. I could not ask for leave to go out again, and we are working very late. Miss Mauleverer, will you promise me not to tell what I have told you to any one?"

"I promise, on condition that you answer me one question. In your past, which you wish to forget, is there *anything* that ought to stand between you and me?"

She looked at me and said—

"I do not quite understand?"

"You wish to abandon your name. Forgive me—but this looks as if—Miss Smith, is there any stain upon that name?—you must understand me now."

Again she crimsoned, exclaiming, "Oh no—none, none. My troubles have been many, but . . . it was my father . . . nothing of that kind."

She was silent for a few moments, and then said quietly—

"On my life there is no stain. I swear it solemnly. On my name there is—but it was not of my making."

"Well—will you call on me on Sunday, then? Oblige me by ringing the

bell—I am quite helpless, you see. We will have some tea before you go."

Essie brought tea, and I asked my visitor to pour it out. As I watched her quiet, graceful, noiseless movements, I said to myself, "I must and will risk it!"

"Miss Smith, suppose you come to me, shall you be in no danger of meeting people who know you?"

"No one—not even—no one living would recognize me," she answered; "besides, I did not at any time move in your circle."

"In what circle, then?" said I; "for I am very sure that you did not acquire your accent and manner in any—but I beg your pardon. I forget myself strangely. Very likely your circle was rather above than below mine;" and I felt myself blush like a girl at my awkward blunder.

"By birth," she answered, "I belong to the mercantile class. But my mother was an Italian, and of good birth: and I spent much of my childhood with her family."

"Will you have another cup of tea?" I asked. I was watching her very closely. Every movement was ladylike, and she seemed completely at her ease: her manner could not possibly be assumed for the occasion. Having finished her second cup of tea, she rose.

"I think, Miss Mauleverer, that I have some sketches of mine among my few possessions. May I send them to you, that you may see whether I can do what you want in that line? And may I call on Sunday?"

"Yes," I said. "At four, if that will suit you."

"It does. Good morning, Miss Mauleverer."

Yet she lingered for a moment, as if there was something that she longed to say. But she did not speak: with a little sigh, which expressed as much patience as anxiety, she turned away—and in a moment I was alone. I shivered—it seemed so cruel to let her go from my warm cosy room out into the bitter wind. In that jacket, too!

I pretended to myself that I meant to consult some of my friends during the interval between Miss Smith's visit and the following Sunday. But I never consulted any one. I amused myself by

imagining what this or that person would say if I told my story. Mrs. Chichester, formerly Edith Mauleverer, and Philip's sister, would say, "You'd be murdered in your bed, Fanny! robbed and murdered. For mercy's sake, don't do anything so rash!" Lady N—— would declare that "the poor soul had escaped from some lunatic asylum," and entreat me not even to see her again. Every one would declare, and with great justice, that to engage a companion on her own recommendation, without even a reference as to character, —a woman of whom I knew nothing except that the name by which she called herself was not her own,—was a mad, rash act: and yet I knew in my heart that this was exactly what I meant to do.

The drawings were left at my door late the next evening by Miss Smith herself. They were uncommonly good. I knew the places where some of them were done, and knew that they were correct, as well as spirited and pretty. Some were done in sepia, others were colored, but there was nothing finished about them, and it seemed to me that they were leaves from a small sketch-book, newly torn out.

Sunday came: four o'clock came, and, punctual to a minute, Miss Smith came. She was far less calm than on her first appearance—she seemed half afraid to look at me, and her hands trembled as she filled the cups with tea; for I ordered tea at once, seeing how very cold she was. When Essie left us, I said at once—

"Miss Smith, if you will assure me of one thing, you will oblige me. I know it is a strange question to ask, but forgive me. Have you ever been in . . . a lunatic asylum?"

I blurted this out all in a breath. She started—looked at me, and then laughed; and her laugh answered me. No one whose mind has ever been affected laughs like that.

"Oh, no," she said, "never, indeed. Do I look like it?—well, I knew I was very much changed. I—hardly can venture to ask you, for somehow, since I was here last, my hope that you might engage me has come to seem very wild and presumptuous—but yet I must ask—have you made up your mind about me, Miss Mauleverer?"

"You positively can give me no reference?" said I.

"None. The fact is, that unless I can get employment that I can like, on my own terms, I prefer to remain where I am."

"On your own terms, as to your name, etc., you mean—for the question of salary has never been mentioned yet between us."

"I should leave that to you altogether. I have no one to think of—but myself."

I remained silent, half unwilling to commit myself finally; but I happened to look at her in a few moments. Her great soft eyes were fixed on my face, her lips were pressed firmly together, her hands clasped. She was in an agony of hope and fear, though she sat still and silent. It was cruel to delay—particularly as my mind was made up.

"Miss Smith," said I, "you must never tell any one what a silly thing I am doing. My friends, I expect, would begin to inquire about a lunatic asylum for me! I am going to engage you—on the strength of your candid eyes and pleasant voice!" She suddenly covered her face with her hands, and began to sob in a strange tearless way.

"Oh, do forgive me. I cannot help it. I shall be myself again in a moment. Miss Mauleverer—with God's help—you shall never regret this."

And I must admit I never did.

### CHAPTER III.

#### FIVE QUIET YEARS.

How strange it is now to look back to those early days when Mary Smith came to me a stranger, and I watched her every action with a small degree of suspicion, which, I suppose, was unavoidable under the circumstances! It was very characteristic of Mary that she never seemed aware of my watching, nor in the least degree put out by it. And I never discovered anything that was not pure and sweet and good. Just at first I was a little distressed, because she went out every morning before breakfast, and never said anything about it; but when I found that she only went to the early daily service at St. M——'s, I said to myself that it was no sin, though very amazing. I soon became

aware that she was deeply and truly religious ; and I am not ashamed to confess that I learned much from her. Not that she ever directly tried to "do me good," a process which I should have resented at once, and for which she was far too humble-minded. But one could not live with Mary—*my* Mary, as I used to call her—without being the better for it.

Edith Chichester, and a number of other friends, saw my new acquisition for the first time on the Monday after her arrival. Every Monday I was "at home," and dispensed tea and cake and talk to all and sundry, from four to seven. Very crowded my room was, and is ; for, really, people are very kind to me, and they know I cannot go to them. If there is one thing of which I am proud, it is this, that, with the exception of a few who have left London, or ceased to come up for the season, or—alas !—"gone over to the majority," my visitors are the same as the visitors of that time. I have never lost a friend, except by death. Girls and boys, who were children then, are grown up now, and come with their mothers ; dear me ! they do flirt audaciously, some of them. But to return to my first Monday.

Mary had come to me on Saturday, and my first glance at her relieved me from an embarrassment which had been annoying me a good deal during the interval between the day on which I engaged her, and this on which she came to me. I somehow felt that she was not a person with whom one could take a liberty, and yet truly her dress was lamentably shabby. I need not have vexed myself ; Mary appeared in new attire, tasteful and elegant, though rather plain. I never saw her unsuitably or unbecomingly dressed, and really, in spite of her white hair and her worn look, she was very beautiful ; at least I thought so, for I remember Edith Chichester asked me if I meant to study anatomy, that I had set up a ready-made skeleton. But this was the only fault Edith found ; on the whole she approved, and said that it was the skeleton of a perfect lady, which was a great comfort.

But before Mary had been with me a year, there was no doubt at all about her beauty. As the hollows in

her poor face filled up, and a soft pink stole into her cheeks, she began to look so much younger, that one day I said to her—

"Mary, you are a most deceitful woman !"

"I think not," she answered, smiling. "What have I done ?"

"Well, that snowy day that first saw you in this house, I fancied that you were a woman of three or four and forty, at the least. Now I see that you are nothing of the kind. Pray, madam, how old are you, if it is fair to ask ?"

"Twenty-eight," she answered ; "quite elderly, don't you think ? When I was seventeen, I considered a woman of twenty-eight quite old, I remember."

"But I am not seventeen—far otherwise," said I, "and I consider twenty-eight ridiculously and scandalously young. If it were not for your hair, you would not look your age. What was the color of your hair, Mary ?"

"My hair ?" she said, slowly. "Oh, white—it was always white. There was a girl long ago who had golden-brown hair, but she's dead, poor thing—and buried—at least I hope so ;" and rising, she went over to a mirror and looked at herself rather anxiously. "Oh, quite dead, quite !" she said ; "there is no danger that any one will think of that girl when they see—Mary Smith."

I had written to Philip, telling him that I had found my treasure, and he had answered my letter. From that time we kept up a kind of correspondence, exchanging letters perhaps three times in the year. But when Mary had been about five years with me, Philip came home for a few days. He was leaving Vienna, and going to a new place in a higher position—in fact, he had begun to "make his mark," and his career seemed to lie before him fair and prosperous. Yet he was in miserable spirits, and could hardly rouse himself to take his usual kindly interest in my affairs, though he laughed at me a little when I sang the praises of Mary Smith, who was in Scotland taking some sketches and notes for me.

"Well, if you had seen her, you would not wonder at my affection for her," said I. "But she thought that when I should have you with me, it was a good time for her to go to F—— ; and

she is such a desperately tidy creature, that she has put away every sketch and every note-book. I have made the servants search, but not a scrap can they find. I wanted to show you her sketches, for you could appreciate them—half the people who see them say, 'How unfinished!' Do you ever sketch now, Phil?"

"Never. Gave it up, with other youthful follies, long ago. Well, dear Frances, good-by. I shall not have a moment to myself to-morrow, for I am to be with the chief all the morning. I am so glad to find you so cheery. Miss Smith has my very best thanks for making your life so tolerable. Tell her so—will you?"

"Certainly. Must you really go, Philip? Well, it has been delightful to see you again; but—may I say it, dear?—has the time not come for telling me the story you promised me? Do you remember?"

"I remember. No; not yet, Fan. I came home this time full of a—well, I suppose I may call it a hope. I had heard something. But I have failed again. I think I shall always fail."

"Dear Philip, don't be angry! but why do you allow your life to be so overshadowed by a—by what is past and gone? You are still a young man. I want to see you a happy man."

"I'm not unhappy, you know."

"I want you to marry," said I, boldly; "to have a home and forget—and have an interest in life once more."

"Sometimes," he said, simply, "I wish I could. If I even knew that she was happy, cared for—at rest anyhow—I think I could do it; but not as things are. Frances, you are a kind creature, and some day I shall tell you all."

My poor, brave Philip! what business have men with such tender hearts? One comfort is, not many men are so troubled.

When Mary came home, I gave her his message, thus—

"By the way, Mary, my cousin Philip left a message for you."

Mary started so violently that she upset the china basket she was filling with flowers, breaking its twisted handle, and making a perfect mess on the table-cover. Of all this she seemed quite unconscious; and though usually so neat-

handed and so quick to repair any little misfortune, she now let the water meander about the table and run off into her own lap, spoiling her dress completely.

"A message!" she cried, her eyes fixed on me anxiously.

"Well, you *are* nervous to-day, Mary! I shall send you to bed early—you are overtired. It was only to thank you for making my life so happy—tolerable, he said. *I say happy.* Now, ring for Essie, and go and change your dress; you are all wet. Oh, Mary, you've cut your hand with the china. Come here, dear."

"China—what china?" she said.

"Oh, my hand is bleeding."

And without more ado she fainted away—she never could bear the sight of blood—leaving me to shout and scream for Essie until I wonder the policeman outside did not walk in. Mary went off to bed with a headache. Ah me! how blind I was!

#### CHAPTER IV.

"YOU KNOW THIS NAME?"

As time went by, I believe I forgot that there was any mystery about Mary Smith, or that the golden-haired girl who was "dead and buried" had borne another name, to me unknown. Mary accommodated herself to my needs, likings, and even fancies, so completely, that it seemed impossible that a few years ago she was to me a perfect stranger—nay, that in some sense she was a stranger still. For except the chance conversation that I have recorded, she never talked of her youth, nor of anything that had happened to her before she came to me.

I got very, very fond of her: she was to me as a dear younger sister, and I sometimes found myself expecting her to remember things that had happened when I was a girl at home in my father's rectory, just as if she had been little sunny-haired Lily, who died while quite a child.

Well, the months grew to years, and we were quietly happy together. When she had been with me ten years, there came a change that pleased me greatly. I heard from Philip, who had been offered a very fine appointment in the Foreign Office, and meant to accept it,



perhaps get into Parliament, and in any case live in London.

This story is about my dear Mary; but though I hate speaking of my own sufferings, I must say here that they had of late been worse than at any time since I first got a little better after my accident. I had been very ill, and Mary had nursed me night and day. I hated having strangers about me. We had the pleasant prospect, too, of a recurrence of this illness; for the bone which I had so thoroughly smashed was beginning to make itself troublesome, after taking nine years to think about it!

"Mary," said I, "give me my writing-case; I'll answer this myself. I am so pleased. My cousin Philip—by the way, you have not met him yet—is coming to London—for good, as the phrase goes—to live, at all events. He thinks he would like a small house better than chambers. What does he want with a house? Perhaps he means to take my advice, and get married."

"Married?" echoed Mary. "Does he say so?"

"No; but what does a single man want with a house? I must admit that he says 'a very small one,' so I suppose it is only that he likes quiet."

I wrote my letter, and then looked round for Mary, fancying that she might have left the room. There she was, however, and employed in the most unexpected manner. She was standing before a tall mirror which filled the space between two windows, and was gazing into it earnestly. Her beautiful eyes were somewhat short-sighted, and she had bent forward until the tip of her nose almost touched the glass.

"What's the matter, Mary?" said I. "Have you got something in your eye? Come here; I shall get it out better than you can."

"There is nothing, thank you. Have you finished your letter? You are very fond of your cousin; why do you not ask him to live with you?"

"Why, even if it would be convenient, I have not room, you know."

"Oh, but then you would not want me," she said, rather unsteadily.

"My dear girl, don't be silly! Philip is to be chief-something-or-other in the Foreign Office, and in the House presently. I shall consider myself very

lucky if I see him once a month; and I never heard that he was much of a sick-nurse. Mary, dear, don't talk as if you and I could part—I *never* feel as if we could. You have made me quite uncomfortable."

Mary kissed me. She was very silent and absent all that evening. Before we separated she said to me—

"Do you know, I believe you are right about saving my eyes. I am getting . . . at least I feel them sometimes. I think I will have advice about them."

"Indeed I wish you would, if you have *any* strange feel in them," said I; "and I see that the lids are red, now that I look at you. You shall go to-morrow."

And she did go, returning the happy possessor of a pair of smoke-colored spectacles, with the most enormous glasses, which she said she was to wear when she felt inclined.

"When you feel any weakness in your eyes, you mean," said I. "Well, you don't look a bit like yourself, Mary!—and what, pray, is this new way of doing your hair?"

For her very abundant hair, instead of being swept loosely back and coiled up at the back of her head, was dressed high up on her head, and was, moreover, so thoroughly combed up, that not a wilful little ripple showed itself. As to the dear, wee, white rings that used to come peeping round her pretty ears, they had vanished.

"As I was out," she said, "I thought I would go to D——'s and learn some new way of putting up my hair. I've never changed it since I was a girl. The fashion now is for every one to wear caps, and I have bought some. I think they will suit my venerable locks,—don't you? Well, have you anything ready to be written?"

I did not like her nearly so well in her caps, with all the natural waviness banished from her hair; but for once she was obstinate, saying that as she had bought the caps she was bound to wear them. As to the spectacles, they made her look so comical that I always laughed at her when she wore them, and they generally remained in the pretty case which she wore at her side. Why is it that some people look so absurd in spectacles?

Philip came to London in due time, and soon wrote a line to say he would be with me in the evening. Mary, who was always very careful not to be in the way, said she would take the opportunity to go to some lecture that she wished to hear; and she went, and did not come home again until Philip had gone. The same thing happened several times, until Philip remarked gravely that he began to think that Fanny's treasure had no real existence, and ought rather to be called Mrs. Harris than Miss Smith.

"Well, she really runs away on purpose," I said. "She has a perfect horror of being in the way, and she says that you and I must have much to say to each other. Come on Monday—she is always here when I have visitors. But I just wish you had seen her before she altered her way of dressing her hair. Her old way was far more becoming to her." Whether he really had a curiosity to see my treasure, or whether it was purely accidental, I know not; but one Monday he appeared with his sister Edith. I was, as usual, lying on my couch near the fire—it was April, and chilly enough still,—and when Philip and Edith came up to my end of the room, I did not for some time remark that Mary had left her post at the little tea-table and was nowhere to be seen. But when I wanted tea for Edith, I missed the tea-maker. Hardly had I noticed her absence when she came back. I perceived that she had gone for a thick knitted shawl, in which she had wrapped herself up as if very cold. And indeed she looked chilled and pale; moreover, she had put on the gray glasses. Edith turned and whispered to me: "Philip will have a laugh at me; for I told him that Miss Smith was very good-looking, and to-day she is simply a fright. She must be getting a cold, I think."

She went to the tea-table, stood talking a little to Mary, and then came back.

"Yes, indeed,—a sudden chill. The poor soul is shivering like a leaf, and cannot speak above her breath."

"It is really enough to frighten one," I replied; "and so sudden, too,—but I will see to her presently. Take no more notice of it now, Edith, for she is very shy—it would only make her worse to make any fuss now."

Then I turned to talk to Philip, who was standing towering over me, with his eyes fixed upon Miss Smith in a puzzled stare which I knew would reduce her to misery if she became aware of it. It was so unlike Philip too, to stare so.

"Sit down, Philip," said I. "I really cannot make you hear me up there! Are you wondering where the good looks have hid themselves?"

He sat down, but seemed so stupid and unlike himself that for a moment I felt vaguely uneasy. Presently Edith took him away, stopping at the tea-table to introduce him to Mary. Both bowed—Mary stiffly, like a person with a bad headache, and Philip slowly, like a person in a dream. Then they were gone, and soon Mary and I were left alone together. She looked very ill, and trembled without ceasing; but she got better after a while, and seemed quite herself the next day.

To my great amazement Philip appeared next Monday—this time without Edith. He sat beside me for a few minutes, very silent and very absent. It seemed to me as if the numbers present depressed him; and yet if this were the case, why did he come? And once he would have been the life and soul of the party. Far otherwise now. A complete wet blanket! And, fond as I am of him, I was glad when he went away—which he did somewhat suddenly, forgetting to take leave of me. He walked up to Mary and held out his hand, saying—

"Good evening, Miss Smith."

Mary did not seem to see his hand. She bowed, and said "Good evening," in a low voice. I did wish her spectacles were in the fire! It was provoking to have talked to a man of a person's beauty, and for her to be all gray spectacles whenever he looked at her. However, he departed.

That evening Mary was singing for me, I lying lazily enjoying myself. I never heard the door open, but I saw her start slightly, and then her voice broke down and she stopped singing. There was a looking-glass over the piano, and thus I saw that she hurriedly put on those abominable spectacles; and then I became aware that there was a man in the room.

"Who is that?" I cried. "Why,

Philip! you at this hour! I thought you were to dine at Lord M——'s to-night."

"I forgot," he said; and then he went up to the piano, and said something. I could not catch the words. Mary rose, faced round, and said icily—

"What did you say, sir?"

Her manner surprised me; it was out of the question that Philip could have said anything that ought to have offended her, and yet her manner was distinctly defensive.

"You are—you know that name?" he said.

"I do not understand you in the least," she answered, coldly.

"Frances," he said, appealingly, "*you* know this name?"

"What name, Philip?" I asked, and wondered if he were suddenly going mad!

"Una Varian; surely you know this name?"

"Una—no, Philip, I don't. Varian sounds familiar, though I cannot remember why. Philip, what on earth do you mean? You are making us both quite nervous."

"You don't know the name!" he said; and as to getting him to explain or even to understand that I was getting thoroughly frightened, I might as well have tried to move the heart of a wooden post!—he simply paid no attention to a word I said.

"This is very strange!" he muttered. "I must think—I must—"

He sank into an easy-chair, and covered his face with his hands. I beckoned Mary over to me.

"Is he ill? What on earth is it, Mary?" I whispered. To my utter astonishment, her answer was—

"Perhaps I had better leave you?"

"Oh no, for mercy's sake! I am really frightened, Mary."

"Don't let her go," said Philip, suddenly, "and you need not be frightened, Frances. I have made a mistake—that's all; you forgive me, Miss Smith? I am very sorry, and if you will allow me I will explain my error."

"Oh no," she said, hurriedly; "there is no need for that. I will think no more about it."

"But yet, allow me to explain," he said, in rather a decided tone. "And, Frances, I am going to tell you the

story I once promised to tell you. The time has come for it."

"I had better leave you," said Mary, gathering up her work, over which she had seemed very busy for the last few minutes. I cried in great haste—

"Oh no, Mary—*please* stay!" and Philip said—

"My story and my explanation are one and the same. I want you to hear it, Miss Smith."

"I—have nothing to do with it," she said.

"Mary, you really *must* stay," said I. Mary looked at me, sat down, and took up her knitting—at which she began to work as if for her daily bread.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### UNA VARIAN.

I MAY as well confess that I was beside myself with fright. Philip had been decidedly odd the last two or three times that I had seen him, but this evening he was more than odd; and what might not happen if the poor dear fellow were getting some awful fever—delirious—violent—and not a man, no, not so much as a page-boy in the house! The only thing I could do, I did; and I felt that it was not much. I contrived to possess myself of a little bell, which I sometimes used for summoning Mary if she were in the other room. I knew that the sound did not ordinarily reach the kitchen; but then I determined to ring in no ordinary manner if it became necessary to ring at all; and so the bell was a very little comfort to me. Had I been less absurdly frightened I should have perceived that Mary, though agitated, was *not* frightened, whereas usually I am far less timid than she. Philip's demeanor, and even his first words when at last he broke the silence, were not such as to set my mind at rest. First he pushed his chair back, so that his was in shadow; then he covered his eyes with his hand, so that I could not tell whether he was looking at me or at Mary, and although he addressed himself to me, I had an odd conviction that what he said was meant for her. As for Mary, she knitted away with a kind of fell energy—a jerky, restless energy most unnatural to behold.

"Frances, do you remember," began Philip, abruptly, "how fond I was of driving tandem long ago?"

"Oh yes," said I, with painful alacrity, "I do *indeed*." I would not have let him see how terrified I was for all the world. I wished that Mary would lay aside her knitting, the click, click of her pins was maddening.

"Well, I was driving one day, when I met with an adventure which has colored my whole life. I had taken you, Frances, to Richmond, and brought you back to my father's house, where you were staying. I was driving through Q—Square when I fell in with a crowd of carriages and cabs—there was evidently a stoppage of some kind. I drew up near a crossing, on which I soon perceived the cause of the impediment—a beautiful white Persian kitten, evidently too much terrified to get out of the way. In trying to avoid the little creature, the coachman of a very nice turn-out had contrived to lock his carriage-wheels with those of a hansom cab. The horses were restive, and the occupants of the carriage frightened. No vehicle could pass; and I was wondering how it would end, when the gate of the square opened and a girl came out. She ran forward, picked up the kitten, and retreated a few steps. Her eyes were fixed upon the two vehicles, and a considerable crowd had gathered by this time round them. The girl stood just in front of my leader, but plainly she did not know this, for she never glanced round; her whole mind was fixed upon what was going on in the roadway. You remember Brian Dhu, the black horse I drove as leader? He kept stretching out his nose and nearly touching her hat, and I was really afraid that she would get a fright if he succeeded in reaching her, though he wouldn't have hurt her, poor old fellow, for the world. The girl had such a beautiful figure; she looked so unconscious and so pretty as she stood waiting for her path to be cleared, that I got quite a longing to see the face belonging to that figure. Well, at last the carriages were free and the crowd began to disperse. In a moment more she would have passed on, when Brian Dhu—I was greatly obliged to him—suddenly saw the kitten and gave a loud

snort. She turned her head, saw me and my horses, looked startled for a moment, and then smiled, becoming aware, I think, that she had kept me standing there for some time. She said, 'I beg your pardon,' walked on, and knocked at the door of a house opposite."

By this time I was getting interested, and, though I still fondly cherished my bell, I began to get over my nervousness. I said—

"And was she pretty, Philip?"

"No," said he, half indignantly, "she was—lovely!"

He was silent for a few minutes.

"I didn't see her again for some time, but I found out who she was. She was—the only child of a great merchant, one of the merchant-princes of that day, Redvers Varian."

"What?" I cried; "no wonder I thought I knew the name. Oh, my poor Philip! I can guess the rest."

"No, no! let me tell it. I succeeded in getting an invitation to a party where Mr. Varian and his daughter were expected. I was introduced to her, and to her father. You know, Fan, I was rather a pleasant fellow in those days."

"Truly you were, Phil!"

"And Mr. Varian took a fancy to me, and I to him. Yes, I did. I was in love with her, but I truly and honestly liked him; and so did all who knew him. And he was very, very kind to me. Yes, I know all about him, Frances; you need not say a word—don't say a word. But I can never forget his kindness, never."

"Well—go on, Philip; did you—did she—?"

"Oh, we were very happy," he said, quietly. "My Una! my lovely, sweet, bright Una! We were very happy, she and I. I told Mr. Varian that my father might object, but he did not seem to fear that the objection would last when he knew Una. Still, I thought I would say nothing till I got the appointment I was expecting; for, if my father's consent was a rather unwilling one, I felt it would be more pleasant for Una to leave England for a time as soon as we were married. It was during this time that I was once very near confiding in you. Do you remember, Frances?"

"Yes, I remember. I suppose the



Varian crash came in time to prevent your marriage?"

"It would not have prevented it if I had had my own way. But Una—she was only eighteen, but she was not like other girls of that age—she had very strict ideas of right and wrong. She wrote to me—said that now Lord Mauleverer could never consent; that our marriage would injure me; and she said good-by—she would see me no more. I hurried to the house in Q—Square. Miss Varian had left it that morning, and no one there knew where she meant to go. But I did not give her up. My little princess! to leave her to poverty and—to— I did all I could to find her. When all else failed, I went to the prison and saw Mr. Varian—tried to see him, I mean, for he refused to admit me. I was at the trial, but Una was not there. I knew that she had not a relation left in the world—the aunt in Naples with whom she used to live was dead. Of all her father's riches not a penny remained—the claims against him swallowed them all. I was—half mad. At last I succeeded in seeing Mr. Varian before he was removed from London. He told me he had done his utmost to persuade Una to let him tell me where to find her, and that she had solemnly declared that she would disappear even from him unless he kept her secret."

"Philip, the girl cannot have loved you," said I.

"It was her love that gave her strength to be cruel," he answered. "I knew that; I never doubted it. She loved me, and she loves me; I *know* it. Well, I searched still; but though sometimes I got a clue, she baffled me completely. Then I got my appointment, and next day came a letter from her begging me to accept it and go away; that I would forget her, and that she was ill from the fear of being found by me. She said her father, when released, would have none but her—in fact, she made it my duty to go, and I went."

"You went to Vienna," I put in, as he seemed to forget to go on.

"Yes. After getting that letter I felt that I could do nothing until—as long as Mr. Varian lived. I heard that he was released in consequence of his health having failed, and then I heard

that he was dead. That was ten years ago. If you remember, I came home then, but I failed to find her."

"And you have failed always, I suppose?" said I.

"Five years ago Charles Perronet came to see me, and in the course of conversation he let me know that he had seen Una at Messrs. Cassell & Pyne's shop, where she was working at that time. It was some years since he saw her, and he knew nothing more of her; but I came home. But Cassell & Pyne had entirely lost sight of her. Not long after her father's death she left them. I fancied that there was some reticence in Mr. Cassell's manner, but he declared he knew nothing more. If you remember, Frances, Miss Smith was in Scotland or Wales, on a sketching expedition, when I came here to see you?"

"Yes; I remember the time very well," said I. But though I spoke in an every-day fashion, I was beginning to wonder what all this might mean. I looked at Mary; she was still knitting feverishly.

"But," said I, "what I want to know is, why you have told me all this, Philip? You said that some day, when it was no longer a painful subject, you would tell me all; but I fear that you are very far from having forgotten this girl, who, mind you, can be a girl no longer, nor even a very young woman. Perhaps she married when she left these people—Cassell, or whatever you call them."

"If I knew that she is married, I should never wish to see her. If she has outlived the memory of me and our one happy year, twenty years ago, then I will say no more. But unless I failed to understand Una—and I loved her too well for that—she would not change nor forget. And I speak to-night, and I begged Miss Smith to be present, because I have no doubt that she can tell me where Una Varian is, and I want Una to understand how things now are. She can no longer fear that she can injure my career. I am too high in my profession to be injured in that way. She cannot say now that I shall repent having estranged myself from society for her sake, because society and I have been estranged these twenty years. I

have been a lonely man, though I have never learned to love loneliness. I have longed for a home, a companion, a wife—*my* wife, for none but Una could I think of in that way. I am no longer a very young man. If Una chooses, she can make me happy even now; if she won't, no one else shall. I must get on as best I can, finding life dreary work, as I have found it for twenty years—very nearly half my life. And, finally, listen to this note from my dear old father, written after hearing my story for the first time, this very day:—

“MY DEAR MISS VARIAN,—Make my boy happy. I am very old, and I should like to see Philip happy before I die.

“MAULEVERER.”

There. I have said my say—I can do no more.”

I understood matters now. I held my breath and looked at Mary. I whispered, “Mary, speak—you cannot—you must not—refuse!”

Mary had dropped her knitting, and was bent forward with her face hidden in her hands.

“What can I say? what ought I to do?” she said, wildly.

Philip got up and walked over to her: he took her two hands and gently raised her till she stood before him. Then he pulled off the shawl she was wrapped in, and quietly removed the hideous spectacles. Finally, he took off her cap, and all these “goods and chattels” he flung recklessly into a corner.

“Did you think these things could hide you from *me*, Una?” he asked.

“I knew your hands, dear, the moment I saw them, as you sat over there making tea.”

“I am so changed, Philip.”

“But you are still the one woman in the world for me,” he answered. “At last, Una!”

For she had flung her arms round him—and for some time I had the comfortable assurance that my presence was entirely forgotten. Of course I at once wanted to cough, but I choked myself gallantly. Not for worlds would I have reminded them that I was there, and, alas! could not steal away.

Philip had told his story so fully that there was very little left for Mary—I

shall never be able to call her anything else—to explain to me. She assured me, when next morning we had a long talk, that but for the state of my health she would have left me when Philip returned to England. But she felt certain that he would not recognize her, she was so altered.

“And I thought, too, that he probably no longer cared to find me,” she went on; “but somehow, the moment I saw him, I knew that he did care. And it seemed to me such a pity. I looked round the room at so many bright young faces, and I said to myself, ‘He might marry one of these girls, and yet his heart is so true and so full of pity that he would think himself bound to me, even now. I wonder—ought I to have gone away then? I wonder if I am doing right now?’”

“If you are doing wrong, Mary, I must really insist upon your persevering in the ways of error. I think I see myself facing Philip with the news that you have again disappeared. My dear, you are one of those women who have a morbid love of self-sacrifice; but I have none, and I decline to be demolished by Philip in his despair. I shall keep a sharp look-out, and on the first suspicion, Essie shall lock you up in your room. You don’t escape until you are safely transformed into Mrs. Philip Mauleverer—as you ought to have been twenty years ago.”

“You don’t really think that,” said Mary.

“Well—ten years ago, then. When you came to me. You were free then.”

“What would his father have said? Philip was then quite young, and you remember what I looked like. And with my dear father’s sin and disgrace still a thing of yesterday? No; the kindest thing I could do was to keep out of his way. It is different now—I see that. Even his father sees it. As nothing else will satisfy him—Ah, I hope I shall be able to make him happy!”

“Of his happiness I have no doubt,” said I. “The person to be pitied is, I think, my poor old cross grained self.”

“Will you do one thing for me?” said Mary, kneeling down beside me and kissing me tenderly. “Do not get any one in my place till we come home.

Philip told me he means to be married quietly, at once, and then his heart is set on taking me to Vienna that he may show me the places where he used to—make a fool of himself, I'm afraid. Then, when we come home, will you ask us to stay here with you for a while, and then we'll see about my successor?"

To all this I consented; and I must say that Philip lost no time in carrying out *his* part of the programme. In one poor fortnight from the evening on which he frightened me half out of my wits, they were married by special license here in my drawing-room, Lord Maulverer and myself being the only witnesses, except Essie, who wept in the background. And they are no doubt in Vienna now.

Well—I will not be selfish! But I do feel very lonely, and no one will ever be to me what Mary was. No one gets such a treasure twice. And a treasure you were to me, Mary Smith—a sister and a friend. Una Varian belongs to Philip, but Mary Smith is all my own.

I do not find myself much the better for having written this account of my woes; and I shall lay it by, that I may add an account of Mary's successor. For I cannot do without some one—that is the worst of it. And how I shall detest that poor "some one."

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### THE READING OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

Six months later.

"Frances, what is this manuscript, all in your own writing? And I see our names in it."

"Oh, I know what it is; my safety-valve. I wrote it while you and Philip were abroad."

"May I look at it? Why, it's a regular history of ourselves, I can see that. I shall get Philip to read it to us this evening; so, now, if you have been saying anything nasty of either of us, you'll be put to shame."

"Very good," said I.

Una kept her word, and as we sat cosily by the fire—I lay, but that did not destroy the cosiness—Philip was informed that I had been "turning him into a novel." And the manuscript being produced, he set to work to read

it. When he had finished the first chapter, he remarked—

"Was I really such a wet blanket as you have depicted, Fan?"

"Oh, I declare I don't think I have exaggerated, Philip?"

"Dear me!" said he, thoughtfully; "and all about—um—well, well!"

Mary laughed, and said—

"Go on, Philip; I want to hear more about Mary Smith."

Philip went on—but how he did laugh at the idea of my asking Mary if she had just escaped from a lunatic asylum—which was his version of the question I put to her.

"And in all sincerity, Frances, what a rash woman you were! I declare you proved yourself fit for an asylum yourself! Well, all's well that ends well, but this story ought to conclude with the discovery of a plot on the part of Miss Smith to let in her friends the burglars to rob the house and murder you."

"Instead of which she 'very foolishly married the barber,'" said I; "but go on reading, if you wish to finish this thrilling tale, for I cannot sit up all night."

He took up the manuscript, and this time he finished it. Una cried more when the scene between Philip and herself was thus brought back to her mind than she did at the time. Philip was intensely diverted to find that I had been in such a fright.

But when the story was finished, Mary came over to me and took my hand.

"So you really thought," she said, "that after all your kindness—making me like your sister, and loving me when I so sorely needed love—that Philip and I were going to leave you to a stranger?"

"Frances, I protest solemnly I was not in the plot," said Philip. "I did *not* make up my mind to quarter myself and my wife upon you. Nay, as you know, I honestly searched for a suitable house when we first came home, and in my guilelessness could not imagine why Una was so hard to please. She is a very designing woman, Fan. I have little doubt that from the first she intended to live here."

"I intended to see if it would answer," said Una, boldly; "and it did, and does, and will. We are very happy

together, and I have plenty of time for all that Frances wants done—except the sketching; and, Philip, do you know she is growing quite unprincipled? She actually took the description of a place in France out of the great encyclopedia this very morning, and worked it up until I fancied I had gone there and seen it all!"

"This comes of having an unprincipled companion," remarked Philip.

Ah, well! I did not lose my treasure after all! I hope it was not selfish of me to accept her offer—but I was so utterly lonely. I have never once been allowed to feel myself one too many. And Mary is one of those who will and must be sacrificing their comfort for some one; so it may as well be for me, who loves her so dearly and needs her so much.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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#### LITERARY IMMORTALITY.

BY PROFESSOR J. R. SEELEY.

IT is a commonplace of literature that the truly successful writer is he whose works *live*. "Popularity by itself," so it runs, "is no test of merit; the true test is lasting popularity. Works which are remembered when the authors have passed away, these are the works of sterling merit, and the great literary works are those which are not for an age, but for all time."

Now I can readily understand that works which are not really good will soon pass into oblivion. We know that fashion may give a momentary popularity to an affected style or a morbid vein of sentiment, but it is equally obvious that fashion has commonly but a short term. What is not so obvious is why sterling merit, or even great merit, should have the power of making a literary work immortal. For may not the most striking truths become trite after a certain time by repetition?

Some people seem to think that truth and simplicity, or, as they say, nature, is by itself sufficient to immortalize a writer. "The primal feelings of human nature are always the same; what comes from the heart will make its way unerringly to the heart." But why should men be at the pains to read what they have read perhaps a hundred times before, simply because it is naturally expressed? Some time ago an old acquaintance of mine, who had fallen into distressed circumstances, asked me to aid him in procuring admission for his poetry into some magazine. He sent me some specimens, and called my attention to one in particular, which he

said he was sure I should admit to be true poetry. I was in despair. Yes, in a certain sense, it was true poetry; that is, it expressed genuine feeling in natural language, describing how the writer's mind was elevated and soothed when he looked up at the starry heavens. But what then? I felt sure that no editor would admit into his columns the truest poetry on a subject so utterly exhausted. Now by this time many subjects have been exhausted. *Omnia jam vulgata!* Goethe himself said he knew not what he should have done if he had been born in England, if he had grown up always aware of Shakespeare behind him, always aware that everything worthy to be said had been said already.

But will not this reflection, if we give way to it, carry us very far? If no writer can expect to live unless he have something which is and will always remain peculiar to himself, not to be found elsewhere, who can be safe? Can there be such a thing as literary immortality? And indeed, when I find Southey or Macaulay speaking of their own works as likely to be read a thousand years hence, I confess I feel astonished at such a sanguine anticipation.

It strikes me that this easy way of speaking about literary immortality could never have grown up among us but for the influence of a certain obvious historic fact—namely, that a considerable number of writers actually have lived in memory two thousand years, and that these writers, though in general pure in style, are not in all cases of quite tran-



ascendent merit. I mean of course the Greek and Latin classics.

Livy has lived two thousand years ; why should not Macaulay also expect to do so ? Southey might fancy himself not inferior to Statius or Valerius Flaccus. Now these ancient classics are kept by our system of education always before our minds. The importance that is still assigned to them, the prodigious amount of industry that is still bestowed upon them after two thousand years, cannot escape us, and cannot fail to give rise to a theory, more or less unconscious and vague, of the fates that attend books, and of the immortality that awaits some books. We see a whole series of writers in the great times of Athens and Rome acquiring the rank of classics, rising above the fluctuations of fashion into a region of stability, translated to a sort of sky of posthumous fame. We see that no change of time affects them any longer. Why should not this happen again ? Indeed, in modern Europe we see a phenomenon not wholly different. Modern Italy, France, England and Germany, have their classics, their series of consecrated writers, who are compared to the classics of Greece and Rome. This is why it seems not extravagant for a writer of the present day to look forward to a similar immortality, and to flatter himself with the hope that he too will be read two thousand years hence.

Now, if we reflect a moment we shall recognize that the analogy of Greece and Rome does not really hold. The posthumous fortune of the classics has been very special ; it cannot be expected to befall the moderns. If they have maintained their ground, it has not been purely by merit, but by a series of very peculiar accidents, which are not likely to recur. I need not dwell upon these accidents, they are known to all of us : the confusion of languages in the later Empire, the inroad of barbarism, the decay of intelligence, which made men look back upon the age of the classics as a height from which the world had fallen.

See with what reverence Dante speaks of Statius. And my colleague, Professor Skeat, tells me that he continually detects the influence of Statius both in Boccaccio and Chaucer. Now, what

great merit has Statius, that his influence should continue so potent twelve hundred years after his death ? Well, those generations knew no Greek, and those who could not read of the Theban War in the Attic tragedians might naturally prize the Thebais. His immortality, in short, is an accident.

Thus by the decay and confusion of Europe the Latin classics were carried over the first thousand years. So much being gained, they acquired a new title to attention, for thereafter they appeared as monuments of an extinct civilization. If in the present day they are so interesting to students, this is partly because of the vast amount of history of all kinds which they hold in solution ; it is not purely the result of their literary excellence.

Now no similar prospect lies before the writers of the modern world. It is not likely either that a long period of decay will set in, during which literary production will almost cease, or that a thousand years hence scholars will have to reconstruct with immense labor the lost history of our age from a few precious writings preserved in the ruins of the British Museum.

We may expect that literature will have a long continuous life, during which it will never sink below a certain level, will not be barbarized, or disabled by the want of a serviceable language, and in which the writings of each period will be preserved securely, since libraries will not be burned by Norsemen or Arabs. Now these are wholly different conditions from those which have conferred immortality upon the ancients. When Horace and Ovid predicted so confidently their own immortality, they perhaps saw that there was a barbaric world in Gaul, Spain, and Britain, where they could not but occupy the position of teachers, of "wells of Latin undefiled." What similar prospects has a modern writer ? Each generation has now its own writers, and what a multitude of writers ! We are abundantly supplied, so that we can occupy every vacant half-hour with some book which we never saw before, and which is expressly adapted to our circumstances. There is reading of every kind—reading for the invalid's room, reading for convalescence, reading for journeys, long

or short, reading for youth, for boyhood, for infancy, reading on great subjects and on small, reading in which great subjects are treated as if they were small, reading in which small subjects are treated as if they were great; and under all these heads an enormous oversupply. Against such an overwhelming competition of new books it is difficult to imagine how old books can bear up. At least, in no former age have candidates for a literary immortality been situated so disadvantageously.

It is to be remembered that of the innumerable new books a considerable number positively *must* be read, while we are under no compulsion to read an old favorite again for the tenth time. It is also to be considered that the average of books tends to improve, so that a man would by no means condemn his intellect to starvation who should resolve to read new books only, who should make a vow never to read any book twice. Moreover, in an age when knowledge increases rapidly, many new ideas are propounded, and the point of view changes fast, only a very original and peculiar vein of thought is likely to hold public attention long. That is, while new books gain, old books lose, in comparative worth.

But, it may be urged, after all, the Greek and Latin classics are not the only established classics. It can by no means be asserted in general that a decay of culture or a confusion of languages must take place before a series of authors can receive the sort of apotheosis we have described. The modern languages, too, have classics whose position is not less assured, and would be just as eminent if only they were admitted to the same place in education. In modern Europe languages have not fallen into decay, libraries have not often been destroyed, since the times of Dante or Shakespeare, and yet Dante and Shakespeare are revered in the same way as Æschylus or Virgil, and seem as little likely to be superseded by later rivals, or crowded out in the growing multitude of authors. And what Dante and Shakespeare achieved we may imagine that Goethe or Hugo will be seen to have achieved also when a few more centuries have passed.

I do not here call in question the pos-

sibility that once or twice in a century some author may appear so profoundly original that later times may cherish his works as inestimable and irreplaceable. I do not refer to supreme authors, whether ancient or modern. Literary immortality of that sort must be considered by itself. It is when less exceptional authors are proclaimed, or proclaim themselves, immortal that I have my misgivings, when the ordinary man of letters, eminent perhaps in his generation, is described in obituary notices as having produced "perhaps two or three works that are likely to live," or when such a man, in reviewing his own career, says that "he is, indeed, conscious of many failures, but yet feels a modest confidence that posterity will place him in the rank which he feels he deserves." This is a view which is rendered tenable by the example of such ancients—not as Homer or Virgil—but as Tibullus or Statius. It is because writers of no pre-eminent genius have lived two thousand years that at the present time the successful writer of a season flatters himself with the prospect of writing for posterity.

Well, but cannot examples of this, too be produced from modern times? In modern times, too, do not writers seem to live on from century to century, and to hold the rank of classics, who have little resemblance to Shakespeare or Dante, and a good deal of resemblance to the ordinary successful writer of a season. Every great European nation keeps quite a long list of its classical authors, which form an unbroken series, like the series of kings or presidents. To win a place by the aid of good luck in such a series may seem scarcely more a wild ambition in the ordinary man of letters than to become President is out of the reach of the ordinary American citizen. We call Addison and Johnson and Pope English classics. Their works are said to live; yet can we consider these works as so absolutely inimitable, unapproachable? May not a modest man of letters cherish the hope that, a hundred years hence, his essays or poems may have a position in English literature as established as the *Spectator* or the *Rambler* or the "Essay on Man?"

Hardly, as it seems to me. The con-

ditions of literature are too much altered.

There is an age for each nation when its language has not yet been adapted to the purposes of literature. The different styles have not been distinguished. The words proper to prose and poetry, to business or conversation, or grave argument and philosophy, lie in a confused heap. This age must last till masterpieces appear which may serve as models in the different styles. In each language, therefore, the earliest masterpieces are of exceptional importance, and naturally hold a peculiar rank. The classics of the modern languages, under the Dantes and Shakespeares, are, for the most part, classics in this sense. They are peculiar, therefore, to the immaturity of the language. A time arrives when their function is exhausted. Addison taught us how to write easy prose, Johnson how to write weighty and dignified prose, Pope gave us the model of a certain kind of poetry. These writers, therefore, were for a long time justly called classics, because in their respective styles they led the way and furnished the models. Now, in the present period of the European languages, not much room is left for distinction of this particular kind. The work is done once for all, *πάντα δέδοται, ἔχουσι δὲ πλείστα τέχνας*. And a modern writer might surpass Addison in ease, or Johnson in gravity, or Pope in the brilliancy of his couplets, without winning a rank in literature at all similar to that of Addison, Johnson, or Pope.

But further, classics of this kind, after having discharged a useful function for perhaps a century, are allowed to retain a conventional rank ever afterward. They keep their title after they have retired from active work. There is such a thing as a Classic Emeritus. The present generation does not really use Addison as a model for prose, nor Pope for poetry. Their reign is over long since, like the reign of the Stuart dynasty. Yet they are still called classics, but the title is honorary or conventional. And from the habit of using the term in this secondary sense we gradually lose all clear perception of its meaning. On our long list of national classics we allow to appear, by the side

of the two or three names which are truly immortal, not only a number of such retired classics, but also a good many who never had any real right to the title. Literary historians think it necessary to assign to each period its classic or classics, and to make out their list they are often driven to insert names of which nothing more can be said than that they were famous in their time. And then these names acquire an artificial importance through the industry of the literary historian, who classifies them, traces their succession, distinguishes their tendencies—in short, discusses them with laborious care. Where, as in Germany, the literary historian is very busy and does his work with conscientious thoroughness, he calls into existence in this manner a whole Valhalla of the illustrious obscure. What volumes have commemorated the German classics from the Reformation to Lessing! For two centuries author succeeds author. Now it is Fischart, now Opitz, or Gryphius, or Hoffmannswaldau, or Gunther, or Brockes. The most ample justice is done to each, and the reader is left to discover by accident that of all these writers scarcely one is ever looked at by the Germans of the present day!

Surely, the breeze of modern competition will shake all these dead leaves from the wood of literature. As the demands of contemporary literature grow more importunate, and less time can be allowed to the so-called classics, we shall begin to call in question these honorary and complimentary titles. Literary immortality will begin to be defined more strictly. Only those authors will in the long run stand the fiery trial whom the world cannot do without. An author will only be said to live when influence really goes forth from him—this only will in the end pass for immortality; and the term will cease to be applied to the author who has merely been embalmed by literary historians.

What do I conclude? Is it that for the future there will be no more literary immortality? We might indeed almost fear that in the growing abundance of new books we may be driven to a sort of literary Statute of Limitations, by which only a fixed period of twenty or

thirty years might be granted to the best authors. But I do not go this length. I believe that other palms will yet be won, that writers will still arise who will be read for a hundred years; as to a thousand I had rather not speak. The conclusion I would draw is rather this: Let every one who writes aim as high as possible; let him write to his ideal, and by all means let him treat with contempt the passing opinion of the day. But I would not have him write for posterity, or flatter himself that some future age will do him justice if his contemporaries neglect him. It may indeed prove so, but posterity is likely to be very busy: I doubt whether it will find the time for redressing any injustices that the present age may commit. Rather, I imagine, it will be so overburdened with good literature that it will be forced to lighten the ship, that it will have to consign deliberately to oblivion much that it might have desired to remember.

If we put aside the misleading analogy of the ancient classics we may form some conclusions, from what we already know of the posthumous fortune of modern authors, as to the course which posterity is likely to take. What writers have already held their ground for a hundred or two hundred years? That is, observe well, with the general public. The question is not, what writers are discussed by literary historians, or may chance to be still consulted for their curiosity, for language interesting to philologists, or for the historical information they may furnish, or for their quaintness. The question is, what books older than a hundred years still appeal to us and affect us as if they had been written yesterday? What books still give us not merely pleasure, but such keen pleasure, that we would, honestly, rather read them than we would read the books of the season? I find, for my own part, that a good many old books give me real pleasure—I mean, considered purely as literature—but that not many give me so much pleasure that I should prefer them to what is newer. I read many as historical documents, and many more partly as documents and partly as literature, but very few as literature solely. And so I am led to think that real literary immortality is ex-

ceedingly rare. I will illustrate what I mean by saying that from the Elizabethan age to the end of the seventeenth century almost the only English works which seem to me to enjoy immortality are Shakespeare, Milton's poems, Bacon's "Essays," and the "Pilgrim's Progress;" for these are the only works (except a few lyrics, such as some of Herrick's) which are still interesting purely as literature.

You will ask, perhaps, how about Dryden? Well, I do occasionally take down Dryden, but when I ask myself what interests me in "Absalom and Achitophel," I find that the interest is in a great degree historical, consisting in the glimpse the poem gives of a past phase of thought and politics. When I deduct this, there remains, no doubt, a certain modicum of interest which is purely literary; I admire the sprightliness of the style and versification. But I do not admire this *enough*. As pure literature, Dryden's works do not, to my mind, hold their own in the competition with the writers of the day.

What, in short, is literary immortality? A permanent claim upon the time of human beings. Now, the whole amount of time we can give to books is limited, and the number of authors who compete for a share of it is constantly increasing, while by far the largest half must always be reserved for contemporary literature. Surely, then, it is the height of presumption when any writer short of a Shakespeare urges such a permanent claim. But another inference may be drawn—namely, that since it is a question of dividing a limited total into parts, the claim which is most likely to be allowed is that which asks for the smallest part. Experience confirms this. Some writers hold a secure literary immortality, because their writings are so small that they are never felt to be in the way. Such are Gray and Goldsmith. And many lyrists keep their names in perpetual memory by a few happy stanzas. Indeed, in lyric poetry there really is literary immortality. But room can rarely be found in Fame's conveyance for large works. Thus many persons who open Richardson are greatly struck by his genius; nevertheless, few of them read his works. The simple truth is that life is



not long enough. However much I may admire George Eliot, I cannot imagine that a hundred years hence people will find time to read "Middlemarch;" at the utmost I can conceive that "Silas Marner" may survive. On the other hand, I find no difficulty in believing that much of Tennyson will be still as familiarly known then as it is now.

Scarcely any long book really lives except "Don Quixote."

And among the many happy gifts of Shakespeare the most fortunate for his fame has been that prodigious condensation in which he excels all writers, and which enables him to put into the five acts of a play as much matter as serves other writers for the three volumes of a novel.—*Contemporary Review*.

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### HOMICULTURE.

BY JULIUS WERTHEIMER.

AT the Birmingham meeting of the British Association (1886), the President of the Anthropological Section (Sir George Campbell), in his opening address, caused some consternation by stating that, while great attention is bestowed on the breeding of domesticated animals, very little is given to the important question whether it is feasible to do anything in this direction toward the improvement of our own race. Sir George did not approach the subject from the practical side, except by indicating the principal difficulty in the way of a satisfactory solution. This he somewhat severely stigmatized as the custom of "giving way to foolish ideas about love, and the tastes of young people whom we can hardly trust to choose their own bonnets, much less to choose in a graver matter in which they are most likely to be influenced by frivolous prejudices."

Now without in any way sympathizing with the inferential condemnation of the weaker sex contained in the preceding quotation, we may yet admit that marriages are made of a kind that sets at defiance all the rules which should be followed in order to secure at the least that the race shall not deteriorate, and if possible that it shall improve.

On the other hand, it is obviously absurd to hope for a state of things when "young people" in general will be willing to make their matrimonial arrangements solely, or even mainly, with an eye to the more rapid improvement of

the race. On this principle a man of particularly mild temperament would be expected to choose a somewhat shrewlike wife, while an exceptionally tall girl would be expected to mate with an exceptionally short man, so that the result might be an approximately normal progeny.

Useless as it would be to hope for any such sacrifices, it is still worthy of consideration whether it is not possible to approach the question practically from other points with a fair hope of some success.

There are two sides from which it is possible to attack it. In the first place we may strive to create a "public opinion" in favor of such marriages as are likely to produce offspring who may prove a source of strength to the State; and, secondly, there are legislative steps which might be taken to prevent to some extent the consummation of unions likely to result in children who would prove a source of weakness to the nation.

Whatever may be the views of some few philosophically-minded individuals, there is at present no strong feeling that it is either right or proper that people entering the bonds of matrimony should consider whether their posterity may be expected to be physically and mentally able to carry on the struggle for existence. On the other hand, it would be useless to ignore the fact, that the grounds on which husbands and wives are selected are such that, in many cases, they work in the right direction. The possession of wealth, physical beauty, and moral worth are probably the three chief attractions which lead

\* *Report Brit. Assoc.*, Birmingham, 1886, p. 831.

men and women to marry ; and perhaps they are here stated in the correct order as to their weight as factors in this connection. It is easy to show that the possession of wealth is frequently due to valuable physical, mental, and moral properties of the possessor or of his or her immediate ancestors ; so, too, not unfrequently, physical beauty and constitutional strength are combined in one and the same individual. These two determinants, then, on the whole, may be assumed to make for a satisfactory solution of the problem. Of the third, moral worth, it is not possible to speak with equal assurance ; all good people are not physically healthy ; still evidence is not wanting to show that the qualities which constitute moral worth tend to improve the individual ; and there are those who maintain that a lack of these qualities is always closely allied with physiological abnormalities.

Indirectly, then, marriages are frequently made on bases which, if not those that the laws of Homiculture would lay down, are at least not diametrically opposed to them. Would it be possible by directing public opinion to these laws to do more in the same direction ? Surely much might be done especially if the clergy of all denominations could but be brought to see the importance of a scientific and healthy view of these matters. They it is who, by their enormous influence (especially with women), might speedily set before people's minds the importance of considering the probable results of marriages to the State and the race.

Beyond this, little can be done by State interference, except in the partial prevention of marriage among persons suffering from diseases which are hereditary. For this purpose, previous to the issue of any document permitting the solemnization of a marriage, it would be necessary that both persons concerned should submit themselves for examination to the medical council appointed for this purpose in each district. Such councils might consist of three duly qualified medical men, and it would

be their duty to give a certificate of freedom from known hereditary diseases to all applicants, who were either positively (or even doubtfully) in sufficiently good constitutional health. Marriages without such certificates would be illegal, and the resulting offspring illegitimate. Such a check would not be absolutely prohibitive, but would certainly lead to a very large reduction in the number of physically unfit brides and bridegrooms.

The State might also reasonably interfere to prevent the transmission of objectionable moral characteristics, though here, again, only to a very limited extent. That habitual criminals should be freely allowed to become fathers and mothers is undoubtedly a grave social mistake. Such persons should be prevented from extending their numbers by being required to submit either to permanent imprisonment or to such medical operations as would prevent further mischief. It is not suggested that these measures should be resorted to except in extreme cases, such as those criminals under sentence for five years' (or longer) penal servitude ; possibly similar treatment might be advisable in the case of confirmed habitual drunkards. It is important here to remember that the knowledge that restrictive punishment of this kind would follow upon habitual or dastardly crime would act as a strong deterrent on men and women (mainly of the less intellectual and more sensual type) likely to be guilty in these directions ; the system would therefore lend itself to the prevention of crime.

Strong opposition to such proposals must be expected ; from the critics, it is but reasonable to expect alternative schemes. For at present we are rapidly coming face to face with the necessity for some means of preventing the too rapid increase of the population—an increase much larger among the lower than among the upper classes. And the methods here suggested are those which, while providing a necessary check on improper marriages, would make for the permanent improvement of the race.—*Nineteenth Century.*

## STORY-TELLING IN THE EAST.

BY PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE.

A FEW months ago I was encamped in the desert that divides Palestine from Egypt. In front of me lay the vast mounds of Farama, covering the ruins of the ancient Pelusium and rising out of a dreary expanse of sand and mud, once the bed of the Pelusiatic mouth of the Nile. Where the industrious fellahin had formerly cultivated their fields, undulating drifts of loose sand now hold undisputed sway, and it was at the foot of one of these that my tent was pitched. In the course of the afternoon I had been reading to my dragoman one of the stories collected by the late Spitta Bey from the *raconteurs* of Cairo and published by him at the end of his invaluable *Grammar of Egyptian Arabic*. The story was interrupted by the arrival of dinner, shortly after the conclusion of which I was asked by the dragoman to step outside the tent. There I found the plot of the *Arabian Nights* actually enacted before my eyes.

I had been obliged to leave the animals I had brought from Syria at El Arish, the first town on the Egyptian frontier, built above "the River of Egypt" of the Old Testament, and to hire camels there for the rest of my journey. The camel-drivers were simple, uneducated folk, who chattered like children, and, with the exception of one young Bedouin, were all unmistakably of Egyptian, or at any rate of non-Arab descent. Their travels had never extended beyond Jerusalem on the one side or the Suez Canal on the other.

According to their custom they had lighted a fire in front of the tent, and were squatting around it, with their camels kneeling in a circle behind them, each with its head buried deep in a bag of food. The dark-blue sky overhead was brilliant with stars, and in the far distance the light was just visible that loomed over the mud-flats from the light house of Port Said.

One of the camel-drivers was engaged in telling stories to a rapt audience. He was a fine-looking man, with light eyes and reddish beard, in whom I thought I could trace the lineaments of that fair-

complexioned Amorite race which, as the Egyptian monuments inform us, once dwelt in the mountains of Syria. He proved himself to be an ideal storyteller. With a clear, unhesitating voice, which he raised or lowered as occasion required, he pursued his tale, pausing only when he had made a point and expected the applause of his hearers; now and then he accompanied his words with a few gentle movements of the hand; more often he stimulated the attention of his audience by a comparison taken from their immediate surroundings. The uninhabited city into which one of his heroes wandered was "like Farama," the rich man he met there was "like Effendi," the dragoman. My camel-driver, in fact, was born with a natural gift of imagination, as was shown both by the details he introduced into his stories and by the last tale I heard, which I believe to have been invented on the spot for my special benefit. He would have made his fortune in the days of Harân-er-Rashîd.

I took my seat in the circle of his hearers, all of whom, the young Bedouin excepted, were entering like children into the enjoyment of them. The adventures of his heroes were as real to them as their own wanderings, and from time to time they interrupted him with exclamations of approval or the reverse. With eyes fixed upon him they seemed to drink in every word he uttered, and to live for a time in the magic world he conjured up.

When I arrived he was describing a young prince who had married the daughter of a sultan, and was on his way home with her to his father's kingdom. On the road his bride presented him with a ring, which he was told never to lose. But one day, as he held it in his hand to look at, a bird suddenly swooped from the sky and carried it away. In an agony of distress he pursued the bird mile after mile until bride and followers had alike been left far away in the desert, and he arrived at last at a great and fair city on the coast of the sea. The city, however, was

silent and desolate; the prince wandered through its streets and met no man. At last he stumbled on a Moslem, who saluted him and prayed him to take up his abode in his house and treated him as his own son. Meanwhile the bride was left disconsolate, in the midst of the rude soldiers of her husband. For safety's sake she assumed the dress of the bridegroom and feigned that the bride had run away. In man's dress she reached the kingdom of a mighty sultan, who was, however, like her visitor, really a woman masquerading in the costume of a man. Here she was entertained hospitably, and in course of time host and guest first became fast friends and then fell in love with one another. The complications which ensued were dwelt upon by the story-teller to the great delight of his audience; but finally all things were happily arranged, and the sultan and bride discovered to each other their true sex. "The story now returns to the prince," who, while wandering in the garden of his host one day discovered a well, and at the bottom of the well seven jars of gold. With this he equipped a fleet and set sail for his father's realm. On the way he touched at a port which happened to belong to the female sultan, who was entertaining his wife, and, who, of course, insisted upon a visit from the prince. Of course, also, the prince fell in love with her on the spot, as well as with his own wife, whom he did not recognize. She, however, "like women" generally, had a better memory or a quicker eye, and as she had opportunely recovered the ring the day before—the bird who was carrying it having been stricken at her feet by an eagle—she bore him no grudge for his desertion of her. So all things ended happily: the prince obtained two wives instead of one, as well as the kingdom of the sultan, who was really a sultanness.

The end of the story was received with plaudits, and after a short pause, the story-teller commenced again. This time it was about "Muhammed es-Shater, Mohammed the clever," who is a favorite figure in Cairene folk-lore. Mohammed, it appeared, was the son of a merchant who was very rich. One day the merchant despatched him with twelve ships laden with precious things

in order that he might discover whether there was any one in the world richer than himself. Mohammed was long on his travels: at last he came to a city where there was a man who offered to buy the ships and all they contained. But he first asked his servant if there was any room in his house still sufficiently empty to receive his new possessions. As this excited Mohammed's surprise he was taken over the rich man's palace. He wandered from room to room, each filled with gold and silver and gems, and all that was most rare and precious in the world. As he visited each he was asked by his host whether there was any like it in his father's house. But Mohammed was a clever lad, so he showed no signs of astonishment, and answered that such sights were familiar to him at home. At last they reached the fortieth room, and here Mohammed could restrain his amazement no longer. It contained seven cups of such magic virtue that any liquid poured out of them would turn iron into gold. As Mohammed's father was nearly as wealthy as himself, the rich man gave him one of the cups as *bakshish*. Mohammed returned home, and the magic cup soon caused the merchant to become very, very rich. So one day he told his son that he must make a return for the *bakshish* he had received. Mohammed accordingly again started with a fleet of twelve ships laden with treasures. But on his arrival at his destination he could no longer find the rich man's house. He wandered over the ground on which it had stood, and it was as bare as the desert itself. Then he was told what had happened. The rich man had become very proud, and Allah had smitten him in the midst of his pride. One night his palace disappeared, and everything in it was turned into ashes. To save himself from starvation he had to hire his services to the owner of a *café* for three piastres a day. In this *café* Mohammed accidentally seated himself, and there recognized his former host, who, however, did not recognize the stranger. Mohammed asked him to sit down and eat some sweets with him, but he refused, on the ground that a servant could not sit by the side of his master. Pressed to do so, he consented at last,



and was then asked what had happened to him. "Hush!" he replied; "it was the will of Allah—we will say nothing about it." Then Mohammed told him of the ships and their contents which he had brought, and bade him at once leave the *café* and search for a house in which to store them. As they walked about to find one, they passed by the spot where the rich man's house had stood, and, behold, it was standing there again! Then Mohammed married the rich man's daughter, and after the death of the two parents became the richest man in the world.

After this warning against the sin of being puffed up by riches, my camel-driver told another story, the moral of which obviously was that as I was a rich man, I ought to give him and his companions a good *bakshish* at the end of our journey. The story was not so lengthy as its predecessors, and ran in this wise:—

"Once upon a time there was a poor man whose neighbor was a rich Jew; but the Jew was hard and pitiless. One day the poor man's family were starving, and he went to the Jew to beg a morsel of bread. But the Jew drove him from his door. '*Emski*, get away,' he said, 'you hound!' Then the Jew and the poor man died, and the All-merciful showed them two palaces, one of which was intended for the Jew and the other for the poor man. The Jew entered his palace, and wandered from one part of it to the other, becoming continually more enchanted with its beauty and magnificence. But suddenly the All-merciful interrupted him, and said, 'It was intended that this palace should stand by the side of the poor man's palace in Paradise; but since you had no compassion on the poor man, it must descend into Gehenna.' So the palace of the Jew went down into hell, while the palace of the poor man mounted up into heaven."

After this I judged it expedient to retire into my tent, but the story-telling was continued outside far into the night. My only regret was that I had not been able to take the stories down word for word in the actual language of their narrator. Those who wish to know what this was like may refer to the stories written down by Spitta Bey, and trans-

lated by him into French in his *Contes Arabes Modernes* (Brill, Leiden: 1883). It is unfortunate, however, that some of the best of the stories collected by him are among those published at the end of his Grammar, and have never been translated into any European language. By way of a specimen, therefore, I will give here the first part of one of them, the Story of the Thief of the Day and the Thief of the Night.

"There was once a man who strolled into a *café*, where he found (another) man sitting. He said to him, 'Good morning.' The other replied, 'Good morning to you; please come in, and take a drink of coffee.' He came in and sat by his side. He called for a cup of coffee for him; he drank it, and then the one who had been sitting asked the one who had come in, 'O my brother, what is your trade?' He answered, 'O my brother, my trade must not be mentioned.' He said to him, 'Why not?'" and then suggested the names of two professions which were in extremely ill repute. When the new-comer had denied having anything to do with either of them, the other said, "'Come now, what is it that must not be mentioned? These are the two which must not be.' He replied, 'No! your servant's trade is that of a thief.' The other said, 'Is this all?' He answered, 'Yes.' He said to him, 'I also am a thief.' The other asked, 'But what sort of thief are you?' He replied, 'I am a thief of the day.' The other said, 'Admirable! and I am a thief of the night.' He said to him, 'Good; let us be companions.' He answered, 'Let us get up now, and go home.' They took hold of one another and got up. They walked into the street where (the *café*) was, went out of it, and passed into another part of the town, and so continued to go from one street to another, until they reached the Atfeh quarter. Now they were both married to the same wife, but they did not know one another, as the one used to come (home) at night, while the other came during the day. So the one who had been invited thought it over, and said (to himself), 'Well, this is amusing; I (am asked to) go with him to his house; yet how comes he to know that this is my house when he is taking me to his?

Why is it *my* house that I am coming to now? However, I will go with him and see what will happen.' So he went with him until they reached the house. He knocked at the door. The woman came and opened (it); she looked and saw (them) both and recognized them, so did not cover her face. One of them said, 'Why don't you cover your face?' The other said, 'Is it from me or from you that she must cover her face?' He answered, 'From you, of course.' He replied, 'Why, my brother, this is *my* wife!' He said to him, 'No, she is mine.' The other answered, 'How is she your wife?' and at last they began to quarrel with one another. (Then) one (of them) said, 'Stop, I say; come, good woman, whose wife of us (two) are you?' She said, 'You are both my husbands.' He said, 'What are we to think? Well, who has ailed this in the law?' The other replied, 'We are both clever fellows, and she has married us behind one another's (backs), one comes to her in the night, and the other comes to her during the day, and she has no knowledge of religion. But let us each make trial (of our cleverness, and) the one who plays the best trick shall have the house and the wife.' The other said to him, 'All right.' So they agreed with one another thus; they said to one another, 'It is now daytime; the thief of the day, therefore, must make his trial first.' He said to him, 'All right, let us go.' He took his companion, and they went on and on to the porter's lodge of the Governor's house, and they both sat down. Our story now turns to a Turkish soldier, who wanted to buy some clothes for himself and his household in the bazaar. So after he had drunk his coffee and dressed himself, what did he say? 'Fatûm!' She said to him, 'Yes.' He replied, 'Put a purse of gold into the pocket of my trousers, that I may buy something.' She answered, 'All right.' She put a purse of gold into the pocket of his trousers. The groom made ready his horse; so he mounted, and the grooms ran in front of him, and he (rode) behind them as far as the porter's lodge of the Governor's house. Then the thief of the day saw the purse lying in the soldier's pocket, and he followed him and came to a fruiterer's shop

(and) stole from it the head of a cucumber, and he followed the soldier into the crowd, and put out his hand, and took the purse from the pocket of the soldier, and put into it in its place the head of the cucumber, and he went back to sit with his friend. The story now returns to the soldier. He went on till he came to the Ghurlyeh to a certain tradesman. 'Shopman!' (he cried). He replied, 'Yes, Sir.' He said to him, 'Have you such and such a thing?' He said, 'I have.' The soldier ordered him, 'Bring a piece of it.' He gave him a piece. 'Have you such and such a thing?' He answered, 'Yes.' He told him, 'Bring a piece (of it) also.' The soldier took a piece of it, and continued asking for one thing after another, until he had about ten or fifteen pieces, and he made of them a bundle of this size. And he put his hand to take out the purse of money, (and) drew out in his hand the head of the cucumber. He exclaimed, 'What! gracious heavens! hey, shopman!' He said, 'Yes, Sir.' He replied, 'Keep the bundle by you, as I have forgotten the money; (so wait) till I go and get it, and come (again).' He mounted his horse once more, and the grooms ran before him as far as the porter's lodge of the Governor's house. The thief looked; he saw (the soldier) returning with anger on his face; then the thief followed him to the quarter of Radwân among the crowd, and put in his hand, took the head of the cucumber from his pocket and put the purse in its place, while the soldier kept on going toward his house, full of rage. The thief also returned to his place at the porter's lodge of the Governor's palace, and the soldier entered his own house. 'Fatûm! I told you to put a purse into my pocket, and you have put the head of a cucumber!' She answered: 'Wallâhi! Sir! I did put a purse of gold for you into your pocket.' He replied: 'I found it the head of cucumber at the shopman's.' Then she came up to him and put her hand into his pocket and pulled out the purse of gold. She said to him, 'Now is this a purse of gold or the head of a cucumber?' He exclaimed: 'What? gracious heavens! Put it, Fatûm, into my pocket.' She put it into his pocket again, and he returned, with the grooms in front of him

to the porter's lodge at the Governor's palace. The thief saw him ; so he followed (him) as far as the crowd, and took from him the purse of gold and put instead of it the head of the cucumber. And (the soldier) went on until he reached the shopman. Then he cried, 'Hey, shopman !' He answered : 'Yes, Sir !' He said to him, 'I have forgotten such and such a thing, and such and such another thing.' In short he took from (the shopman) four or five pieces more and made of them a small bundle and proceeded to pull out the money. Then he lighted on the head of the cucumber in his pocket. He said, 'Oh, shopman !' He replied, 'Yes, Sir !' He answered : 'I remember that the money which I have with me is not enough to pay for this lot ; so keep the things until I go and fetch the rest of the money.' He returned, and the grooms, to the porter's lodge of the Governor's palace. The thief saw him, and followed him as far as the Radwân quarter ; he took from him the head of the cucumber and put instead of it the purse of gold again, and returned to sit with his friend. And the soldier went on until he entered his house. He drew his sword against his wife, and says to her, 'What ? how many times shall I say to you, let me have a purse of gold and you give me the head of a cucumber !' She replied : 'Wallâhi, Sir ! it's a purse of gold, but the thieves have had to do with you.' Then he put his hand into his pocket and found the purse of gold. He exclaimed, 'Gracious heavens ! what sort of business is this ? Grooms !' They replied, 'Yes, Sir.' He said : 'Which of you will take this purse of gold and look after it while I am going to the shopman ? I will give him a shirt, and a pair of drawers, and a jacket, and a fez.' One of them, named Gibas the Pilgrim, answered : 'Hand it (to me), soldier.' The groom took (the purse) from him and put it into his pocket, and they went off again to the shopman ; but the groom, through fear of (losing) the purse, held the purse thus (with one hand over the breast) as far as the porter's lodge of the Governor's palace. The thief looked and saw that the purse had been transferred to the groom. So he followed the groom as far as the crowd. The groom wanted

to clear the way before him ; he is put off his guard, and raises his hand to wave back the people on this side and that. Then the thief managed his business ; he took the purse from (the groom) and gave him instead the head of the cucumber, and returned and sat in his place. The groom, after coming out of the crowd, put his hand over his pocket again. And the thief said to his friend, 'Let us get up and walk a little, and see what happens.' They got up and went after them. The soldier reached the shop ; he said to the shopman, 'My father !' He replied, 'Yes, Sir !' 'Give me ten more large pieces of embroidered cloth, and ten smaller pieces, and ten pocket-handkerchiefs, and ten garters.' The shopman produced them and tied them up in the pocket-handkerchief, just three bundles. The soldier called to the groom : 'Pilgrim Gibas !' He answered, 'Yes, Sir !' He said to him : 'Give me the purse of money.' He replied, 'By the life of thy head, but I won't give it to you unless you let me have what you promised.' He answered, 'Don't trouble yourself ; here, shopman, let me have a shirt, and a pair of drawers, and a jacket, and a fez.' He gave him these. The groom put his hand into his pocket, wishing to take out the purse : out it came again with the head of the cucumber. When the soldier saw the head of the cucumber he went out of his mind and drew his sword, and wanted to strike the groom. In a moment the thief appeared ; the groom cried out, 'See, here is your purse !' The soldier shouted, 'Seize the thief !' They looked for the thief, those who wanted to seize him ; they found nothing left of him but a grain of salt, which melted away."

A story like this loses half its charm when written down and read with the eye. To appreciate it properly, we must hear it improvised with all the needful accompaniments of tone and gesture, in the midst of the life and scenes which it presupposes. The stupid Turkish soldier with his practically-minded wife, the bare-legged grooms running before his horse, with flowing sleeves and long blue tassels, the noisy jostling crowd, the shopman sitting tranquilly on his open counter,

with his goods displayed around him, are necessary if we would understand the spell such stories still exercise upon a Cairene audience. When life is passed in the open air it is the story-teller rather than the newspaper-writer or the novel-

ist who influences his countrymen, and if we would know what are the thoughts they think and the motives that move them it is to his tales that we must turn.

—*National Review.*

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ON A BLIND AND CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.

FROM THE MODERN GREEK OF A. SOUTSOS.

BY CHARLES L. GRAVES.

"CAGED within a dreary prison, with thy sad unceasing wail,  
Half the music of thy singing thou forgettest, nightingale."  
—"Once unfettered in the forest, in my lay I took delight,  
Gladdening all the world around me, till men robbed my wing of flight.  
Now that flight and freedom fail,  
Hapless I lament and wail.

I beheld, ere I was blinded, pleasant meadows clad in green,  
Hill and vale, and arching o'er me saw the summer skies serene;  
Near a bow'r of fragrant roses, near a streamlet was my nest,  
Fanned by cool refreshing breezes, blowing from the balmy west.  
Now within my darksome jail,  
Hapless I lament and wail.

When my savage captors doomed me in captivity to dwell,  
I foresaw that loss of freedom brought me loss of sight as well."  
—"Thou wast right, for black and bitter is the fortune of the thrall,  
And o'er Slavery's dominion, Darkness casts a gloomy pall.  
Weep then, hapless nightingale,  
In thy dark and dreary jail."

—"If I cease awhile from singing, and in mournful silence brood,  
Then my master, like a tyrant, wrathfully denies me food.  
Thus—what other way is open?—am I driven to begin  
Songs of bitterness and sorrow, daily nourishment to win.  
And within my sightless jail,  
Hapless I lament and wail."

—"There was once a singer like thee, famous in the ancient time,  
Helicon's unequalled song-bird, godlike father of all rhyme,  
Yet mid poverty and blindness, till his race was fully run,  
By his minstrelsy melodious, food and sustenance he won,  
And though beggared, blind and frail,  
Sang as sings the nightingale."

—*Temple Bar.*

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SHAKESPEARE'S WISDOM OF LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN.

WHEN, a few years after his death, a monument to Shakespeare was erected in the parish church of Stratford, below the bust were engraven two lines of

Latin elegiac verse in celebration of the dead. "It is certain," says Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, "that they must have been inscribed with the full sanction of



his eldest daughter, who, according to tradition, was at the sole expense of the monument." What kind of eulogy did Shakespeare's kinsfolk think most appropriate? How did they hope that he might be remembered by his fellow-townsmen? As a poet? Yes, but not in the first or second place as a poet. "Arte Maronem," says the inscription, not over happily—"in art a Virgil." But before it comes to Virgil it has given Shakespeare another kind of praise: "Iudicio Pylum, Genio Socratem"—in judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates. He is first made equal to the wise ruler of men, to whom the leader of the Trojan expedition was wont to apply for advice in any difficulty, and who had presided over three generations, so that his counsel and authority had come to be thought like those of the immortal gods—"in judgment a Nestor;" and next he is compared to the wisest questioning spirit among the Greeks, Socrates, concerning whom his disciple Plato has these words: "I never could have thought that I should have met with a man like him in wisdom and endurance." Does it not look as if the neighbors at Stratford, among whom Shakespeare had walked, and with whom he had talked and acted, men in whose sight this monument was to stand, had recognized in the author of *King Lear* and *The Tempest* a man of pre-eminent good sense and sound judgment, before all else a wise man? Glancing up from the monumental tablet we are confirmed in our impression by other evidence; for the bust exhibits one of those capacious heads, at once broad and lofty, which we sometimes see on living shoulders, and always associate with wisdom and geniality and vast but quiet power: heads within which everything has room to fit without jostling; heads in which so much is contained that one thing balances another, and no single idea or tendency can ever grow eager, exorbitant, or shrill.

For us such a man must needs be a teacher of the conduct of life, although we know for our comfort that he never aims at teaching us anything. It is we lesser men who, having caught a fragment or two of truth from the mighty sum of things, forthwith grow passionate to impress our little doctrine upon our

fellows. But the greatest men see the wide vision of life, and as they gaze upon that vision it calms them and satisfies them, and they care not to teach or to preach, but only to say what they have seen.

Yet it is true, as Wordsworth declared, that every great poet is a teacher, and he who draws most largely from life and nature is the greatest of such teachers. Every eminent poet is a master in the formation of character; he trains his pupil in methods of looking at things; and perhaps there is no better mode of estimating a great writer's sanity and strength and breadth of mind than to observe what manner of man he helps to form. We might endeavor to guess at Shakespeare's wisdom of life from little sentences on this topic and that drawn together from his writings; but with a dramatic writer such an attempt is difficult and is hardly right. It is more profitable to put the question, What kind of pupil is formed by the master? For the answer to this question will include the effects not merely of the contents of his teaching, but also the effects, which are perhaps more important, of his methods. We know the type of character which the influence of Dante tends to form: high-strung, intense, with eye of piercing spiritual vision; severe, yet with springs of exquisite tenderness welling from the rock; one who has the girdle always knotted about his loins and his lamp ever burning. We know the type of man formed by companionship with Milton's spirit: strong with an enthusiasm of obedience to the great Taskmaster; now mounting heavenward on the wings of aspiration, now standing on earth an armed champion of God's cause against all powers of the world, the flesh, and the devil. In our own day the deification of Shelley is complete; but Shelley's influence in forming character, as far as it can be distinguished from a few leading ideas which are the common property of this century of revolution, has been indeterminate and subtle as that of music. Chameleon's food is light and air; the molar teeth of a man indicate a more substantial diet; we need even silicious particles to form the bones; and a youth who should feed solely on Shelley's poetry

(admirable though it be as a concomitant) would run some danger of exhibiting before long symptoms of mental or moral rickets. On the whole the Wordsworthian stands well in a comparison with the disciples of other masters. The visionary light of Wordsworth's poetry is not in cloudland: it plays over cliff and scaur, and when the light fades, as it did with Wordsworth himself in the midway of his life, something substantial and venerable remains—the venerable granite seen in the face of Wordsworth the dalesman, when Wordsworth the mystic was away. There is good grit of character in the Wordsworthian underlying his mood of contemplative enthusiasm. Yet, like his master, the Wordsworthian pure and simple abides overmuch upon the hill-tops and in one green valley; his own circle of thoughts and feelings contents him too well. Isolated in the ideal, he has some of the insular temper, its tenacity with narrowness, its majestic illiberality.

"Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,"

the "lords of human kind," in Goldsmith's poem, pass by. Perhaps like these sons of Britain in *The Traveller*, the Wordsworthian clan is superior to all other tribes of modern men. A thoughtful band they assuredly are, and intent on high designs. Only, like the sons of Britain, they are often curiously environed by some non-conducting medium, and cannot help making their superiority felt by the natives of other climes—

"Gay sprightly lands of innocence and ease."

And, after all, the highest wisdom goes in for the adventure of life liberally, with a courageous gayety, which at bottom is seriousness. A time may well arrive when the Wordsworthian valley and mountain-height can no longer content our spirit; when we desire to range courageously abroad; when we must needs see the world beyond the hills; when that power of passionate contemplation within us, which turns all things to serene yet ardent ecstasy, is exhausted; when we must throw ourselves more upon reality and action, and see many and strange faces of men and women, and feel the wave

of the world. If that mood should come upon us, we can no longer calmly possess the joys and reap the harvests of our upland valley; a strange discontent will poison all our blessedness, and it is wisest and best for us that we should shoulder our knapsack; with one long look at the sundawn on the hills, and fare abroad over many a varied track, and explore strange lands and distant seas and streams.\*

With Shakespeare we are abroad in the world and in the highways of life. Other poets serve us for a time, or serve a fragment of our nature, or serve a particular company of men; but he is good for all seasons and for all men; we can always sun ourselves in his ripening wisdom and in the glow of his generous temper. "Of the scope of Shakespeare," writes Mr. Ruskin, "I will say only, that the intellectual measure of every man since born, in the domains of creative thought, may be assigned to him, according to the degree in which he has been taught by Shakespeare." This is perhaps an extravagant flight, but one may assert with fullest conviction and in entire sobriety of truth, that of all influences proceeding from modern literature, that of Shakespeare is the sanest and the most powerful in the formation of character. It is such because it is favorable alike to breadth and depth and height. It does not tend to make a man intense or profound but narrow; nor does it tend to make him broad but shallow; and while it serves to make his grasp of the common realities of earth more firm and sure, it does not check those thoughts that climb to the highest heaven of human aspiration.

Now, into what manner of man will Shakespeare help to fashion one who submits to his influence? In the first place he will lead his pupil away from all doctrinaire theories of life, from all thin abstractions of the intellect, from all luxurious solitudes of the imagination, and from all merely contemplative wisdom, and will direct him toward the world of human action and character and passion. He, if any writer, helps

\* In this paragraph I have reclaimed as my own a few sentences which appeared in a review of Principal Shairp's "Lectures on Poetry," contributed by me to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, January 2, 1882.

to make us real, and to bring us into fruitful relations with our fellows. His dramatic method, compelling us to shift our point of view from moment to moment, and yet keeping us steadfast in a research for moral truth, is opposed to that dogmatic temper in which many persons approach life, and trains us to apprehend with swiftness, ease, and accuracy the relative aspects of things, and the relative value of feelings which otherwise we might wholly deny or else accept as absolute and final. He sets forth human life as an affair of inexhaustible interest, and though he does not profess to unriddle its mystery, he communicates to us the courageous temper in which we can accept things not understood. He sends us forth to grapple with the world for its prizes of love and laughter and anguish and tears. It is not every eminent poet who does this. To Wordsworth life seems of interest less for its own sake than because it furnishes material for that serene yet ardent contemplation characteristic of his mind. To say of Wordsworth that he cared only for external nature is, indeed, wholly untrue; he cared profoundly for man, but nature and man alike are given to the reader only after they have been subjected to certain Wordsworthian processes of feeling. He does not so much place us in direct contact with actual life as impart to us his own peculiar manner of contemplating both external nature and the heart of man. And if it be so with Wordsworth, still less does Shelley or Keats plunge us in reality or help to make each of us an experienced denizen of the city of men. The one fixes our gaze upon an ideal of beauty until we grow faint with desire, like Endymion in love with the moon; and she visits us only in our dreams. The other thrills our nerves as with music, and leaves us in an exquisite excitement of expectation or regret; or else he pleads with us on behalf of certain abstract doctrines, and would fain transform each of us into a missionary of the ideas of the revolution. But Shakespeare interests us directly in men and women of all sorts and conditions; and in men and women especially through what is deepest in them, the play of their passions and the inmost virtue of their

spirits. We acquire from him a habit of studying our fellows each one at first hand for ourselves, and of thinking far less of their creeds and opinions than of their temperaments and the vital physics of their passions. We come to conceive of many of the problems of human life not as if they were logical puzzles, but rather as so many questions of moral chemistry. We have observed a thousand experiments, and can anticipate aright how this group of feelings or that will behave when this new reagent or that has been added to the retort or the crucible. And thus we advance to be adepts in the art of living.

We might name Shakespeare, in the phraseology of modern criticism, a realist, but unhappily this ill-treated word "realism" suggests at the present moment a school of writers whose effort seems to be to give us assurance that the real means the brutal and the base. Such certainly was not Shakespeare's belief. He studied the realities of human life and character not in the Parisian gutter, under the filthy lamplight, amid reeking slums, in the poisonous tavern, and the house of shame—though these Shakespeare's imagination could visit, as in *Measure for Measure*, with a purpose; not there, but through many centuries, in many lands, and in his own great heart: among Venetian palaces, in the moonlit garden of Belmont, in the banquet-hall and among the tombs of Verona, in the capitol of Rome, on the Athenian seashore, in the Egyptian monument, upon the platform of Elsinore, on the wild heath near Forres, by Thames' side and in the Windsor streets, among the watchfires of Agincourt, with Autolycus at the rural junketing, and in the enchanted island of Prospero. And having studied life in all its variety, and searched it through all its secret windings and cavernous abysses, having studied it as no other man has ever done, Shakespeare brings back his report of human nature—a report which, indeed, has dark things to declare, yet one which, on the whole, encourages us to think nobly of God's creatures, man and woman. If there is an iron-hearted Goneril, there is also a Cordelia in the world. If Iago eats the dust and stings, and Macbeth plunges both hands deep in blood, Queen Katherine stands be-

fore her judges with the dignity of a blameless spirit, and Perdita runs along the greensward in her girlish innocence and joy, or plucks her cottage garden blossoms—herself an inland flower—for the shepherds' festival. Such realism as this stands a whole hemisphere apart from the brutality prepense which now usurps the name.

One cause of the difference is this: Shakespeare was a realist who was constantly tempted by his passions and his imagination to become an idealist, and who was saved from this only by his determination to see things as they are, to take note of all facts and to inspect each fact on all its sides. The one fragment of autobiography which we have from Shakespeare, his *Sonnets*, presents him to us as yielding to an unwise and extravagant affection, and as blinded for a while by that affection to the defects of his friend's character and the grievous errors of his conduct; and when defects and errors can no longer be denied, even then Shakespeare wavers between admitting the cruel facts and endeavoring to idealize them away. It is only after years of estrangement and suffering that he regains tranquillity, and a joy which, though rapturous with renewal of love, has yet something in it of maturity and sobriety, the evil in the past being now accepted with the good, all vain hopes and false imaginations being renounced, and the ruined love, if it can climb no longer to the clouds, being rebuilt on surer and stronger foundations. The *Sonnets* give us a record of the mistakes of an idealist in reference to friendship, and of the final correction of those mistakes, and we cannot doubt that when he wrote the *Sonnets*, Shakespeare looked into his own heart.

In his plays he regards the idealist and his errors with a mingled gentleness and severity, such as he might feel toward his past self, whose weaknesses he could think of tenderly, inasmuch as they were now overmastered. The gentleness resembles that of Cervantes toward his Don Quixote. Innumerable are the errors of that gallant knight, and it needs but the common sense of a Sancho Panza to perceive them; but the very liability to such heroic delusions implies a generosity of soul which

honest Sancho—humble realist with no risks from the ideal—can but imperfectly conceive. To run tilt against windmills in place of giants is, indeed, an unfortunate mistake; but to lack spirit so far as to be incapable of charging at any evil thing is to be more deeply infected with error and delusion. Now, in two of his plays, Shakespeare has made studies of idealists: one, the Roman Brutus enamored of virtue and exalting in his fancy alike friends and foes to his own level; the other, the Athenian Timon, driven wild by the sight and sense of vice, and writing for his epitaph the words, "Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate." And alike to Brutus and Timon strictest justice is dealt by Shakespeare, while yet he is tender in dealing forth that justice. The idealism of the Stoic Brutus is, however, of a nobler kind than the lax optimism of the Athenian prodigal; therefore, he undergoes no cruel revulsion of feeling, and can exclaim in the moment of his self-sought death—

"My heart doth joy that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me."

And yet the day is lost, and with it what he conceives to be the cause of liberty, and all through his incapacity from the first to perceive and grasp the facts of the world. Shakespeare is stern to Brutus as he tracks him from delusion to delusion; yet tender as well as stern, and so he secures our assent to that funeral *éloge* of the dead conspirator, which is put into the mouth of Antony—

"This was the noblest Roman of them all."

In this sense, then, Shakespeare is a "realist." He is a master of the facts of life, and among what we term facts must be reckoned not merely those which bulk grossly before us, but also the most evanescent feelings and fantasies. The shadows which fly over a waving field of wheat are as truly facts of the landscape at a particular moment as the breadth of cornland itself. It is by quickening our sense of the finer and more evasive phenomena of life that the poet can render us the most important service. In proportion to our perception and acknowledgment of the realities of the world will be our



sanity and strength, if only our realism be of a large kind, recognizing alike the coarse and fine, what is base and what is pure, radiant, heroic, sacred. But to perceive the more delicate facts of character and passion, and the play of social forces, we need the eye of imagination trained to the discovery of truth. No one can submit to Shakespeare's discipline without gradually gaining an enlargement and refinement of the power of imaginative vision, and thus he cannot fail to obtain in some measure the power of seeing many kinds of things and of seeing each thing on many sides.

Now, one who keeps himself in close and fruitful relation with the facts of life, will necessarily acquire both a certain tolerance and a certain severity. And this is Shakespeare's temper. His severity is a wholesome severity, not incompatible with a genial disposition; but severe he must be, because he knows that things are what they are, and will be what they will be; there is no use in pretences or make-believes; solid rock is solid rock, and even vapor is vapor, and must be taken account of in our calculations. It calls for some wholesome hardness of fibre to resolve that we shall see things as they are. The "vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations," of which Bacon speaks in his essay, are all so agreeable. Shakespeare's adhesion to reality delivers him from the love of unreal words, for a serious heart is due to this good world of ours; from that form of spurious emotion which we name sentimentality, and from that feebleness of imagination which we name romance; it preserves him from the intoxication of glittering ideas and false philosophies (of which we may observe something in Shelley), and it makes him sensible of the becomingness of moderation and reserve. "To romance," it has been well said, "is the invariable sign of feeble imagination, inasmuch as it totally separates the real from the ideal, and keeps them apart like two worlds to be occupied in turns—the dull and earthly, the glorious and divine."\* But it is Shakespeare's art to discover the divine

in the human, and the ideal in the real. Hence his enthusiasm, when he rises to enthusiasm, has a strength of solidity in it, which comes from the fact that it is not woven out of the substance of a dream, but is backed up, inspired, and invigorated by the veritable forces of the universe. As to sentimental emotion with its rhetorical modes of expression, the feeble overflow of spurious passion, Shakespeare has studied it with interest, and, indeed, with sympathy, and has once for all condemned it in the person of his royal sentimentalist and rhetorician, King Richard II.

Shakespeare, then, condemns unreality in sentiment and speech, and has a strong sense of the virtue of moderation and reserve. When one of us has seized some truth which seems to be of vital importance, how eager we grow to cry it aloud on the housetops. Shakespeare, because he is a true dramatist, does not care to utter such a truth at all as a doctrine, but plunges it back into life, and exhibits it in action as one vital fact among many. Life, we may be sure, spoke to him of no higher reality than that of pure, self-sacrificing love, the glad readiness of man or woman to drink the bitter-sweet of perfect self-surrender for love's sake. If the martyr in such a case as this be a woman, full of gracious life and youth and strength; if she be royal, and steps down with an assured step from the throne to the dungeon; if she should surrender the joy of early wedded love; if the sacrifice be made on behalf of one whose days are almost spent, and who has cruelly wronged and outraged her; and if—most grievous circumstance of all—the sacrifice be made apparently in vain, so that in the light of no joy that is set before her do the pain and loss become easy to bear, then will be presented a situation as full of tragic pathos as can be found within the range of dramatic poetry. It is the situation of Shakespeare's Cordelia. Some critics have been staggered by the strange meting out of suffering to one who is innocent of all offence, and they have endeavored to discover a crime in Cordelia for which she receives the award of retributive justice. There was, they allege, a certain lack of tenderness in Cordelia's answer to her father's de-

\* James Martineau: *Miscellanies* (Boston, 1852), p. 227.

mand for love when he resigned his kingdom. As if she could have entered into competition with Goneril and Regan in professions of affection, in order to obtain for her husband a wealthier dower; as if the whole play were not penetrated and purified by the divine tenderness of Cordelia; as if Kent had not sprung forward to declare the truth—

"Answer my life my judgment,  
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee  
least;  
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound  
Reverbs no hollowness;"

as if the Fool's pining since his young lady went to France does not tell of the sunshine of Cordelia's love blessing both high and low; as if we could forget how she received with patience and sorrow the tidings of her father's wrongs, queening it over her passion; as if in all poetry there is a scene of tenderness more poignant through its beauty than that in the tent, where Lear wakens from his rage, weak and still half wildered, to find his injured daughter watching by the bed. But the words which vindicate completely Cordelia's reply to her father in the opening scene, because they demonstrate, under most trying circumstances, the habit of her soul, are those which she utters when the battle has gone against her, when she and her father are the prisoners of Goneril and Regan, and she stands by the king's side under guard, expecting the triumphant entrance of her sisters. It is precisely the situation to call forth from an inferior dramatist a rhetorical moral tirade, declaring that virtue is its own reward, and that a clear conscience in a dungeon is better than an evil heart upon a throne. But Shakespeare is not betrayed into any pleading on behalf of virtue; his dramatic reserve is not to be overmastered. Cordelia, true to herself, has but one quiet word to say, and that we may feel her undisturbed equanimity Shakespeare puts the speech into rhyme. Why should she not fail and be defeated? On this also she had reckoned as a possibility in the course of events:—

"We are not the first  
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the  
worst.  
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;

Myself could else outfrown false Fortune's  
frown.  
Shall we not see these daughters and these  
sisters?"

Whereupon Lear, in his violence of weakness, breaks forth with pathetic extravagances:—

"No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:  
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel  
down,  
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and  
laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of court news."

Lear, running on thus with his exuberant and half-incoherent fancies, is still, as he ever was, the plaything of his passions, and cannot for a moment hold his heart in check.

"Shakespeare," says the great moralist of the eighteenth century, Johnson, "has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles." And he goes on to express his approval of Tate's alteration of the play, which represents the heroine as retiring with victory and felicity, and to relate that early in life he was himself so shocked by Cordelia's death that he had not endured to read again the last scenes until he undertook to revise them as an editor. Had Johnson, then, a deeper sense than Shakespeare of the moral order of the world? Is our wisest poet here untrue to the deepest facts of life? And is Nahum Tate his reformer, the inventor of the true close of the world's greatest tragedy? No; but Shakespeare, with his strict fidelity to facts, will deny neither the trial of our faith in the moral order of the world nor that moral order itself; and Johnson's turning away from the last scenes of the play shows that, with all his strong common sense, there was a sentimental weakness in Johnson. Cordelia dies strangled in prison. Is this, then, the reward of her self-sacrifice? No, for sacrificial love cannot be rewarded. It may spend itself in light and joy, or in darkness and sorrow, but it never seeks and never can receive a reward. And we should observe that though Cordelia and Lear lie dead, her

generous enterprise has not been fruitless; some of the poor human instruments of the eternal justice have done their work and are laid aside, but the evil rule of the wicked sisters is at an end; the cause of righteousness is triumphant; from the remorseless strength of Goneril and Regan's malicious grip the supreme power now passes to the gentle hands of Albany.

The good laws of the world, Shakespeare assures us, can never be overthrown by the boldest aggressor, nor evaded by the most cunning trickster. For the conduct of life surely there is nothing more essential than to have this conviction—driven deep into our consciousness. "And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom." This "fear of the Lord" is incorporated by Shakespeare in the impression left upon us by his great tragedies in a way far more effectual than if he were invariably to apportion rewards and punishments in the fifth act with a neat and ready hand to his good and evil characters. It is enough for him to engage our loyalty and love for human worth, wherever and however we meet with it, and to make us rejoice in its presence whether it find in this world conditions favorable to its action or the reverse. This we might name the principle of faith in the province of ethics, and there at all events we are saved by faith. The innocent suffer in Shakespeare's plays as they do in real life; but all our hearts go with them. Which of us would not choose to be Duncan lying in his blood rather than Macbeth upon the throne? Which of us would not choose rather to suffer wrong with Desdemona than rejoice in accomplished villainy with Iago? But Macbeth, Iago, Edmund, Richard III., King Claudius, and the other malefactors of Shakespeare's plays do not indeed triumph in the final issue. "The conscience of mankind refuses to believe in the ultimate impunity of guilt, and looks upon the flying criminal as only taking a circuit to his doom."\* Shakespeare here rightly exhibits things foreshortened in the tract of time. Though the innocent and the righteous

may indeed, if judged from a merely external point of view, appear as losers in the game of life, the guilty can never in the long run be the winners. The baser types, which for a time seem to flourish in violation of the laws of health or the spiritual laws of the inner life, inevitably tend toward sterility and extinction. The righteous have not set their hearts on worldly success or prosperity, and they do not attain it; a dramatic poet may courageously exhibit the fact; but what is dearer they attain—a serene conscience and a tranquil assurance that all must be well with those supported by the eternal laws. But the guilty ones, whose aim has been external success, and who have challenged the divine laws or hoped to evade them, are represented as failing in the end to achieve that poor success on which their hearts have been set. "I have seen the wicked in great power . . . but I went by, and lo, he was not." Follow a malefactor far enough, Shakespeare says, and you will find that his feet must needs be caught in the toils spread for those who strive against the moral order of the world. Nor can pleasure evade those inexorable laws any more than can crime. A golden mist with magic exhalations and strange glamour, pleasure may raise for an hour; but these are the transitory glories of sunset vapors, which Night presently strikes into sullen quietude with her leaden mace. This is what Shakespeare has exhibited in his *Antony and Cleopatra*. All the sensuous witchery of the East is there displayed; but behind the gold and the music, the spicery and the eager, amorous faces, rise the dread forms of actors on whom the players in that stupendous farce-tragedy had not reckoned, the forms of the calm avenging Laws.

But Shakespeare, as one of his critics well observes, has no "moral demonstrativeness," no "redundancy of conscience;" he does not try to exhibit "better morals than are taught by Nature and by Providence." He puts his moral platitudes and clap-trap into the mouths of persons who can utter them at small cost with their lips because they have never found a faithful expression in their lives. It is Polonius who preaches—

\* J. Martineau: *A Study of Religion*, vol. II. p. 46.

"To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

And though the gallery applaud the sentiment, its dramatic virtue lies less in its moral truth than in the irony which assigns it to the crafty waiter on success. It is the self-indulgent king who, when he has neglected every royal duty and by his wantonness prepared his fall, exclaims—

"God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel; then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards  
the right."

If Shakespeare makes us fall in love with goodness, he does this by presenting it in the person of a man or woman, not by putting into his hero's mouth a series of moral tirades. "A poet's conscience of virtue," writes Mr. Hudson, "is better kept to himself, save as the sense and spirit thereof silently insinuate themselves into the shapings of his hand, and so live as an undercurrent in the natural course of truth and beauty. If he has the genius and the heart to see and to represent things just as they really are, his moral teaching cannot but be good, and the less it stands out as a special aim the more effective it will be; but if for any purpose, however moral, he goes to representing things otherwise than as they are, then just so far his moral teaching will miss its mark; and if he takes, as divers well-meaning persons have done, to flourishing his ethical robes in our faces, then he must be content to pass with us for something less or something more than a poet: we may still read him indeed from a mistaken sense of duty, but we shall never be drawn to him by an unsophisticated love of the beautiful and the true." The virtues of Shakespeare's characters, as Mr. Hudson goes on to say, sit easy upon them. We do not think of Horatio, Edgar, Kent, or Posthumous as living in the pursuit of virtue; there is no moral stress in their words or deeds. Helena, Portia, Viola, Cordelia, Hermione, Miranda, Desdemona, Imogen—"how perfectly free their goodness is from anything like stress. . . . They are wise, witty, playful, humorous, grave, earnest, impassioned, practical, imaginative; the most profound and

beautiful thoughts drop from them as things too common and familiar to be spoken with the least emphasis." Not one of them has heard of woman's mission; not one of them prides herself on splashing mud with the ill-handled besom of reform; not one tries to do every one else's business badly; each is content to do gracefully her own work, glad or sad.

"The two principal rules and lessons of life," says Mrs. Cash, "which George Eliot gave to a young friend were, first, *Be accurate*, and second, *My dear child, the great lesson of life is tolerance*." These lessons, indicated by George Eliot in her ripened wisdom as more important than any others for the uses of life, are taught by Shakespeare in a large and generous manner, although indirectly and without demonstration, after his own dramatic method. For what is this reality, and adhesion to the fact, and severity, and moderation shown in his writings but a way of saying, "Be accurate"? Recognize the facts and the laws of life, and falsify nothing; do not wander vaguely in the void or in a shadow-land of fantasies and pale abstractions; know men and women for what they are indeed, blinking neither the evil nor the good. But Shakespeare also says, "Be tolerant." For Shakespeare's severity is not of a kind which makes him grim. He is at once full of exquisite pity and full of joyous laughter. And in this he shows himself a wiser master of life than Dante. Dante is indeed definite, exact, severe; he, if ever any teacher, says to his pupil, "Be accurate." And in the midst of his severity there spring up in Dante's nature wells of the finest pity and tenderness. But Dante, although he can be piteous, is grim, and if he laughs his laughter is terrible rather than joyous or genial. But Shakespeare, who says, like Dante, "Be accurate," and is as exact and definite as Dante, says also, "Be tolerant," and he is at once exquisitely pitiful for human sorrow, and full of measureless laughter at the laughter-stirring play of human life. He addresses himself to meet the world like a young athlete, who has a vigorous delight in the grapple and the tug, and who smiles while yet he is thoroughly in earnest. A por-



tion of this joyous seriousness is imparted by Shakespeare to each of his true disciples. We feel that life, as he educates us to see it, is full of countless possibilities of good. This world of ours is a world well worth our inhabiting, and to make it yield up its treasures—treasures of love, of truth, of beauty, and of joy—we shall do well to bestir ourselves with cheerful zeal.

It is not easy to see how any one can be accurate in George Eliot's or Shakespeare's way without being also tolerant. For their accuracy is not that of the pedant or the dogmatist, an accuracy of fixed lines, but the mobile accuracy of the dramatist, a swift and unerroneous transition from point to point of sympathy. Half of the intolerance and injustice of the world arises from an inability to conceive, or at least to enter into and enjoy other types of character than our own; an inability to understand with rapidity and exactness the postures of intellect and the emotional attitudes of our fellows. If we receive a quick enjoyment from the play of various life around us we can hardly be intolerant; but in order to receive such enjoyment we must be sure in our perceptions and correct in our interpretations of the visible phenomena. We learn through our imagination to play a thousand parts in the drama of human existence, and learn even to observe the behavior of our own hearts with an amused dramatic eye. Nor does this dramatic habit of feeling necessarily produce in us a defect of moral force, if we cultivate a spirit of fidelity not only to the multiform minor facts of life, but also to those large and abiding facts which we name the laws of life. It is possible to be lithe and at the same time firm. No other firmness indeed is half so valuable as that which is buoyant and elastic—the firmness, not of a corpse grown rigid, but of an athlete ready for the spring.

Being thus at once earnest and joyously full of life, Shakespeare is capable of free and generous laughter. It is no trivial part of the education which he imparts to his pupil that he shows him the humorous side of life, and teaches him to laugh honestly and well. "A vale of tears" this world has often been named; and so it is, but also a vale of

smiles, and of jubilant laughter. Shakespeare shows it to us in both aspects, and he makes us perceive that the tears, when illuminated by the light of innocent joy, become purified from all that is contracting, selfish, and enervating; and that the smiles and laughter become wiser and more exquisite because of the tears; and sometimes with a marvellous alchemy of genius he mingles the two, as in the passion of Lear upon the heath and in the hovel, with his poor Fool jesting across the whirling rain and wind, and the flashes of the lightning, until, in the strange commixture of tempestuous rage and grotesque derision, the heart of man seems no less frenzied, and in its frenzy no less vast and wonderful than the elements.

Shakespeare teaches us to laugh wisely, to smile through our sympathies, and therefore he wholly abstains from two kinds of laughter—the laughter of folly and the laughter of cruelty. Of the laughter of fools, which is the crackling of thorns under a pot, we hear nothing in Shakespeare, save on those rare occasions when it is introduced dramatically to expose the poverty of soul of some minor *dramatis personæ*. Thus in *The Tempest* the base conspirators betray their baseness by the contemptible jesting, which vexes the wise old Gonzalo and wounds the heart of the King, who still supposes that his son has been swallowed by the waves. Shakespeare's laughter has always a basis of good sense; and again, it has always a basis of kindness. There is a laughter of demons, such as may be seen on the faces of Ciampolo's tormentors in Blake's illustration of the twenty-second canto of the "Inferno." And there is a laughter of despair, such as may be heard in the mockery of Swift (the more appalling because it is so exactly calculated) when the darkness was closing in upon him. Of these there is none in Shakespeare, for even Timon's mockery of humanity has in it no touch of coldness. But setting aside the laughter of devils and the laughter of incipient lunacy, what species of human laughter is there in which we are not indulged or educated by Shakespeare, from the impish jest in merry mischief-making of a Robin Goodfellow, to the grave, glad smile of Prospero, when from his height

of spiritual attainment he looks down and observes Miranda, in the first joy of a girl's love, eager to shoulder the logs for Ferdinand—

"Poor worm, thou art infected !  
This visitation shows it."

And assuredly if, as George Eliot asserted, the second great lesson of life is "Be tolerant," he helps us well to learn that lesson who instructs us to laugh honestly and smile kindly, rather than grow wrathful and indignant at the lesser errors and frailties of our fellow-mortals, or at our own. To temper our harsh judgments by a sense of human fraternity, and to do this by means of smiles, or of smiles mingled with tears, is one of Shakespeare's noblest moral gifts. Falstaff is not a very estimable person ; he would have been placed perhaps by Dante in the third circle of hell, among the shadows whom the heavy rain subdues ; and Shakespeare condemns him when King Henry refuses to admit the old man to his friendship or his counsel. But how wise and tender Shakespeare renders our judgment of Falstaff by that last pathetic scene, which tells how he played with flowers and babbled of green fields ; and how, through Falstaff, the poet pleads for all that is genial in humanity ! If we cannot laugh with Falstaff in the tavern, we had better look to ourselves lest our virtue have not something illiberal in it. The moral pedant runs the risk of vices of another kind, and in the fatuity of his self-love may play tricks before high heaven, in yellow stockings and cross-gartered, which will make angels weep or smile. No ; we cannot imagine that joyous boon companion sackless and sugarless in the third circle of the Inferno ; rather we incline to Mistress Quickly's opinion of his case : "Nay, sure he's not in hell : he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom."

In Gray's poem, *The Progress of Poesy*, the Mighty Mother is represented as unveiling her face to the boy Shakespeare on the banks of Avon, and as giving him her gift of the power of the keys—

"Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !  
This can unlock the gates of Joy,  
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,  
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic  
Tears."

The sacred source of sympathetic tears—who has opened it as wide as Shakespeare ? If he educates us through his humor, teaching us to laugh wisely and to laugh kindly, he also tells us that there is a time to weep as well as a time to laugh. And from the culture through art of our sympathy with grief the gain is great. Not that any power of art can directly or immediately loosen the contracting grip of anguish, but indirectly it may do much by training the imagination to act in the service of the heart, so that we shall feel in some degree how our private and personal woe is a fragment of the great sorrow of the world, how we are one of a community of mourners, and that our outcry of grief should therefore be no shriek or solitary iron cry across the gloom, but a part borne gravely, and if possible graciously, in a solemn choral lamentation. And thus the mere brute cry of pain—the cry, as it were, of a wild beast over its slaughtered mate or for its ravished young one, is elevated into something human, something harmonious, while yet profoundly mournful. Through culture of the imagination we come to bear a worthy part in earth's perpetual chant of mourners ; by its means we come to feel that we are not isolated individuals ; that the great heart of humanity beats in sympathy with our sorrow ; that we must therefore purge away what is impure or extravagant in our grief, lest it should be out of tune with that great heart of sorrow, pity, and love, the common human heart, on which our own reposes. It is the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* whose lamentations for her young mistress, supposed dead, are most loud-tongued and obstreperous.

"O woe ! O woful, woful, woful day !  
Most lamentable day, most woful day,  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold."

From this ground level there is a long climbing of the heights of sorrow before we hear such words as those in which Constance mourns for her lost Arthur :—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his  
form."

And yet the grief of Constance lacks something of that firm-fibred pain, ready to transform itself into heroic action, which we recognize in these words of Macduff :

*Malcolm.* Dispute it like a man.  
*Macduff.* I shall do so ;  
 But I must also feel it as a man.  
 I cannot but remember such things were,  
 That were most precious to me.

This tune indeed goes manly. But the sorrow which transforms itself into fraternal love, not revenge and hate, is of a yet higher strain. It is Brutus who has told in plainest words the tidings of the death of Portia, and who would now complete the reconciliation with his alienated comrade :—

"Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.  
 In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius."

And so the spirit of Portia lives on in the love of two strong men.

Shakespeare's wisdom of life, as seen in his writings, is in the main occupied, as it ought to be, with the affairs of the individual rather than with public concerns or the history of a nation. He instructs us, before all else, in the physiology of the passions, and under his influence we come to feel that the wisdom of life resides less in mere prudence or the suppression of the passions than in finding for them their right direction. But he also exhibits the conduct of men in public station, their virtues and defects as statesmen and rulers, and he has traced, in his dramatic way, the entire life of the English people during a critical period of history. And yet it would be hard to say whether, according to our modern nomenclature, we should label Shakespeare as "Liberal" or "Conservative," or whether Hartley Coleridge was right or wrong when he described him playfully as "a Tory and a gentleman." Shakespeare will not make proselytes for any political party, as a propagandist of abstract principles might do. No boy who reads his English or Roman historical plays will be sent forth into the world on an eager mission, as Shelley was sent forth by his study of Godwin's philosophy of revolution ; but, if he reads intelligently, his judgment will in some measure have been soundly trained. He will

learn that character, integrity, good sense, and passion directed to high ends are more important than the contending doctrines or catch-words of parties ; and thus if Shakespeare does not make political converts, he may do something toward making the Whig a wiser Whig and the Tory a wiser Tory. "There is far more in common," writes a great living historian,\* "between the wise and sound of opposing parties than there is between the sound and the corrupt of the same—between the thinkers of opposite parties and the thinkers and fools of the same." Shakespeare's study of the rulers of England during a century of strife and trouble, from the second Richard to the third, is not a doctrinaire study of abstract principles, but a study of human character and action. The tendency of his teaching is to form such politicians as we might expect to be formed by the right reading of history, and of what kind they are let the same great historian tell whose words have just now been cited :—

"What we want to see is men applying to history and politics the same spirit in which wise men act in their discipline of themselves : not to cease to be partisans, not to cease to hold and utter strong opinions, but to be as careful in their party behavior and in their support of their opinions, as they are in their behavior in social circles, their conversation in social life. The first object of the true politician, as of the true patriot, is to keep himself and his party pure, and then to secure victory ; to abolish meanness and corruption where he has influence, rather than to make capital by denouncing it where his denunciations can only provoke a retort. The sound politician, on whichever side he may be and however thorough he may be, believes that his scheme of politics is the one in which the benefit of his country is most entirely involved, and he wishes the position of his country to be impregnable : to be impregnable it must be sound ; if his party represents to him his country, his party must be sound, and it concerns him much more closely to purify his own ranks than those of the enemy. Success is certain to the pure and true : success to falsehood and corruption, tyranny and aggression, is only the prelude to a greater and an irremediable fall."

Or, as Shakespeare tells us, it matters less for England whether a Yorkist or Lancastrian be at the head of affairs than whether the ruler be a man of integrity and strength, like his Henry V.,

\* Bishop Stubbs: *Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History*, p. 19.

or a pattern of royal incompetence, who cannot check corruption and violence, like Henry's pseudo-saintly son.

In all his plays Shakespeare appears as at once a lover of order and a lover of freedom—not of the mere name as bawled upon the political platform, but of such freedom as is needed for the vigorous play of all human faculties. Reverence he calls "the angel of the world." And into the mouth of Ulysses, his ideal of the practical wisdom of this world, he puts a profound and justly celebrated encomium of "degree," that is, the distinctions of rank and station :—

"Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing  
meets  
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the  
shores  
And make a sop of all this solid globe:  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father  
dead;  
Force should be right; or rather, right and  
wrong,  
Between whose endless jar justice resides,  
Should lose their names, and so should jus-  
tice too.  
Then everything includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite,  
And appetite, an universal wolf,  
So doubly seconded with will and power,  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself."

Here is a memorable analysis of the history of revolutionary movements whose ultimate motive is greed, and no part of Shakespeare's analysis is yet out of date. But in the midst of this panegyric of "degree" we find words which vindicate freedom :—

"Right and wrong,  
Between whose endless jar justice resides,"

And in truth the passage is not a pleading on behalf of any kind of arbitrary power, but a pleading against the vice of faction and in favor of that justice which comes only through freedom at one with order. In the Shakesperean drama life is rich, and various, and fruitful because man's thought and passion have an open career within the bounds of justice. In this free conflict and clash of life it is that man grows prudent, just, orderly, and strong. Had Shakespeare been the courtier-dramatist of a great monarchy, it could

not have been so; but writing, as he did, for the motley assembly of a London theatre, at a time when England was overflowing with new ardor, energy, and enterprise, he mirrors in his pages the multitudinous life of a free people.

The lines which have been quoted from that strange and perplexing play *Troilus and Cressida*, are spoken by Ulysses, who is profoundly skilled in worldly wisdom, and a master of the arts of statecraft. There is more, perhaps, of cynicism in *Troilus and Cressida* than can be found elsewhere in Shakespeare, and a higher than worldly wisdom would have been out of keeping with the general tone of the piece. Troilus, when his fresh young love receives its death-wound as he sees Cressida doing dishonor to faith and womanhood in the camp of the Greeks, needs to have at hand the aid of a cool temper and experienced brain, and these he finds in Ulysses. What a master of policy he is! How easily he can turn around his finger Agamemnon or the duller Achilles! How quick he is to discern the true character of Cressida, and to bring forward to view the noble nature, still immature, of Troilus! A skilful and practised player in the game of life, Shakespeare recognizes the value of such worldly wisdom, and would have us rate it at its true price. No doubt the wild fellow who left Stratford to earn his bread among the London actors, and who came back wealthy, dignified, and respected, had gained a sufficiency of this worldly wisdom, and knew how to put it to good account. But Shakespeare could conceive a higher wisdom of life than that which he exhibits in the Grecian soldier and statesman, and this higher wisdom he has embodied in the person of his enchanter Prospero. Here is something larger, loftier, serener than mere astute policy can ever be. For, indeed, Prospero, "all dedicated to closeness and the bet-tering of his mind," is somewhat unskilled in statecraft, with its winding ways; else he had not lost his dukedom in days gone by. Nor is it diplomacy which he could learn on the enchanted island. But he has acquired power over nature, extending from the genius of this brute earth, Caliban, to the elemental spirit of air, who can transform



the fine texture of his being to fire, as when he flames upon the mast-head, or to a creature of ocean, as when he lures Ferdinand onward with songs of sea-things rich and strange. And thus with his subject spirits at command, Prospero can play the part of a providence over the fortunes of those who had wronged him and dismissed him from his dukedom. From his height of serene and solemn wisdom he regards life tenderly, yet not without a certain sternness, for he knows both the evil and the good; and his intent is by his wise providence to bring good out of the evil. He stands aloof from life, but through his sympathies profoundly and pathetically interested in it; interested now more for others than himself, seeing how transitory and yet how keen are their griefs and joys.

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

What a contrast is Prospero to that other famous magician of the Elizabethan drama, Marlowe's Faustus! The German doctor will surrender his soul to "great Lucifer" if the fiend will but let him live for four-and-twenty years in all voluptuousness, as emperor of the world, having Mephistophelis by his side—

"To give me whatsoever I shall ask,  
To tell me whatsoever I demand,  
To slay mine enemies and aid my friends,  
And always be obedient to my will."

It would almost seem as if Shakespeare, at the close of his wonderful career as a poet, had looked back to his early days, when he was in discipleship to Marlowe, and would now show of what kind an enchanter may be who has attended to the voice of his good angel instead of the seduction of his attendant devil. In the end Prospero elects to be no wonder-working magician, but a mere man; and therefore he will break his magic staff, sink his book deeper than ever plummet sounded, and dismiss his beloved Ariel to the elements for which he pants. Prospero will disengage him from his enchanter's robes, and present himself with hat and rapier as he was sometime Milan. What more

indeed can he gain from spell or conjuration, who has learned the highest secrets of human existence? For now his care is set on two things, and in these he finds the highest joy of which the soul of man is capable: he would perfect and preserve from spot or blemish the joy of young and innocent hearts—Ferdinand and Miranda shall love each other with all the ardent purity of stainless spirits, and find their happiness in such love. This first; and secondly, Prospero would extend the bounty of his forgiveness to the repentant wrongdoers, who had so pitilessly dealt with him when he was in their power. To be the creator and fashioner of joy for those who are worthy of it, and to return good for evil—these are the last attainments of that noble magic practised by Shakespeare's enchanter; these are the ripened fruits of all Shakespeare's wisdom of life. For his own part, Prospero will return to his dukedom, and guide it with a firm hand aright; he will omit no princely duty, while yet he must needs bear in mind that this mortal life is like the beautiful masque of spirits—a pageant, with a meaning in it indeed, but a pageant soon to fade, and leave not a rack behind. And so when he returns to Milan, every third thought shall be his grave; every third thought, but the other two are claimed by life and duty. In his conception of Prospero we touch at last the topmost reach of Shakespeare's moral and spiritual attainment. He sees life widely, calmly, with a temperate heart, with eyes purged and purified. And he sees perhaps not only the vision of life, but through it to deeper and larger things beyond. Shakespeare does not tell us what he saw when he looked beyond life with those calm, experienced eyes. It was not his province to report such things to us, as if he were God's spy. But assuredly he saw nothing which confused or clouded his soul; else he could not feel toward this our mortal life so purely, wisely, gently; else Prospero could not so tranquilly resign his supernatural sources of knowledge and his supernatural power, and piously accept the duties of mere manhood.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## THE CENTENARY OF BOLOGNA UNIVERSITY.

BY T. E. HOLLAND, A.M., OXON.

THE celebration of the eighth centenary of the University of Bologna will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to take part in it. As a spectacle, it will remain an ineffaceable vision of gorgeous coloring, stately architecture, representative notabilities and youthful enthusiasm. As a historical event, it stands apart even in an age of centenaries, as possessing a significance the fulness of which no single observer can possibly exhaust. The national character of the festival in honor of the mother of all Italian universities was emphasized by the presence of the King and Queen of re-united Italy; while its international importance was attested by the part taken in it by the ambassadors of Germany, Spain and Portugal, by congratulatory telegrams from the sovereigns of several other States, and by addresses and deputations from learned bodies in every quarter of the civilized globe.

It may be convenient to recall the claims of Bologna to such exceptional homage.

I. When a crowd of students has gathered round a body of eminent teachers, and the teachers have organized a system of co-opting qualified persons into their order by recognizing them as brother teachers, or "Doctors," a university may fairly be said to have made its appearance. This seems first to have occurred at Bologna, though the University of Paris, now no longer in existence, could boast of almost equal antiquity.\* Like other great institutions, the University of Bologna grew rather than was made. No papal bull or imperial edict called her into being, and the epoch of her recognized maturity is preceded by many isolated indications of activity, among which it is difficult to single out any one as marking beyond question the commencement of her history. The year 1088 has therefore been chosen somewhat arbitrarily

for this purpose, but there is little doubt that before the end of the century then drawing to its close students had been attracted to the town by the law lectures of Pepo, and Irnerius had already begun his interpretation of the Pandects.\* Thereupon followed the long succession of the teachers of the Civil Law, and the gradual organization of their scholars into the two "Universities" (or corporations) of the "Cismontani" and "Transmontani," of whose large autonomy in the election of their Rectors some traces still remain in the constitution of the universities of Scotland. The English universities were moulded rather on the rival type of Paris, in which the predominant corporations were those of the Professors. These student-universities, in which, by the by, students who were citizens of Bologna had no part, were subdivided into many "Nations," such as the "Theotonic," "Burgundiones," "Ungari," and "Anglici," in one or other of which the stranger found himself at once among compatriots. The Professors, or Doctors, became a sort of guild, retaining in their own hands the right of admitting new members into their society, by granting to them the teaching license, which is the real meaning of a university degree. Graduation, here as elsewhere, had three stages. A student was first promoted to the position of "bachelor;" next, after due examination, he received a license to enter on the teaching of his subject; and lastly, after giving a specimen lecture (called his "inception" or "commencement") in full convocation, the "licentiate" was solemnly created a "Doctor," by a representation of the Doctors under whom he had studied. The ceremonial

\* These two, with Oxford and Salamanca, were recognized by the Popes as the "quatuor orbis generalia studia."

\* The claim to a much older origin, supported by a spurious charter of Theodosius the Second, has long been relegated to the limbo whither it has been too tardily followed by the myths which connect the foundation of the University of Oxford with King Alfred. There has been however of late years a reaction in favor of the historical character of the derivation of the law schools of Bologna from those previously existing at Ravenna.

consisted in the bestowal of a hat, a ring, a book and a kiss, with induction into the professorial chair.

II. It was from Bologna that Europe received the priceless gift of the Civil Law. Of the potent influence for good exercised by this great system; of its use as an instrument of education; of its indirect effects upon the development of the law of France, England, Italy, and Spain; of its marvellous adoption as the common law of Germany; of the triumph of its principles, and even its nomenclature, in the great modern codes, this is not the place to speak. Suffice it to say that these results were obtained by a study of the Roman law, not in its original sources, but as interpreted by the schools of Bologna ("quidquid non agnoscit glossa non agnoscit curia"). Irnerius, or Werner, at the end of the eleventh century, created single-handed the school of the "Glossators" ("studuit per se, sicut potuit"), in which he was followed by the "four doctors"—Bulgarus, Martin, Hugo, and Jacobus, and by Azo and the Accursii.\* The "Glossators" of Bologna were succeeded there in the thirteenth century by the "Commentators," and these in turn by the "Humanists," such as Alciatus, who united to the learning and acuteness of the older schools the scholarship of the Renaissance. To the labors of these men is due the renewed life of the law of Rome; nor must it be forgotten that the canonists of Bologna were nearly as famous as her civilians. The "Decretum Gratiani" was the work of a Bolognese monk, and the subsequent collections of canons are respectively dedicated by Popes Gregory the Ninth, Boniface the Eighth, and Clement the Fifth to their "beloved sons, the doctors and scholars residing at Bologna."

III. To the law schools of Bologna were added in 1316 a Faculty of Medicine and Philosophy, and in 1362 a Faculty of Theology. In these studies also the University won for itself an honorable name, and is especially proud of its contributions to the knowledge of anatomy and to several branches of physical science. A peculiar distinc-

tion of Bologna has been the part taken in its teaching by learned ladies, such as were Properzia di Rossi, Laura Bassi, Clotilda Tambroni, and Gaetana Agnese. Novella, the beautiful daughter of Johannes Andrea, Professor of canon law, sometimes acted as her father's deputy, but we are told that, when lecturing,

"She had a curtain drawn before her,  
Lest, if her charms were seen, the students  
Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,  
And quite forget their jurisprudence."

It was to celebrate such achievements as these, continued through eight centuries, that the recent festival was organized. The preparations for it began two years ago, when the King consented to assume the title of "Protector" of the University, and a strong national committee was formed for working out the details of the centenary. Letters were sent out in December last to all the Universities of the world, inviting them to send delegates to share in the rejoicings, so that "indictæ feriæ sæculares maxima doctorum frequentia et lectissimorum ingeniorum splendore non modo Italiæ sed etiam ceterarum gentium celebrarentur." Some months later the students followed suit, in a circular letter to their comrades throughout the world.

Bologna may not strike the passing tourist, especially if his passage through it happens to occur in the Long Vacation, as possessing the characteristics of a university town. There is picturesqueness enough in the narrow streets, in the miles of continuous arcades offering a shelter which is here indispensable alike from summer glare and winter snowstorm, in the piazzas and fountains, in the massive and sombre residence of the old papal legates, in the rugged front of the great church of San Petronio, in the long lines of Renaissance palaces. But one may see and enjoy all this and miss the traces of a university. These are of three periods.

The earliest are the tombs of the Glossators. As Verona and some other cities take a character from the lofty monuments built for themselves by the tyrants who ruled over them, so here the last resting-places of the great expounders of the Civil Law must once have met the eye at every turn. Two

\* Of this school were Placentinus, who carried the Roman law to Montpellier, and Vacarius, by whom it was first taught at Oxford.

of these are still standing in the Piazza Galileo. They are perhaps twenty feet high. Rising from a massive stone base, a multitude of marble columns support the sarcophagus of the learned man, who is represented on its exterior in the act of lecturing to a class which, as in modern times, is busily engaged in taking notes. Other such monuments are to be found in various churches, *e.g.* in those of San Francesco and San Domenico; several are built into the arcade of the Piazza Malpighi, but the best preserved specimens are now collected in two rooms of the Museo Civico. In almost every case the figure of the professor is obviously a careful portrait, and the attitudes of his class are admirably various and life-like. Among the monuments, on all of which laurel wreaths were placed during the festivities by the pious care of the Municipality, are those of Othofredus, the Accursii, Lignanus, Tartagnus, and many another well known to students of civilian lore. In the days of those great men degrees were conferred in the cathedral church of St. Peter, now restored beyond recognition. Lectures were at first given in private houses, later in large halls set apart for the purpose. Of the colleges founded at different times for the residence of students, one only is still devoted to its original purpose.\*

A new departure was made in the equipment of the University, when in 1562 Pope Pius the Fourth employed the architect Terribilia to build for its reception a fine Renaissance Palazzo, consisting of spacious lecture-rooms approached from open galleries running round a central court-yard. The walls and ceilings of these galleries are entirely covered with tablets, busts, and painted coats of arms, in commemoration of many generations of professors and students. This building is still known as the "Archiginnasio," though now applied to other uses.

Early in the present century the University, with its library and collections, was removed to new quarters in the Via Zamboni. The ground plan of the present building, formerly the Palazzo Cel-

lesi, designed by Pellegrino Tibaldi, is somewhat similar to that of the Archiginnasio, and its halls and corridors are already decorated by many memorial busts and tablets. The modern University possesses four Faculties (Letters, Science, Law and Medicine), with about one hundred and forty professors and lecturers, and fourteen hundred students.

Such were the outward surroundings in which took place the proceedings at which I had the honor of being one of the representatives of the University of Oxford. The festivities were in fact two-fold. Concurrently with the doings of the reverend signors of the University and their foreign colleagues, there were also always in progress a succession of revels among the undergraduates, who had a reception-committee of their own, and were giving right hospitable entertainment to deputations of students not only from all the Italian universities but also from seats of learning as far apart as Athens and her modern Scottish compeer. Had it been possible to live two lives at once, or even by exertions prohibited by a thermometer at 85° in the shade to approximate to such a mode of existence, it would have been interesting to have made a careful comparative study of the undergraduates of all nations, but things being as they are, I was compelled to restrict my personal observations mainly to the professorial side of the picture. I am especially sorry to have missed the scene at the railway-station on Saturday, June 9th, when the Bolognese students, with such of their foreign friends as had already come, were assembled to welcome fresh arrivals. The train brought not only a deputation from Paris, but also deputations from Turin, with a huge cask of wine, from Pavia, with an enormous cheese, and from Padua, with a magnificently caparisoned white ox. These presents bore Latin inscriptions, suasive of eating and drinking, and were most warmly received. A joyous procession was formed, in which the cask, with students dressed as Bacchus, a Satyr and a Bacchante; the cheese with a student dressed as Ceres, and the milk-white ox with its attendants, occupied prominent places. The carriages

\* On the Spanish College at Bologna, see "Macmillan's Magazine" for March, 1888.



containing the French and German deputations were unhorsed, and drawn by the willing hands of the Bolognese students to the hotel which was the head-quarters of the revelry. On Sunday the stranger students, among whom Oxford, alas, was not represented, were formally welcomed by their brethren at the university building, and were later harangued by Signor Panzacchi in the Teatro Brunetti.

In the meantime the professorial delegates were invading, the city in such force that many, who neither were quartered on private hospitality nor had taken the precaution of securing rooms at the hotels, endured no little hardship. Hence some explosions of ill-humor and complaints of mismanagement which found an echo in the English newspapers, but for which my own experience affords no support. Engagements in England prevented me from arriving before 2.40 A.M. on Monday the 11th, but even at that inconvenient time I was welcomed at the station by members of the reception-committee, and received my billet for the Palazzo of the Marchese M., where for several days I was in enjoyment of a vast, cool, and, what is not easily found in Bologna, absolutely quiet bedroom. On my declining to knock up my entertainer at such an hour, my new friends insisted on seeing me safely installed for what remained of the night in the Hôtel Brun, where I had prudently engaged a room a fortnight beforehand. This turned out to be the rendezvous of the British and American delegates. Of my colleagues in the representation of Oxford, Mr. Spencer Stanhope and Mr. Warren-Vernon (who, being members of Christ Church, were described in the official list as *della Chiesa Cristiana*, and were supposed accordingly to be Anglican clergymen) were already established there: Mr. Addington Symonds was prevented from coming. The representatives of other British Universities actually present at Bologna, were—for Cambridge, Professors Jebb and Middleton; for Durham, Mr. Hastings Rashdall; for London (and the Royal Society), Dr. Pole; for Victoria (Manchester), Professor Munro; for Glasgow, Professors Ramsay, Jebb, and Fergusson; for St. Andrew's, Principal

Donaldson and Professor Knight; for Edinburgh, Rector Sir W. Muir and Professor Sir H. Oakley; for Dublin, Professor Haughton; for the Royal University of Ireland, President Moffett and Professors Johnston, Owen and Moffatt; for Bombay, Vice-Chancellor Sir Raymond West; for Sydney, Mr. Justice Fawcett.

The events of Monday were, at nine o'clock, the arrival of the King and Queen with the Prince of Naples; at ten, the reception of the delegates of foreign universities by the Rector (Professor Capellini) and the syndic of the city (Commendatore Tacconi); at five, the unveiling by the King of a bronze equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel in the great piazza, in the presence of the foreign delegates, the syndics of many Italian cities, the deputations of students with their banners, and a crowd of perhaps twenty thousand people; at half-past eight, a "fiaccolata," or procession of troops and citizens with thousands of little colored lamps in lieu of torches; at half-past nine, an illumination. At ten, the King and Queen received the foreign Professors in the old government palace. All present were charmed with the unaffected *bonhomie* of the King and with the grace and linguistic accomplishments of the beautiful Queen.

At an early hour on Tuesday, the great day of the festival, the professorial delegates began to fill the *cortile* of the University with a babel of strange tongues and kaleidoscopic effects of astounding official costumes, the delegates of each nation finding their way to the group of their compatriots which had gathered under their national flag. About nine o'clock, at a signal given according to ancient usage by blast of trumpet, there issued forth into the Via Zamboni, a truly remarkable procession, following one of guilds and students which had already started. First came the delegates of something like twenty Italian universities, preceded by bedels with silver maces. Then, in alphabetical order of countries, and in each country in alphabetical order of universities, marched the representatives of foreign learning. Last came the full teaching staff of the University of Bologna with their banner bearing

the proud device *Alma Mater Studiorum*. The procession was afterward declared to have surpassed anything ever witnessed at Bologna, not excepting the scenes at the coronation of the Emperor Charles the Fifth by Pope Clement the Seventh. The varied costumes of the representatives of about a hundred and ten universities, as remote from one another as Moscow and Buenos Ayres, Sydney and Harvard, Aberdeen and Granada, would furnish material for a curious chapter on the survivals and development of dress. The eye rested now on the huge scarlet cloth birettas of some German Doctors of Divinity, now on the massive gold chain of a Rector, now on the yellow silk and ermine of the Sorbonne, now on the sombre robe and bright scarlet cowl of Madrid, now on the quaint court-dress of Christiania, till one ceased at last to discriminate in the whirl of purple, violet, blue and crimson. The Doctors of the several Bolognese Faculties are distinguished by a sort of broad silk sash, passing over the shoulders, white for Letters, green for Science, blue for Law, and red for Medicine. An undergraduate's cap is of one or other of these four colors according to the study in which he is engaged.

The procession slowly wound its way for perhaps three-quarters of a mile, through gayly decorated streets and applauding crowds, by the Via Rizzoli to the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, where the royal party saluted its progress from a balcony of the Palazzo Municipale, then by the Via d'Azeglio to the Via Farini, and so, under a shower of oak sprigs thrown by ladies in the Palazzo Pizzardi, between the serried ranks of students who lined the Via Pavaglioni, shouting "Viva la Francia!" "l'Allemagna!" and, with peculiar fervency, as we flattered ourselves, "Viva l'Inghilterra," while they pressed forward to grasp the hands of the foreigners. From this scene of wild enthusiasm we turned into the Archiginnasio, and filed into the places reserved for us on the right of the throne. The spectacle was an imposing one. Accommodation had been found in the *cortile*, which was protected by an awning from the dazzling sunlight, and in its surrounding galleries for about three thousand people.

The old historical monuments were varied but not concealed by the flags of all the nationalities present. The dark masses of the deputations of students were relieved by the banners of the Italian universities, by the gay dresses of the ladies, by professorial robes, and by military uniforms.

The arrival of the procession was followed at a short interval by the entry of the King and Queen, with the Prince of Naples, the Court dignitaries, the Minister of Public Instruction, and the ambassadors of Germany, Spain, and Portugal. After the performance by a full orchestra, vocal and instrumental, of a hymn written for the occasion by Signor Panzacchi, and set to music by Baron Franchetti, the speeches began. First a short and business-like statement by the Rector, Capellini. Then an adequately eloquent address of twenty minutes or so by the Minister of Public Instruction, Boselli, standing correct in official gold lace on the steps of the throne. Next appeared in the tribune Professor Carducci, to deliver a historical oration which, though it lasted an hour, was followed with unflagging attention, and constantly interrupted by enthusiastic applause. It was interesting to watch the Radical poet, at one moment turning to address some respectfully audacious sentiment to the King, at the next repressing with a wave of the hand the too long continued cheers evoked by some telling reference to the torn flags of the student-volunteers of 1849, or to the accomplishment of Italian unity by the conspiring efforts of Mazzini, Victor Emanuel, and Garibaldi: "Un repubblicano monarchico, un monarca rivoluzionario, un dittatore ubbediente." "When the law schools of Rome were destroyed," he told us, "the books of the law were removed to Ravenna, and thence to this city of Bologna. Who brought them? The wind of freedom, the breath of life, which was driving onward the renewed Italian race from the old seats and old traditions to new activity and more distant horizons." The orator was applauded to the echo, and warmly congratulated by the King, who afterward sent him the grand cross of the Crown of Italy. Then, in alphabetical order of countries, the delegates advanced in

groups to lay at the foot of the throne the addresses from their respective universities. A few congratulatory phrases, generally in Latin or Italian, were at the same time read on behalf of each nationality. The proceedings were brought to a conclusion about one p.m. with a Latin speech of thanks to the delegates, spoken by Professor Gandino as I have never heard Latin spoken before. Looking round him with quiet mastery of his apparently improvised chain of thought, he rolled out his mellifluous periods in what one forgot was a dead language. Applying to the foreign professors the phrase applied by ambassadors of Greece to the Roman Senate, he said: "Quos quidem viros vere principes et reges licet appellare, siquidem rerum domina est sapientia, ejusque domicilium stabile et præcipuum in Academiis est collocatum;" ending with a prayer that, especially in the interests of learning, "Bellum hoc immane et intolerandum quod pacis nomine jamdiu toti Europæ immanet, tandem depellatur."

At six p.m. a dinner was given in the Borsa to nearly four hundred delegates and local notabilities. The tables were arranged down each of the four sides of the enormous hall, so that only those who were in the immediate neighborhood of the chairman made any pretence of listening to the speeches, which were mercifully short. By nine o'clock we were all assisting at a gala performance, in the spacious and well-lit Teatro Comunale, of Wagner's opera of "Tristano e Isotta." In the meantime a thousand students were drinking toasts and exchanging fraternal embraces at a great dinner-party four miles out of town.

The event of Wednesday was the conferring of honorary degrees. It seems that to do this is not within the ordinary powers of Italian universities, the action of which is strictly controlled by the legislature. A royal decree had however been issued authorizing the several Faculties, for this occasion only, to grant degrees *ad honorem*, with strict injunctions to exercise the greatest care in selecting the recipients of the distinction. The ceremony took place at the Archiginnasio, which presented much the same appearance as on the preced-

ing day, in the presence of the King and Queen, the ambassadors, the delegates, and the deputations of students, Italian and foreign. The degrees were given by each of the four Faculties on its separate responsibility. The procedure was as follows: The Dean of the Faculty, in his distinctive costume,\* took his stand by the Rector and, after a short Latin prelude, read out the list of persons whom, by the authority confided to him, he created Doctors of the University, ending with the formula "creo, pronuntio, prædico." As the names were called, if the person named was present as a delegate, which happened in about one-third of the cases, he advanced to the foot of the throne, placed the forefinger of his right hand in a great gold ring held by the Dean, with whom he shook hands, as also with the Rector, receiving from the latter a handsome diploma, with an impression of the University seal attached in a silver box. He then bowed to the King and backed as best he could from the royal presence. The loudest applause perhaps followed upon the announcement of the names of Mommsen, of Gladstone, of Pasteur, and of the great chemist Hoffmann. Then stalked into the tribune the gaunt and impressive figure of the great criminal advocate Ceneri, Professor of Roman law, whose fiery eye and emphatic delivery gave full effect to every point in his speech. He had been commissioned by his brother professors to offer to their visitors "l'affettuoso e fratellevole saluto d'addio," an honor which he modestly ascribed "all' occupar quella cattedra di Diritto Romano che nei prischi tempi fu il grande titolo di gloria dello studio nostro." Then, after reading a sympathetic telegram from the statesman-jurist Mancini, he went on to describe most eloquently the debt of the present to the past, eulogizing, "The martyrs of free inquiry against the insane pretensions of despotism and theocracy," and ending with a wish for the future fraternity of nations, each secure within the boundaries traced for it by nature, and working together for the good of all.

\* Pellicioni for Letters, Ciaccio for Science, Regnoli for Law, Brugnoli for Medicine.

Thus ended the official festivities, but the students prolonged their revelry through the rest of the day and far into the night. I did not see the cavalcade of students on donkeys, which caused vast amusement in the streets through which it passed, between seven and eight, but went later to the "*festa umoristica*" at the "*Montagnola*," near the railway-station, and a very humorous, as well as very pretty affair it was. Theatres, concert-rooms, refreshment-bars, and picture-shows surrounded an open space, festooned with an incredible number of colored lamps, and crowded with visitors of all nationalities. The whole entertainment was provided and carried out by students, who sustained the parts and performed the duties of ballet-dancers, barmaids, *café* chantant singers and actresses, as well as those more appropriate to their sex.

It must be some time before the city will recover from its academical and quasi-academical dissipations; since, besides all the doings already mentioned, one heard every day of much else that was going on: trotting-matches, shooting-matches, the inauguration of a statue of Galvani, dinners to students of this or that nationality, testimonials for Professor Carducci, for the sculptor of the statue of Victor Emanuel, presentation to foreign students of gifts prepared for them by the ladies of Bologna, meetings of all kinds of societies, notably of a federation of students' democratic clubs, where there was some sounding talk, to the effect that the foreign professors had by their visit founded a new religion, that of a collective Messiah, whose Gospel is scientific discovery, and were likely at their next gathering to found new systems of law and morality. Nor must it be forgotten that, for those who had time to see it, there was an Exhibition, International in the department of musical instruments, National for the Fine Arts, and Provincial for Agriculture and Industry.

The Centenary was most successful. In all the essentials of a patriotic and scientific festival it was perfect. Especial mention should be made of the sumptuous editions of the oldest extant statutes of the University, recently discovered in the chapter library at Pres-

burg, and of the oldest rolls of "*Lettori*," copies of which were presented to every delegate. The delegates, for their part, brought with them not only congratulatory addresses under the seals of their respective universities, but also multitudes of what would be called in Germany "*Festschriften*"—works of permanent value prepared by a university or an individual in honor of the occasion. Of the many handsome presents of this kind, I happen to remember a volume from Zürich, on the fifth centenary of the Bologna doctorate of Provost Hemmeli; one from Macerata, on ecclesiastical law in Lombardy and *Predial Servitudes*; one from Pavia, on the early documents of that University; works by Professors Fitting, Ricci and Chiapelli on the origin of the schools of Bologna; and last, not least, a magnificent Pindaric Greek ode in praise of Bologna, by Professor Jebb of Glasgow. The addresses, often costly works of art, will be permanently exhibited in one of the rooms of the University.

English visitors could not help being struck by the absence of anything like a clerical element in the proceedings. It is of course well known that the Faculties of Theology have for some time been suppressed in the Italian universities, but it can hardly have been by accident that one so seldom caught sight of a priest, even in the streets. The ecclesiastical authorities had refused to allow the celebration to take place, in accordance with mediæval precedent, in the church of San Petronio. There can be no doubt that public opinion at Bologna is bitterly anti-papal. For the rest, the general feeling is unmistakably democratic, though loyal to the reigning House, not less for the sterling and attractive qualities of its members than as a symbol of the unity of Italy. The citizens take an intelligent pride in the beauties and in the antiquity of their city, and in the University which has so long been one of its chief ornaments. The students are perhaps more interested in social and political questions than is the case with English undergraduates. They carry their frolic further into the region of burlesque than is customary in this country. Their hospitality and kindness to their foreign friends were beyond praise; and they managed



to combine with the enthusiasm which befits their southern blood, a readiness, which might perhaps advantageously find imitation elsewhere, to subordinate for a

time their private amusement to the progress of a public function.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

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THE GATES OF HADES: HORN OR IVORY?

BY PERCY GREG.

*Credo quia impossibile*, never meant as a practical rule, is a significant paradox. Homely shrewdness, in our own and most other tongues, has packed into pithy proverbs the result of long experience and keen observation—that plausibility is a note of falsehood. Truth is stranger than fiction; because fiction, meant to be believed, dare not be strange. And if this be true of conscious fiction, it is still more true of that unconscious invention which develops a myth or legend from some kernel of fact. Popular memory and imagination naturally adapt themselves exactly to popular credence. Philistine common-sense at once rejected Bruce's raw beef steak; trained wisdom should have said, "Possibly true; probably a misconception, certainly not a lie." The prince who refused to believe that cold could make water solid, should have seen that the thing was far too incredible to have been imagined. Surely men trained in the methods, familiar with the results of Science, should have learned that in dealing with the undiscovered the improbable is to be expected. The last thing we can reasonably anticipate is that the laws and manners of new regions, the action of unknown forces, should coincide with our preconceptions.

There is one subject on which science and Philistine common-sense are in hearty accord; and both display the same bias, and reason in exactly the same manner. In rejecting altogether the so-called supernatural, from wraiths and *revenants* to rapping spirits and lifted tables, the judgment of science may perhaps be right; her reasons are surely wrong, for they are precisely the reasons of vulgar prejudice. "The ghosts act so strangely;" they do nothing that invention or imagination would ascribe to them; therefore they are invented or

imaginary! The fashion, the dress, the manners, the laws of the unseen world disappoint expectation and so-called probability: therefore they are evolved by fancy, in direct contradiction of all its predispositions. The one sound inference surely is: "Be they true or not, they were not invented."

The experience of ghost-seers in every age and country agrees in a series of particulars signally unlike everything we should have expected, offensive to the prejudices which, prior to his strange experience, the ghost-seer shared with his neighbors. One thing, then, may pretty confidently be concluded: be the experience what it may, it is subjectively real. The impression made on the seer's mind is truthfully related, and is not due to a predisposed imagination, whose anticipations it flagrantly contradicts.

The monstrosities of mythology, indeed, are gross enough; but they are easily explicable. Every wide-spread human belief was once not merely intelligible and plausible, but strongly if not securely founded. It grew up among those to whom it seemed the natural obvious explanation of notorious facts. It was accepted upon evidence; and commended itself not merely to the fancy of this or that childish tribe, but to the undeveloped common-sense of a large proportion of mankind. When it ceased to do so, though tradition might preserve it for a few generations or centuries, it inevitably perished. Thus the Aryan mythology has held its ground longest among those to whose historic forefathers it was intelligible; in whose original tongue it described the visible phenomena of Nature in transparent metaphor; to whom Dyauspitar was the personified Heaven, Indra or Agni the Sun, and his demon enemies the black thunder-clouds that obscured the light

of day, from whom he wrested the treasures of the rain to enrich the Earth. The creed perished quickly when it became, through the change of language, an inexplicable mystery or incoherent nonsense; when, its meaning lost, its lack of evidence and innate absurdity was forced upon the reason of thinking Greeks and Romans. The belief in an independent and immortal soul—I use the word immortal literally, as meaning that which is not destroyed by death, not necessarily imperishable—is the most wide-spread of all human beliefs, approaching very nearly to universality. Venturing to affirm that the world had no experience of an atheistic civilization, the case of China was thrown in my teeth. If the Chinese creed be really atheistic, their ancestor-worship bears the stronger witness to the deeply-rooted hold which the other of the two fundamental tenets of all religion has taken upon the most distant races and the remotest ages. If one-fourth of mankind own no God, their belief in an immortal soul is the more significant.

How, then, did that belief originate? It can hardly be the relic of a primeval revelation, for its hold was stronger in India, Greece, and Rome than among the Hebrew patriarchs and their descendants, who, *ex hypothesi*, preserved more than any other race of the primitive truth; the Hebrew Sheol is even more of a shadow than the Homeric Hades. That the existence of a ghost-land was a familiar idea, and that it was not a formal, recognized tenet of the early Jewish creed, seems equally certain. How then is it found in China and Peru, among Negroes and Red Indians, Aryans, and Turanians: a primary and fundamental doctrine with the builders of Egyptian pyramids and of Mexican temples, in the thirtieth century before and the nineteenth century after the Christian era? Only obvious, striking, and persistent facts, only direct and seemingly irresistible evidence, could have suggested the same explanation, the same conviction to men of race and ideas the most diverse, to ages equally alien in time and character.

Philistines and philosophers, believers and sceptics, agree to set aside what might seem the most obvious and the simplest of all explanations, that men

believe in that which men have seen. Millions who never saw an eclipse or occultation, an earthquake or a volcano, firmly believe therein on the evidence of those who have seen things so astounding and incredible as the gradual fading of the sun, the sudden vanishing of a star, from a clear sky; or that most monstrous and unnatural of natural facts, a violent convulsion of the solid immovable earth, tremors of the eternal hills, the unfixing of the very type of absolute fixity. But in the present case the usual course is, we are told, reversed; men see ghosts because men believe in spirits. Sight is not the cause of belief, but belief of sight. And yet, the apparitions admitted—and who denies that men have in all ages and countries seen ghosts, whether or not there were ghosts to see?—they explain the belief better than the belief explains them. People may believe in spirits and disbelieve in ghosts, may hold as firmly that the dead never return as that they still exist. This is, indeed, the present creed of orthodox common-sense. But if ghosts have been seen, no matter how seldom, the existence of spirits, the survival of the departed, at once becomes an article of faith. The ghost-seers believe what they saw, or think they saw; experience, subjective or substantive, accounts for their testimony, and their testimony for the belief of others.

Scepticism has offered one, and so far as I know, but one, explanation; and that explanation so wild and improbable that only the high authority of its inventors, the success with which the Evolutionary Theory has solved problems the most intricate and perplexing in regions of thought the most distinct and distant, could have won for it respect, consideration, or even tolerance. It is all due to dreams. Savages believe their dreams to be the real experiences of the freed and wandering spirit; and, meeting the dead in dreams, believe that the dead must still be living somewhere. But how came the dreamer thus to explain his dream? To account for dreams by spirit, and rest the existence of spirit on the evidence of dreams, is surely reasoning in a circle; a logical fallacy too obvious to escape the thinkers who built the Lake villages of Swit-

zerland, and shaped the Neolithic hatchets and arrow-heads? But set this first and fundamental objection aside, and the doctrine still remains incredible, if courtesy forbid us to call it ludicrous. Tribes credulous of dreams—not of special vivid significant dreams, but of every wild vagary of the slumbering brain—would surely, according to the first principles of social evolution, have been extirpated by the nearest neighbors capable of reasoning from obvious unmistakable facts, of profiting by daily and nightly experience. We are told that here and there among the lowest of mankind tribes are found who do believe in this insane doctrine, who gravely fancy that if A. dreams that B. has beaten him, B.'s spirit must consciously and wilfully, in the course of their nightly wanderings, have thrashed the ghost of A. with the ghost of a stick. But if B. were not sleeping at the time, it is plain, even to these dreamy idiots, that A.'s dream was a mere illusion.

As a rule, the illusiveness of ordinary dreams is palpable to the dullest savages. Panda dreams that his dead father Wanga and his living neighbor Mtesa went hunting with him last night. He knows that Mtesa was fifty miles away upon the war-path, was at the moment of his dream engaged in a night attack. Mtesa's spirit, therefore, was not at liberty for the ghostly hunt; and the latter was an illusion. Yet upon this illusion not only Panda, not only Panda's tribe, but every tribe of savage and civilized men, age after age, in Central Asia and South America, on the Equator and under the Arctic Circle, has based the same strong profound unreasoning, undoubting belief in a spirit not merely independent of the body, but capable of surviving its dissolution. Surely a wilder fantasy never bewildered the brain of Hottentot or Tasmanian; never did faith in luck, omen or fetich rest on a foundation more flimsy than this last pet crotchet of philosophy and science. Trained scientific thinkers, systematic philosophers, are apt to entertain a natural but somewhat extravagant contempt for the unconscious philosophy, the undisciplined common-sense of mankind at large. They ascribe to the average untaught man, disciplined after all by the experience of daily life, in-

heriting the insensible learning of countless generations, the facile credulity of infants, with a vigor and fertility of imagination which poets might envy. If the imagination of the waking dreamer were half so active, if the unimaginative were half so receptive, as scientific credulity assumes, and as scientific theory requires, how is it that imagination raises so few ghosts, that of thousands who believe, fear, and strive to propitiate them, scarcely one or two have seen them?

This is in itself a somewhat curious fact. Every people believes in spirits, nearly every people in their occasional appearance; none that such appearance is other than a rare exception. Yet were imagination so powerful, and credulity so avid of marvels, ghost stories should be among the commonest phenomena of life. As matter of fact, in the whole history of mankind, professional mediums and medicine-men apart, they are strangely uncommon. In the whole range of literature and tradition there are hardly five hundred on record. Granted the world of spirits, with its teeming population, granted their proximity, their interest in terrestrial affairs; how is it that they return so seldom? Superstitious races believe the spirits of their ancestors to hang constantly about them, prove the reality of this faith by the most anxious, troublesome, and elaborate rites; yet not once in a lifetime, not to one man in five thousand, probably, does the miracle-working imagination present the form or voice of a ghost.

This brings us, perhaps too slowly, to the very crux of the question, the traditional and persistent characteristics of the ghost, as reported by ghost-seers—and ridiculed by sceptics. Hades, be it a dreamland, or, as some mystics tell us, a world more substantial than our own, has its laws; and laws immemorial and unchangeable, it would seem, as are those of few terrestrial countries. While the face of Europe, social, moral, political, has been completely changed some half-dozen times; while even Asia has been conquered and re-conquered, devastated and re-peopled; while from the Euphrates to the Atlantic an Achæan or Trojan *revenant* would find nothing that existed

before Agamemnon, the ghosts of the nineteenth century are still the ghosts of Homer, *νεκτων αμενηνα καρνα*—shadowy counterfeit presentments of the dead.

Individual ghosts differ as men differ in the same age and country. There are minor differences in their powers and the circumstances of their apparition; but as a rule, and a rule admitting wondrous few exceptions, the conditions, the peculiarities, the limitations and restrictions under which they are allowed to communicate with mortals are strangely constant. And they are not more constant than strange, that is, unlike all that reason or fancy had preconceived, all that invention or imagination would have prescribed. The ghosts of Homer cannot speak till they have tasted blood. The special rite which rendered their thin aerial voices audible belongs, of course, to the poet's fancy or the superstitions of the age. The *difficulty of speech* is a common characteristic of ghosts, from Egypt to Dacotah, from Homer to Robert Owen (I distinguish, of course, utterly and absolutely between ghosts and table-spirits; volunteer apparitions and the agencies at control of or controlling our modern media). Again, the ghost appears—not always in poetry, but always, or nearly always, in genuine ghost stories—*clothed as in life*: the soldier in the uniform of his regiment, the man of fashion in court dress, the lady in the costume of her age and station. A military ghost perplexes its former comrades by wearing the uniform to which a late exchange, whereof they have not heard, had entitled it. Invention might have given wings, imagination shrouds, theory would probably have exhibited a bodiless spirit in the undress of Eden or Olympus. It is not invention, it is not tradition—what is it?—that for three thousand years, in every quarter of the world, has dressed them as they dressed in life. Thrice in three hundred cases we hear of grave-clothes worn or asked for, but always with a special significance, and oftener in dream than in vision. But the feature which vulgar superstition, with its natural love of horrors, has specially associated with ghosts is the one all but invariably absent in genuine

apparitions. This propriety of costume is a theme of easy and endless ridicule to the sceptic; but surely the last point on which reasonable scepticism would fix, the last to have been suggested by or to suggest *invention*, conscious or unconscious. Next to this, perhaps the most universal attribute of ghosts is their impotence, or the apparent uselessness of their visits. Once and again, in dream or vision, they have given serviceable information. Half-a-dozen have returned to tell a sceptical friend "There is another World;" the only correction of erroneous or heterodox divinity that has ever proceeded from a *revenant*; and this reserve surely neither invention nor imagination would have dictated. Neither Protestant nor Catholic bigotry has ever recalled a spirit to bid surviving friends return to the Church, or beware of Anti-Christ. Perhaps one in fifty has revealed or recalled some unknown or forgotten fact: indicated the hiding-place of a missing will or deed, or terrified a wrong-doer into repentance; redressed an injustice wrought by themselves or others, or secured the payment of a debt. Half as many seem to have haunted persistently the author of some injury, the memory or the consequences of which may well be supposed to have followed them beyond the grave. It is notable that, except in this last and rarest class of cases, the spirit seldom goes direct to its end. It never appears to lawyer or magistrate to denounce a murder; not often to the son, widow, or widower immediately interested. As a rule, it presents itself to some third party, who, often much against his will, is compelled to carry a message in which he has no direct concern. Instead of awakening the culprit, or the heir of its own ill-gotten wealth, at midnight, and frightening him into restitution, the ghost will meet and walk with an old acquaintance into his fields, or tease him by nightly visitations, till he does its bidding, more afraid at last of the unescapable visitor than of offending a powerful neighbor. This again is just the point on which ridicule seizes; just the feature more likely to be true that it is not *vraisemblable*. It is not what invention or imagination will suggest, but it accords



with one of the few inferences reasonably drawn from the history of apparitions—that some exceptional conditions of constitution, rapport or receptivity are necessary before the ghost can manifest its presence or the embodied spirit recognize and endure it. Reasoning and imagination would alike have endowed the freed spirit with new powers, would have assumed that it could address itself to whom it would, and with especial ease to its nearest and dearest, to those with whom in life it had the closest and deepest sympathy. No inventor, working without the guidance of tradition, would have brought a spirit back to earth and left it unable to manifest its presence to a living and mourning family; compelled it to send its message through indifferent or reluctant strangers. Yet on deeper reflection the thing is not quite so strange. If departed spirits ever return, their return is rare enough to prove the existence of restraints and limitations of a very stringent nature; laws which make such indulgence a very infrequent exception to an all but absolute rule. It would seem, then, consistent and probable that a power so limited should be subject to further limitations; to special conditions of time, place, and person. At any rate, the existence of such limitations has been inferred from instances, not suggested by human reason or human fancy. It belongs to the ghosts of all ages and all countries alike, as do the other peculiarities aforesaid. And if apparitions be the creation of disordered brains, it is, to say the least, somewhat curious that the diseased fancy should always work on the same lines; should always, or nearly always, evolve the images of the departed according to the same rules and under the same unexpected restraints.

One class of apparitions, the most common perhaps and the most easily authenticated, do give one piece of information: the ghost's appearance or its disappearance makes known the death. A majority of apparitions are coincident, or nearly so, with the moment of dissolution. A soldier killed in battle appears to his mistress with a wound in the breast or a bandaged head; a drowned son or brother passes

dripping and shivering through hall or chamber, lies on the bed or leans over the fire. A friend or relative expresses with his last breath a passionate wish to see the object of his especial affection; and, within the same hour, his appearance in the cabin of a ship a thousand miles from land, at a bedside in the Antipodes, or in the midst of a quiet domestic party, conveys quicker than the telegraph itself the tidings of his death. Scores of such cases are on record, in which neither coincidence nor superstition, imposture nor imagination supplies a rational explanation. On the other hand, in many instances, the apparition has been seen, the so-called spirit has appeared before its final separation from the body. A son sitting in a Parisian garden was startled by the sudden appearance of his father's form, and struck at it in terror, whereupon it vanished. At the same moment the father, dying in a German town, having just expressed a passionate longing to see his son once more, suddenly exclaimed, "My God, he is striking at me with his horsewhip!" and expired on the instant. Dying mothers are said to have appeared in the nursery where their hopes and fears were centred, and to have expressed to those about their distant death-bed their contentment that they had seen their children once more. Imposture and imagination are in many cases equally out of the question. The figure is seen by two or more persons at once, the object of the visit exclaims, "There is my brother!" or "my father!" springs up to greet him, and is only undeceived by the disappearance of the spectral form. Indeed, unless the impossibility of bodily presence is obvious, and recollected on the instant, the ghost is almost invariably mistaken for the living person; and only its disappearance undeceives the observer. In one well-known instance, five young men at once are said to have seen their lame tutor limping toward the boat appointed for their rendezvous, to have followed him, and only when the boatman declared that no one had crossed the plank, to have taken alarm, searched for him and found his dead body at the bottom of a hidden well. Here the ghost appeared some hours after death. Instances oc-

curring to well-known men and women, from the poet Simonides down to Lord Lyttleton, have been recorded with names and evidence admitting neither of reasonable denial nor natural explanation.

It may, perhaps, be doubtful whether apparitions at the moment of death be really better authenticated than others; but of course in the great majority of instances they carry with them a special authentication which an ordinary apparition cannot have. In other cases, only when the ghost reveals some fact capable of being put to the test can the theory of illusion or delusion be conclusively refuted.

There is just this connection between ghosts and dreams, that many of the most striking apparitions on record occurred in sleep. But unless the ghost give substantial proof of reality and identity, as by a prediction afterward fulfilled or a piece of important and circumstantial information, no notice is taken of the dream. When the dreamer is warned of a murder, guided to the discovery of a will, advised of an approaching death, it is hardly possible for him to accept the nocturnal vision as mere illusion or coincidence. And the appearance of ghosts in dreams is not the common thing it might be supposed. We dream frequently of the dead, but seldom remember their death. Only once has this happened to the writer; and then, asking "You are dead; how is it that I see you here?" he received the reply, "Because you are asleep;" probably suggested by the memory of a previous dream.

Spectral illusions are well-known phenomena; familiar attendants on particular forms of disease. But spectres and ghosts have nothing in common. The former, when visiting sane men, are generally known for what they are—mere phantoms of the brain. They do not necessarily or commonly assume a human form, and very seldom indeed the form of a person known to the patient. One well-known man was persistently haunted by skeletons, which, distressing at first, came to be simply curious objects of experiment and observation. An artist of high fame, exerting a powerful imagination to call up the images of his sitters for his own

convenience, was afterward habitually haunted thereby, and was often unable to distinguish between real and imaginary visits. It is curious, if it be quite true, that the spectres of a drunkard's fancy generally take the form of snakes; since probably not one drunkard in ten really knows what snakes are like, and very many can never have seen one. Occasionally, but seldom, sane men are haunted by some persistent vision, as of a dog, at first taken for a real animal; and this constant unchanging illusion is, I believe, generally a symptom of serious danger. For some years the writer himself was occasionally subject to severe headaches and to ocular illusions, mostly flitting quickly, as a kitten or puppy running under the chair, a log or animal lying in the path. But on one occasion, when an intense headache had been aggravated by a long walk and eager conversation, a block of yellow building, with windows, roof and chimneys perfectly distinct, presented itself on a hill some half-mile distant and persisted certainly for more than thirty seconds. Nor did change of position serve to dispel it. But the subjects of spectral illusion are seldom or never ghost-seers; and, on the other hand, ninety-nine apparitions proper in a hundred occur but once in a lifetime. The cases of haunted houses or persons form, of course, a distinct and exceptional class. But the local ghost or spectre is seldom seen twice or thrice by the same person, and appears as often to those who have never heard of it as to those who, familiar with the story, may be predisposed to shape some illusion of the waking or sleeping brain accordingly.

Did I ever see a ghost? Never; and only once came into personal contact with a ghost story or heard one from the seer. Four painters in succession attempted a young lady's portrait, at intervals of a few months or years. Three of the four died shortly afterward; the fourth, a lady amateur, narrowly recovered from a dangerous illness. A coincidence, and no more, of course; and it is curious that three of the four portraits were daubs so disgraceful that no acquaintance of the artist could believe them his work. Probably in each case hand and eye were already failing. One of the artists

in question undertook to paint the lady's infant brother and sister. He was ill at the time; and a maid-servant, passing behind him to steal a glance at the unfinished portraits, he spoke somewhat sharply to her. This was all the girl knew or had seen of him. A few days later, as her mistress followed her to the basement, she was startled by a scream, and found the girl fainting on the stairs. On opening the kitchen shutters she had seen the painter standing with his back to the hearth. She did not, or said she did not, know that he was ill; the family knew, but attached no importance to the fact. A few hours afterward they were informed of his death from consumption. As he had been watched through the last night and morning, in a bedroom some mile or two distant, his bodily presence in the kitchen was, of course, impossible. He had expressed just before death a strong wish to finish the picture in hand. The writer did not cross-examine the girl; but he heard the mistress, who found the servant fainting on the stairs, tell the story to the whole family before they heard of the death; she was very unlikely to have invented a fiction without motive or meaning at the moment. Nor could close inquiry detect any possible association or recollection which should have presented the painter to the girl's imagination with such terrible vividness at so strange a place and time.

We may be told that the belief in witchcraft in one form or another was almost as universal as the belief in spirits; and this statement is only an exaggeration of the truth. We might reply that if witchcraft had been a mere invention or illusion, without any basis of fact, it could never have assumed the proportions and attained the extensive credence which, at certain times and in certain states of public ignorance, belonged to it. Magic and witchcraft are both founded on the pretensions of professors, half impostors and half dupes, to whom popular fancy ascribes greater powers than they claim. But were there no kernel of fact, the pretensions of the wizards and the credence of the public would have been less obstinate and less widespread. The late Lord Lytton was a shrewd and curious, if a somewhat imaginative inquirer; and his

statement that "mesmerism perverted to evil may explain half the riddles of witchcraft" is not a very extravagant stretch of poetic license. The underlying facts of mesmerism doubtless supplied the basis on which imposture and fanaticism raised the gigantic cloud-castle of magic and wizardry. No one who has carefully studied the evidence doubts the power of human will in and over peculiar constitutions to control the imagination, the senses and even the nerves of others. It is an established fact that the breast of a mesmerized woman was amputated without her knowledge. It is a certain, if a less notorious and clearly-established, fact that a mesmerist can affect the sensations of his patient at a distance.

A curious experience of something dimly approaching witchcraft fell under the writer's own observation. E.—the vowels are feminine—entering B.'s family, laid claim to mesmeric powers, but said, "I would not for worlds meddle with B.; I could not affect him, and dare not try." A. complained that for a couple of hours after retiring each night she was harassed by a strong feeling that E. wished for and was trying to compel her presence, that she must go to her. She resisted with difficulty, but was effectually prevented from sleeping. B., without a word to either, determined at length to turn E.'s weapons against herself; directed all his force of will for half an hour to quell E.'s influence over A.—all being throughout in distant rooms. Going upstairs, he found A. asleep. "I have had a quiet comfortable evening at last," she said; and from that time the annoyance, real or imaginary, ceased. E. confessed afterward that she had endeavored to bring A. under her influence, and enforce her society at the hours in question, the only hours during which both were alone. E. was afterward convicted of imposture, or rather of malingering; but A. is a woman of exceptionally scrupulous veracity and practical sense. At a dark *séance*, where the medium, locked in a cupboard, was supposed to be entranced, B., whom she certainly could not see, endeavored, without word or gesture, to awaken her by force of will. Suddenly the so-called spirit-voice was

heard. "Mr. B., do you mesmerize people?" "No." "You could." Had the medium felt the influence? She could have recognized it in no other way, never having seen or heard of B. before. A witch more practised than E., or a medicine-man instructed in the practice of similar arts as developed by his predecessors for centuries, might well achieve enough in the way of physical and mental annoyance to account, not, of course, for the death of cows or infants, but for the general belief in his power to kill them. Assuredly such arts might frighten children or savages to death. And upon such a basis of fact delusions as gross and huge as those of Salem and Ashantee would quickly be developed.

As aforesaid, we must distinguish utterly between apparitions and the phenomena of so-called spiritualism. Of the latter the writer has seen enough to be satisfied that their contemptuous dismissal by men of science is, if not right, at least natural. Three in four of his own visits were dead failures; and a scientific sceptic, disgusted by three successive failures, inquires no further. The writer was encouraged to persevere by the evidence of friends whose truthfulness and shrewdness he could not doubt; and gives briefly the result of an experience now more than ten years old. He has seen "spirit-forms," and was satisfied that, under the rougher rule of our great-grandmothers, the magic virtue once ascribed to the birch-tree would have revealed the substantial presence of a naughty girl. He has received numerous messages through the alphabet, and only doubted whether conscious deception would have gone so far, would have attempted, for instance, to spell his name without a clew to it. He has heard "spirit-voices" in the dark, and was completely puzzled. Neither of the mediums present seemed to possess anything like the power of lungs demanded by the stronger of the two voices, to say nothing of the extraordinary ventriloquistic skill implied in their manipulation. But, finally, he has seen tables moved under conditions excluding mere muscular or mechanical power, and far transcending the ingenuity of any known juggler. After witnessing a long series

of the familiar phenomena he was bidden to name a test satisfactory to himself. The party were gathered round a little table which had danced marvellously well—musicians said, kept time to the music—in broad daylight, with all feet apparently on the floor and all hands unquestionably on its surface. A *very* substantial old lady sat on a sofa and never moved. Two or three feet from her, and at least six from the rest, was a heavy round mahogany table with a common movable table-cloth. The writer desired it to perform certain prescribed antics. The table complied. In broad daylight, no one touching it, none leaving their places, it moved across the room, came up to the writer, and tilted itself exactly as desired, to his no small astonishment. He requested it to move back, and it resumed its place accordingly. Instantly the inquirer got up, walked to it, examined it minutely under and over, ascertained that there was no concealed machinery, no hole in the carpet or floor, and assured himself by touch as well as eye, walking round and round in immediate contact with its edge, that no invisible wire of any kind was connected with it. The result of such personal experience is, briefly, that wooden tables can be moved without contact as—and even more easily and more under command than—iron tables might be by magnets of gigantic and indeed unlimited power. As regards the introduction of fruit, flowers, etc., through locked doors, it is easier to be sceptical than confident of the negative. Half a score of persons on one occasion received each the fruit they asked for. The writer demanded a Brazil nut, as the most unlikely thing he could think of, and it was at once placed in his hand. Other witnesses, numerous and trustworthy, attest far greater marvels. For example, *either* seven witnesses, four of them independent, concurred in a deliberate printed lie, *or* a very heavy woman was suddenly removed from the room where she was taking down household accounts from the dictation of a friend, and placed in *deshabille* on a table four miles away, round which four inquirers and two mediums were seated, and this through closed and locked doors. There is irresistible evidence for much imposture,



more exaggeration, and a residuum of phenomena implying either a jugglery which Maskelyne and Cooke would give thousands to rival, or some strange natural agencies surely worth investigation.

Science is repelled, folly is attracted by a title which science and folly alike seem to accept with scant warrant from reason. The name of Spiritualism is given to phenomena of which we only know that they are certainly physical. The forms are material, for they can be touched and handled as well as seen and heard; the forces are physical, for they control and move matter, and very solid matter. Spirits, embodied or other, may of course control those forces, as my mind controls the tongue which dictates and that of my amanuensis the pen which writes these words. It is not clear, however, that any other mind than that of the medium is concerned; and were this admitted, there is still less reason to invoke the agency of disembodied human spirits. Voices, raps and alphabets affirm their presence; but all three confessedly lie so grossly and generally that their concurrence has no tendency to prove their assertion. Granting an invisible intelligent agency, the results, the humor, the vagaries, the caprices of the agents are no more human or ghostly than diabolical. They suggest sprites not spirits; savor of *diablerie* not diabolism; are impish or gnomish in their impudence, their reckless open lying, their audacious guesses, their senseless tricks, thumps, jumps, noise and bluster. Tradition vouches as well, if not as forcibly, for goblins as for ghosts; and the elfish tricks of the table-turning, rapping, spelling invisibles remind one of Puck or Ariel, of Troll or Robin Goodfellow. If one medium be really lifted to the ceiling, another floated in and out through the open window twenty feet above the street, if silly questions really receive vocal or alphabetic answers, if tables beat time to Yankee-Doodle, or dance a polka without the aid of fleshly hands, why ascribe such clumsy magic, such ghostly child's play, to beings once rational like ourselves, whom death can hardly have deprived of instinctive self-respect and human dignity? All ever proved to the writer's senses or satisfaction is the operation of physical forces

acting or failing to act under very exceptional conditions, and under laws of which we are at present wholly ignorant.

Suppose it proved, after all, that the infinite variety of life, of conscious existence, is not confined to earth and water, that the scale, if it culminate, does not end in man—what of that? There are sounds ordinarily inaudible to human ears, invisible rays of light which can nevertheless be rendered visible. So there *might* be, in the vast region of our atmosphere, creatures whom under the common conditions of our and their daily existence we can neither see nor feel, but whom may, like the ultra-red and ultra-violet rays of the solar spectrum, be made otherwise perceptible to our senses. And if there were, what wonder and what matter? Is the thing *per se* incredible or impossible? Should it prove that some eyes can see a band within the violet of the rainbow, that some ears are sensitive to atmospheric beats too rapid for average human senses, would such exceptions be called preternatural or supernatural? Grant that the supernatural is the impossible; minds trained by scientific study should be above the folly of pronouncing things impossible because fools have called them supernatural. That there are bounds not only to the known but apparently to the knowable, spheres and modes of action beyond the cognizance of our senses, science is inclined not merely to admit but to insist. The phenomena of consciousness, the conscious mind itself, are inscrutable, incomprehensible, not only to the acutest physiologist but to physiological method. That between the nervous stimulus conveyed to the gray matter of the brain, and the mental impression coincident therewith in time and cause, there is an absolute, incomprehensible, immeasurable distinction as well as an unthinkable connection, is the last word of the latest scientific research. If there be something of which consciousness and thought are the attributes, as they must surely be attributes of something, and cannot, we are told, be physical functions of the gray matter of the brain—if, in a word, there be a soul, can the philosophers of to-day pronounce that the philosophy of old erred in holding the soul immortal? And if the soul

survive, if there be a spirit world in which thought and consciousness are what motion and sensation are to life in the flesh, is not that world a part of Nature? Must we not suppose it ruled by law as strictly and certainly as this; and can the *à priori* methods so discredited in their application to physical be trusted so implicitly in psychical inquiry? Are we so justly confident in our conjectures, so sure what, if that world exist, must be its laws, as to say that none of its inhabitants, however deeply interested in those from whom they have just been parted, in wives, husbands, children, whose need of them they cannot forget, can ever be permitted to return, or returning ever make their presence known? If their presence be recognized, impressed on the spirit, might we not expect by analogy that it should be represented to the senses? A mental or physical impression on the *sensorium* reflects itself, as we know, in a corresponding external sensation; a shock to the optic ganglia is reflected outward as a flash of light; a pressure on the upper course of a trunk nerve is felt as a tingling at its extremity; nay, felt in lost toes or amputated fingers. If a disembodied spirit could impress its presence on one still embodied, would not that impression, according to analogy, produce on the senses the effect of an outward image, be realized through the brain and nerves, as a bodily form presented to the eyes, and reflected on the retina? And if the rapping, table-dancing agencies should demonstrate their possession of intelligence—it must be intelligence of a very low order—is it absolutely incredible and impossible that there may exist conscious creatures, living forms of matter impalpable to our senses, neither much wiser than elephants, nor much cleverer than monkeys? Need science be angered, need orthodoxy be outraged, by the suggestion? That the

human mind, developed through such an infinite process of change and preparation, should exist but for a few years, and through those years be educated at such cost of pain and trial for no future use, is not a doctrine to which science, after its new and grand discovery of the conservation of energy, need cling with passionate obstinacy. That the vast region of the atmosphere, the infinitely vaster realms of ether constantly traversed by the rays of solar and stellar light, heat and chemical stimulation, are utterly void of conscious joyous life, may be true, but can hardly be called *à priori* certain or probable. That endless time and infinite space exist to no purpose—at least to no such purpose as that which has crammed every drop of water, every corner of earth, with teeming enjoying active being—hardly accords with the last discoveries of science, with the established analogies of nature. While the Earth was the centre of the Universe, while the stars were lamps lit for man's benefit, or, as Whewell suggested, sparks struck off from the anvil on which our Earth and Sun were forged, while all was made for man, disbelief in life invisible to, unrecognizable by man might be a natural and logical inference. But if it seem probable that every star is a sun with planets of its own, every planet the destined abode, in time past, present, or future, of life as rich and various as Earth's, it should surprise us less to learn that even within our own sphere the life cognizable to our senses is but a fraction of the whole, than to be assured that it is all. At any rate, the negative is not so obvious that we can safely base upon it a denial of all facts that look the other way, a contemptuous affirmation that there are no more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.—*National Review*.

## GLEANERS OF FAME: A SEPTEMBER SONNET.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

HEARKEN not, friend, for the resounding din  
 That did the Poet's verses once acclaim :  
 We are but gleaners in the field of fame,  
 Whence the main harvest hath been gathered in.  
 The sheaves of glory you are fain to win,  
 Long since were stored round many a household name,  
 The reapers of the Past, who timely came,  
 And brought to end what none can now begin.  
 Yet, in the stubbles of renown, 'tis right  
 To stoop and gather the remaining ears,  
 And carry homeward in the waning light  
 What hath been left us by our happier peers ;  
 So that, befall what may, we be not quite  
 Famished of honor in the far-off years.

—*Spectator.*

## ORTHODOX.

BY MADAME DOROTHEA GERARD, JOINT AUTHOR OF "REATA," "WATERS OF HERCULES," ETC.

## CHAPTER V.

WHEN I met Ortenegg the next day he looked as if he had slept badly, and he made no allusion whatever to the Marmorstein family. Watching him cautiously, I came to the conclusion that some sort of crisis had been reached and that some sort of battle was being fought out ; and I also perceived that Ortenegg wished to fight it out by himself. For some days his avoidance of my society was so marked that I began to tell myself, with a curious sort of pain, that I was shut out of his confidence forever. A week passed in this way, and then one evening, to my surprise, my comrade entered unannounced, just as he used to do in the early days of our friendship. He threw himself silently into a chair. He looked tired, but all traces of the excitement I had noticed lately had vanished.

"Zultowski," he began, after a minute's dead silence, "will you come with me to Berisch Marmorstein ? I am going there now."

"What are you going to do there ?" I asked, wheeling round in my chair, for this was not at all what I had expected.

"To speak to him about his daughter—to ask his consent."

"To her baptism ?" I asked, a little short of breath.

"Yes, to her baptism." He paused for an instant, fixing his eyes on my face. "She has promised to receive baptism before becoming my wife."

I had stood up when he began his sentence ; but as he finished it I sat down again, or rather my knees seemed to fold up under me, quite of their own accord and without any volition of mine, so that I came down on my chair again with more suddenness than grace. For a minute we stared across the room at each other, he very calm, I very vacant. I don't think that even in my wildest moments of apprehension—no, I really do not think—that I had ever expected this to happen. Presently I groped for my handkerchief and passed it across my forehead, which was quite damp.

"Ortenegg," I said, shakily, "I have never heard you make a joke before, either bad or good ; but, of course, this is one ; but—but I don't think it is at all a good one."

He smiled faintly, and, as I thought, rather wearily.

"You are right," he said, "I never

make jokes. I am on my way now to Berisch Marmorstein to ask for the hand of his daughter and I should like you to come with me; but, of course, if you object I can go by myself."

"The hand of his daughter!" I shrieked, starting up, convinced by his tone that this was no ghastly pleasantry. "You, the Count von Ortenegg, the only son of your father, the last of your line, propose to offer yourself as a husband to the daughter of a Jewish dealer in bones, the sister of a Jewish tailor? You, who have the world before you? Ortenegg, say that it is not true—say something! Don't look at me so! Don't smile—don't sigh! What does it mean? You are driving me out of my senses with terror!" and I rushed to him and tore away the hand which he had put across his eyes.

"It means that I cannot do otherwise," said Ortenegg, slowly. "It means that it is stronger than I am. Yes, all you say is true. I have the world before me, and I am going to do without the world; I have got a hundred ancestors at my back, and I am going to bring upon their race that which they would have feared more than extinction; I have got an old father, and I am going to break his heart! Do you think these are joyful thoughts? Do you think that it is so very much easier for me than for any other man to ruin himself even if only in the eyes of society? Do you think that if I had been able to tear that woman out of my heart I would not have done so? What do you suppose this last week has been to me? Look at my face."

And I looked as he told me, and stepped back, shocked by the revelation. I had not seen him so close for some days. It was not only that he had lost flesh more than I should have thought possible in so short a space, but there was a heavy shadow beneath his eyes and cruel lines ploughed about his mouth which but a few weeks back had been as unmarked as that of a boy.

"Have you convinced yourself," said Ortenegg, quietly, "and will you come with me now?" He got up as he spoke. Upon the wall straight opposite there hung a mirror, and as Ortenegg got to his feet I caught sight of our two figures

reflected side by side. I observed that the top of my head was not quite so high as his chin, and with the somewhat mortifying recognition of this fact there rushed over me all my old feeling of pride in this tall and handsome comrade whom I had destined to be a social success. What! this man, with the glance of a Crusader and the stature of a god, the husband of an obscure Hebrew girl! Not while I had wit enough remaining to shape the most forlorn hope of an objection and breath enough to put it into words.

"No!" I cried, flinging away from him, "I will not go with you. I will have nothing to do with it. Why did you ever come here? Anything would have been better than this. I wish, oh! I wish that you had become a priest!" And falling once more upon my chair, I buried my face in my arms, and, if I had known how to cry, I think I should have cried then.

"Perhaps it would have been better," said Ortenegg, rather sadly, "but I shall never be a priest now. I want you to understand me, Zultowski. I know that what I am going to do is rather a terrible thing, and I only do it because the other course, the course of giving up Salome, seems so much more terrible. I love this woman. I have gained her love, and I cannot do without her. I came to you for help and advice. You can help me a great deal, and also you can hinder me. You can put a lot of little sticks and stones in my path which I shall have to clear away. It lies with you either to make it easy or difficult for me, but, whether easy or difficult, you know quite well that I will do it." He stopped and waited, but I said nothing. "I am sorry you are not coming," said Ortenegg, having waited quite patiently while for several dreary minutes I sulked with my face on my sleeve. This patience was something quite new in him. It seemed to be the result of mental exhaustion, but, through it all, I felt that his will was set like a flint.

"Ortenegg," I broke silence at last, I don't know on what impulse, "you have cheated the world of a very fine spectacle by not being born a villain. If you did not happen to be a good



man, the devil himself would not have been your match." Then I rose and followed him dejectedly.

We walked in silence through the streets. I felt terribly helpless and also painfully humiliated at the thought of how little, after all, I had said, how little I had done and was doing for the rescue of my friend. At every step of the way between the barracks and the Marmorstein lodging I hoped against hope that something might happen to delay this horror that was to come to pass. But nothing happened; heavily though I lagged, we reached the house unmolested. Just as we got to the entrance it occurred to me to ask Ortenegg whether Salome knew that he was coming.

"No," he answered, "I did not know it myself. I decided suddenly. We had come to no definite plan, but of course this is the only thing to be done."

The Marmorstein family lived exclusively in the extreme heights and the extreme depths of this beehive of a house. The family life and the tailoring were carried on in the attics; the hides and bones were stored in the cellars or in spaces that best answered to the description of cellars. It was in one of these stony, low-vaulted store-houses that we found Berisch Marmorstein, busied in the midst of his extremely uninviting and unsavory wares.

It was a ghastly den of a place. In the failing light the cowhides hanging on the walls wet with ooze and the bones piled in heaps on the irregular floor might have been taken for the trophies in some murderer's cavern. Out of every corner there bulged dark, indefinite shapes; stiff claws caught at your sleeve as you passed; the empty sockets of dead eyes stared at you, and black things grinned at you with white teeth from out of every shadow. A dead cat and a whole litter of kittens, evidently freshly strangled, lay huddled together in one corner—probably the latest acquisition, for young cats' fur can be turned to many uses. A feeble shaft of light which fell on them from the high-set window seemed to bring back an uncanny touch of life; you listened to hear them purr, just as you watched to see the hides that dangled at your elbow

descend from the wall and put their feet to the ground. The air of the place struck chill upon one's breath; it was full of ghosts, even though only the ghosts of oxen and of dogs. Though Ortenegg might be as deeply in love with Salome as ever Paris was with Helen, or Paul with Virginia, it must have been a painful moment to him; indeed, I could see that he was suffering, but he bore himself remarkably well, and appeared supremely ignorant of the cowhides and of the dead cats. Berisch listened with evident surprise to the request for a private interview. I am bound to say that this old Hebrew, in his well-worn satin caftan, was a striking and even an imposing figure. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and still perfectly erect. In his youth he must have had great physical power; about his wrists and his throat, where the flesh was visibly shrunk, the muscles stood out tough and wiry under the skin. He had a wonderful, white beard, a massive forehead, and a pair of very vivid black eyes, which just now were watching my comrade with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion.

"The Herr Lieutenant has something to say?" he began, suggestively.

"Yes," said Ortenegg, "it is this." And he made his statement, very briefly, very clearly, perhaps just a trifle fiercely.

It was probably the most surprising moment in Berisch Marmorstein's life. He gave a sort of cry, and put up his hand to his head so suddenly that he unsettled his *jamaika*, the black skull-cap which the orthodox Hebrew always wears beneath his hat so as to avoid uncovering completely before a Christian.

"Salome?" he muttered; "my daughter? Make her your wife? Does the Pan Lieutenant know what he is saying?"

Ortenegg repeated his statement. The old Jew's black eyes fastened themselves more suspiciously on his face.

"Excuse me," he said, after a minute of stupefied silence, "the Pan Lieutenant looks disturbed—ill. Perhaps this is some mistake. A glass of wine in hot weather will sometimes—"

"I am not ill, and I am not drunk," broke in Ortenegg. "You have not answered me yet. I am waiting for your answer."

Berisch Marmorstein took hold of the edge of a packing-case which stood beside him, and which was filled with sorted goose and duck feathers, and leaned heavily against it. He did not seem able yet to give the answer required.

"If you have any doubts as to my being in a position to maintain a wife—" began Ortenegg, looking extremely haughty.

"I have no doubts," said the old Jew quickly, and an eager look came over his face, while his black eyes seemed to get even blacker and more vivid. "You are a rich man—a very rich man." He let go the edge of the packing-case and sighed regretfully, then turned quite calmly to Ortenegg. "It cannot be," he said; "you are not of one faith."

"We shall be of one faith," answered Ortenegg, "for your daughter has consented to adopt mine."

"Yours?" said Berisch, very rapidly; "why, you are a Christian!"

"Yes, and Salome will be a Christian before she becomes my wife. She has promised it to me."

"That is not true," said Berisch, and his face turned hideously and lividly pale.

"It is true; ask her. I have never said what is not true."

"A Christian!" cried Berisch, with sudden passion. "My daughter a Christian? She has promised? Do you know what you are saying? Is it because my hairs are white that you mock me? My daughter shall never be a Christian; before that day comes I will see her lying stiff in her shroud!"

His fury was so sudden as to be almost appalling; his black eyes gleamed, his white beard quivered, and his shrunken forefinger pointed shaking to the ground at his feet, as though Salome were already lying there in her shroud. But, in the midst of it, he recovered himself with a self-control which I could not help admiring.

"There is a mistake," he said, rather huskily, drawing himself up. "Yes, I will do as you say. I will ask her; I will send for her. You will see that you are mistaken."

He walked steadily to the door and said something in Hebrew to some person who was passing through the outer storehouse at that moment.

"*Keine Zeit, keine Zeit*," was the rapid answer, as this extremely hurried individual was heard to dart away through the outer door.

"Lämmle Blauweiss," Berisch called after him, but all that was heard was the bang of a door and the mumble dying away in the distance of "*Keine Zeit!*"

Some other passer-by was despatched for Salome, and then Berisch came back and waited, and we waited with him. In the silence I could hear that the old man was breathing fast, but he held himself erect and immovable. Despite the setting in which he stood, or perhaps because of it, his figure appeared to my somewhat excited imagination to have suddenly assumed a sort of fantastical majesty, as though he were the sorcerer who would need but to raise his hand in order to break the death-spell of those black shapes all around, and to give back flesh and blood to those gleaming white bones which littered the floor and crept up to his very feet. Certainly it is not given to many men to look majestic in the midst of cowhides and old bones.

No further word was spoken until a step came slowly toward the door, a hand was heard to fumble uncertainly at the latch, and Salome entered. I had never looked at her so critically as I did now, while she advanced up the long vault-like space, and while I believed I saw before me the future Countess of Ortenegg. Of one thing I felt instinctively convinced—she was independent of her surroundings. She could be lifted out of them, as it were. All the sordid littleness of her low-born life would drop from her like a cloak, without leaving even their memory to drag her down from the new sphere in which she was to be placed; without, so to speak, so much as a single hair of a single one of those murdered cats clinging to the new robes in which she was to be clothed. This conviction of mine must have resulted partly from the recognition that a character so feminine and so flexible as hers must possess an abnormal power of assimilation, partly from my perception of that peculiar luster, that touch of *race*, which so often distinguishes the Jewish maiden, and which, as I have indicated before, precludes, even in the lowest and most uneducated, all taint of

what we generally term vulgarity. If it had not been for this gloss of an undeveloped refinement, as impossible to describe as it is to deny, it would have remained unimaginable that Ortenegg, madman though he was, should propose to make this bone-dealer's daughter his wife. At sight of Ortenegg, Salome started violently. It was almost dark now, and the old Jew was no more than a black silhouette against the fading light, for he had placed himself with his back to the window so that it was quite impossible for me to divine his expression. But Salome seemed to divine it somehow; as she looked at her father her eyes dilated with a sort of wild terror, and her loosely clasped hands strained themselves painfully together.

"You have sent for me, Väterle," she said, just audibly. She seemed to me to be half-sick with some sudden fright.

"Yes, my daughter," said Berisch, in a very measured tone, as though he were still struggling with his passion, "I have sent for you. Look at that man. You know him?"

Salome turned her eyes very slowly toward Ortenegg.

"I know him," she whispered.

"Is it true that in order to become this man's wife you are willing to turn Christian?" His voice was neither loud nor threatening, but there was a certain concise and emphatic precision about it which possibly conveyed to Salome's ears more than it did to ours. She stood helplessly before him, clasping and unclasping her shaking hands. Her wide-open eyes were fixed full on his face, but she did not speak. Something seemed to have numbed her.

"Is it true?" asked Berisch again. "Did you ever say such words, or is it some mistake? Speak, Salome."

"Speak, Salome," said Ortenegg, too, coming a step toward her. She did not look at him, she looked at her father. What could there be so terrible in the old Jew's face? The girl had turned as colorless as wax up to the very roots of her hair.

"I—I—," she faltered, hoarsely; "I did not mean—," and she stopped and looked wildly around her.

"What did you not mean, Salome?" asked Ortenegg.

"Will the Herr Lieutenant graciously allow me to speak to her myself?" said Berisch, more quickly. "When she has answered my question the Herr Lieutenant will be free to put to her any questions he chooses." He turned to his daughter again.

"Speak immediately, Salome. Are you prepared to give up the faith of your people for this man, this Christian?"

There was about half a minute's silence so complete that we could hear the parchment-like crackle of one of the hides in the outer storehouse as some one brushed against it. Then Salome said something so indistinctly that neither Ortenegg nor I could hear it. Berisch bent forward for a moment toward her, then straightened himself and looked round at us.

"She says she is not prepared to do this," he announced.

Ortenegg started forward.

"Salome!" he cried, "you did not say that?" A convulsive disturbance passed over Salome's face, but it was gone in a moment.

"Repeat what you said louder, that the Herr Lieutenant may hear you," said Berisch, and he laid his hand very softly yet very suggestively, it struck me, upon his daughter's shoulder. "You said you were not prepared to abandon your faith; say it again."

"I am not prepared to abandon my faith," said Salome, this time without any hesitation, but in a perfectly dull and senseless voice.

"The Herr Lieutenant's supposition was therefore a mistake," said Berisch, his hand still on his daughter's shoulder.

"A mistake," she echoed in the same way.

Berisch removed his hand and turned with a certain smooth dignity to Ortenegg.

"The Herr Lieutenant has heard for himself. The proposition which the Herr Lieutenant has made of taking my daughter in marriage does me much honor, but I am forced to decline it. Does the Herr Lieutenant desire to ask any more questions?" And the Jewish bone-dealer, who had just refused a countess's coronet for his daughter, inclined himself very profoundly.

"No, I have no question to ask," said Ortenegg. "I did not think—I

mean, is this the way out? Good-evening. Zultowski, are you coming?"

In the outer cellar we stumbled straight upon Surchen. If her vicinity to the door had not made it evident that she had been at the keyhole, her first words would have cleared up all doubt.

"Why did you do it in that way?" she burst out in an angry whisper; "you should not have done it that way. You have spoiled it all. Don't you know Salome yet?"

She was trembling with excitement, and her pretty child's face was distorted with anger, contempt, and disappointment, all at once.

Ortenegg, without appearing to notice her, walked straight on.

"You should have done it quite differently," said Surchen, following us to the door. "Why did you not ask me? I would have told you how to do it. I would have told you how long ago, only that I never believed that you would be so—so stupid as to marry Salome."

It was obvious that Ortenegg's offer to her sister had surprised Surchen for once into being almost honest. She must have been suffering acutely. Salome married to a man with whole thousands of silver florins! What a *Geschäft* it would have been, to be sure, engendering what an infinite possibility of countless other *Geschäft*! To have been so near this ideal and to see it shattered, to a master-mind like Surchen's can have been little short of agony.

The moon was just rising as we got on to the *Platz*. Ortenegg struck out straight across it, and I followed. I had a vague idea that I had better keep beside him. He said nothing, but what I could see of his side-face in the moonlight was not reassuring. He held his head rather higher than usual and his nostrils twitched. His expression was more that of wounded pride than of wounded love. Later on he would suffer, no doubt, but at present he did not look so much heart-broken as haughtily amazed. He had always appeared to me to be singularly indifferent to his own personal and worldly advantages; but in all his mental struggles of the past week, when he was debating desperately as to whether he should or should not openly proclaim himself Salome's suitor, I do not suppose that it

ever once occurred to him that he might possibly proclaim himself so in vain. I am not sure that this possibility would have occurred even to me, supposing that I had had time to weigh things in my mind. As it is, I found myself hurried in so headlong a fashion into the matter that all I was conscious of now was an unspeakable feeling of relief at finding myself out of it again—on any terms. In one sense I could have kicked old Berisch, in another I could have blessed him; but I locked my secret exultation—which, after all, was the predominating sentiment—into my inner self and kept beside Ortenegg as mum as a mouse. A proud man fresh from a peculiarly galling humiliation is painful to look at and difficult to handle. We crossed the *Platz* in silence; we walked the length of a couple of straggly streets still in silence. Beyond the straggly streets there was a piece of open building-ground with some heaps of bricks about it and a path which cut across it to the high-road. Ortenegg followed this. As we emerged on the deserted road I made my first observation. I remarked that this was not the way to the barracks.

"I am not going to the barracks to-night," said Ortenegg; "you can go if you like."

I understood that this was a dismissal, but I ignored it.

"Ortenegg," I began, after another minute, "do you remember my telling you that I believed Salome had no moral backbone?"

"Oh, be still, in God's name!" said Ortenegg, and strode on as before. I saw that I had made a mistake; it was more than he could bear. In front of us the road was quite empty and quite white under the moonlight. The dust looked like powdered snow. Ortenegg suddenly turned his head over his shoulder.

"What is that?" he said, irritably. "Can one never be alone? There is some one following."

We both stopped and looked back. I too had heard a step, muffled by the thick dust but yet audible enough because of everything else being so quiet. But as we stopped it stopped also. We could see nothing moving on the road, only something seemed to rustle in the



black shadow of one of the wayside bushes.

"I don't see any one," I said, and Ortenegg walked on. After a very few paces he stood still again, and faced right round this time.

"There *is* some one following," he said— "Who is there?" and he stood still, waiting.

There was a pause, and then, from out of the shadow of a bush close at hand, a dark figure came a step forward, then threw a shuddering glance back at the road, then made another step. I knew that figure in an instant. She stood still a few paces from Ortenegg.

"I have come," she said, hoarsely, "for your pardon."

Ortenegg moved a little aside.

"You do not love me, Salome," he said, sorrowfully yet proudly.

All at once she flung out her arms and fell on her knees in the dust.

"Not that, not that!" she cried.

"Anything but that. I have deserved much, but you are strong. Be merciful as you are strong; be merciful and strike me if you will, only do not say that I love you not."

At her sudden movement Ortenegg started, then stood like a statue.

"And yet you denied me, Salome," he said, with his face averted.

The woman on the ground had broken into wild weeping.

"I am a coward," she sobbed, "and you are brave, and therefore it is that you cannot have pity on cowards. Oh, it is unhappy, it is unhappy to be a woman! Our brothers are right when they thank God in the synagogue for having let them be born men. I am a coward, but I love you. I have no strength, I cannot fight; but I love you. You are my god; the sun does not shine when you are not there; but I love you—I love you!"

She was dragging herself on her knees toward him, with her hands outstretched. Ortenegg bent slowly forward and raised the beautiful girl in his arms, and they stood there in silence right in the middle of the road, full in the white glare of the moonlight, which made the place as light as day. Salome's breath came in gasps. She was trembling visibly, while her face lay hidden on his breast.

The conviction came over me that I  
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was an absolutely superfluous personage, and, walking a few steps away, I prepared to admire the moonlit view. My face was turned toward the town, and I began to wonder whether I had not better slink quietly back in that direction. While I debated thus I noticed that the piece of open building-ground over which we had passed, and which had then been absolutely lifeless, was occupied now by several black figures which stood together in a group in the center of the space. Other black figures were coming toward them slowly from the direction of the town, threading their way carefully between the scattered brick-heaps. By their castans I could see that all these figures were Jews. I remembered that this was one of the earliest days of the month, and I knew, therefore, that this assembly was for the celebration of some fantastical ceremonies in honor of what they call "the Feast of the New Month." On these occasions an open space and a moonlight night are always selected. With a slight feeling of apprehension I looked back at Ortenegg and Salome. They stood in full view of the Jews on the building-ground, and another keener glance at the black shadows among the brick-heaps convinced me that the Jews were watching. Their faces were turned our way, and instead of ranging themselves in order and gabbling away at the moon, as I had so frequently seen them do, they stood together in knots and appeared to be consulting. I suddenly changed my mind about going back to the town without Ortenegg. I hesitated for a minute longer, and then decided to warn him. As I walked back toward him, Salome, still resting against his arm, but with her head raised, was speaking loud enough for me to hear.

"It was so sudden," she was saying, piteously; "you did not tell me that you would come. Of course you do not know, but I never dreamed that you would speak to Väterle. I thought you would do it differently."

"Differently?" answered Ortenegg. "How could I have done it differently? It never even occurred to me that any other plan was possible; and now when I go again to your father it will not be so sudden, you know."

She shivered and hid her eyes.

"Not to Väterle. You must never go to Väterle again. You do not know, oh! you do not know! If Väterle knew that I had followed you out to-night, I should never see your face again."

"Ortenegg," I said, touching him on the arm, "I think I had better tell you that there are people about."

Salome turned instantly and stared breathlessly along the road. As her eyes reached the building-ground and the group of black figures upon it, I saw them grow large with fear. She quickly freed herself from Ortenegg's arm, and, darting across the road, disappeared among the bushes. Ortenegg stood for a little space, threw a searching glance toward the black figures, and then started quickly to walk back to the town. As soon as it became apparent to the Jews that we were coming straight in their direction, the knots of excited talkers began to break up; there seemed to be a moment of uncertainty, and then they ranged themselves for prayer, and before we had reached the spot where the path branched on to the high-road their nasal voices were making night most peculiarly hideous.

When we were a few paces from the entrance to the path I said to Ortenegg:

"Are you particularly anxious to take the short-cut?"

"The short-cut?" he said, surprised; "why, what do you mean?"

"Only that we haven't even got a stick between us, and those Jews are watching us. There are about thirty of them, and they're not in a good temper."

Ortenegg looked keenly toward the praying Jews. They stood in a straggly circle right across the path, their faces turned to the moon and their arms stretched toward it. Their voices had risen to a nasal shriek. From time to time some individual gathered himself together and leaped in the air with all his strength. But all the time I knew that the corners of their eyes were upon us, and that they were aware of our every movement.

Ortenegg made no answer to my remark, but turned without hesitation into the path. I thought I saw a flutter among the votaries of the moon, their voices seemed to fall a little. I could

see sidelong threatening glances and evil scowls. I had to walk fast to keep up with Ortenegg. He never looked to see whether I was following or not, but went right through the middle of the group, which fell back, doubtfully, on each side of him. The nasal prayer had died away into muttering and then into silence. We had been clear of them for some twenty yards, when I heard a whizz in the air, and before I had time to turn a broken brick hit me sharply on the arm.

"That was meant for me," said Ortenegg, as with gleaming eyes he faced round toward the Jews. "They must be taught to aim at their mark." He made two steps forward, but the prayer-meeting had already dispersed, and the black figures were scuttling away with rat-like speed among the brick-heaps.

#### CHAPTER VI.

We were getting near to the time of our annual autumn manoeuvres, which were to take place not at Goratyn, but in the neighborhood of Marnopol, a large village which lay out on the plains in a convenient position for cavalry exercises. Thither we had received orders to march on the 10th of August and join our forces to those of the —th dragoons who already lay encamped at Marnopol, and who represented the other half of our brigade. Preparations for the march kept us all so busy that Ortenegg and I but rarely met, and when we did meet I observed that my friend had returned to his uncommunicative mood. Once only he said to me abruptly: "I can count on you, Zultowski, can I not? If there were a difficulty, a danger, you would stand by me?"

My heart misgave me, but what else could I say but that I would stand by him? And Ortenegg simply answered, "Thank you, I knew it," and, having wrung my hand to the point of torture, left me without further explanation. But the explanation was not long in following. It came on the very eve of our march. We were to start at daybreak; all the preparations were complete, and it was late in the afternoon before I found myself at liberty. Heaving a sigh of relief, I lit a cigarette and sallied forth across the barrack-yard with my

face toward the town, for I thought that a game of billiards and a cup of coffee would be a very pleasant change from counting boots and overhauling horse-blankets. I was in good spirits; I was glad we were to march to-morrow. Not that I felt any enthusiasm at the idyllic prospect of being quartered for a fortnight in a peasant's hut, but to have Ortenegg away from Goratyn just at this moment would relieve my mind very considerably. In the small postern-door I ran straight across the subject of my thoughts. "Ah!" he said, "I was looking for you." And, without any apology, he took me by the arm and led me back across the yard and then along the stone-flagged passage to my rooms.

There was nothing more said until the door closed behind us. At the moment when I ran against him my heart had begun to sink, and at every step across the yard it had sunk lower, until, at a rough calculation, it must have been somewhere about the heels of my boots. A dogged resignation settled down upon me. I half guessed what he was going to tell me. Sinking down into a very indifferently stuffed arm-chair, the most luxurious seat in my apartment, I tossed my cigarette out of the window and closed my eyes.

"Well, begin," I said, in a sepulchral tone.

Instead of beginning at once, Ortenegg walked back to the door, opened it again and looked carefully up and down the long passage. Then he closed it and took a look round the room.

"These old walls are thick," he remarked; "I suppose there is no danger of being overheard?"

"Ortenegg!" I said, in surprise, "this is not like you."

He shrugged his shoulders with a touch of impatience.

"No," he said, "it is not like me, and what I am going to tell you now is not like me either. It is not my way of doing things, but there is no help for it." Then he came close up to where I sat.

"Zultowski," he said, "you have not forgotten that you promised to stand by me if there was a difficulty or a danger? I have come to claim your promise now."

And then he unfolded to me his plans,

which were sufficiently startling. Salome had agreed to leave her father's house in secret, and to take refuge with the Franciscan nuns whose convent stood on the hill a good many miles from Goratyn, but only a few miles from Marnopol, and who were to instruct her in Christianity and keep her with them until the time of her baptism. This very evening had been chosen for the flight, and every detail had been settled. The girl, being now closely guarded by her father, was to make her escape in men's clothes, and a hired carriage would be in waiting for her near the Jewish burial-place outside the town. Ortenegg himself, on horseback, was to follow the carriage to the convent-gates for fear of pursuit. When he paused, I sat dumb for some minutes. There was a clearness and precision about the plan which crushed my last hopes.

"I don't quite see why you have come to me," I observed; "the rôles seem all distributed without my help; or do you wish me to ride on the other side of the carriage?"

"No; on the contrary, I wish you not to leave the barracks to-night on any account. They will very likely be attacked. The moment that Salome is missed I shall be suspected, and there will then be either a pursuit or, more likely, a rush at the barrack-gates. It was for this that I came to warn you. I want you to go round yourself after dark and try the gates with your own hand, and assure yourself with your own eyes that the sentries are awake. There is no one else whom I could warn without risking premature betrayal."

"And the nuns agree to all this?" I asked.

"Perfectly; they are only too glad to welcome a convert."

"And the law? Have you thought that the law might possibly interfere?"

"The law, if it interferes, will do so in my favor, since it is of her own free-will that Salome wishes to become a Christian."

I reflected for a moment. Yes, that was true enough; the law would take the convert daughter's part, not the Hebrew father's. There was no hope there either.

"I suppose you are right there," I said, with a sigh, "but have you thought

of the degree and disagreeables of the sensation this will make?"

"Yes, I have thought of it," he answered, frowning. "Understand, Zultowski, that this plan is none of my making; it is Salome who wishes it so. That child, her sister, is in the plot, and it is she who has managed almost everything." (He might have spared himself this explanation; the touch of Surchen's genius had been visible to me from the first unfolding of the plan.) "I would have gone to her father again, but the mere hint of my doing so seems to terrify Salome beyond expression. I don't know what she is afraid of, nor how they have managed to cow her among them. Her terror is not to be reasoned against. I have to choose between giving her up, leaving her to become again what she was before I knew her, or stealing her in the dark from her father's house."

He sat down on the top of my trunk which stood there ready for the start next morning.

"It is hateful," he said, resting his chin on his hand and staring at the floor, "but it has got to be done. I cannot let her go back into the dark again, just as the light is beginning to fill her eyes. All last night in my dreams I seemed to have hold of her hand and to be dragging her forward through a black passage toward the sunshine that shone beyond, and she struggled to come with me, but something invisible held her back. I fought all night with that invisible thing, and I dragged her nearer and nearer to the light, but I awoke before we reached it."

He sat up and pushed back the hair from his forehead.

"That dream has somehow depressed me, Zultowski; I hope all will go well to-night."

"I hope so," I said, dismally. "And after she is baptized you really mean, you still intend, to marry her?"

"Yes, undoubtedly."

I took a long look at my handsome comrade.

"Will your father ever forgive you?" He turned his head away.

"Ah, Zultowski, that is the hardest part of it all. My father will suffer much; he is terribly proud. Yet I will not despair of his pardon, though it may

come late. I have thrown myself on his mercy."

"Are the estates entailed?"

"Ortenegg itself is, but most of the estates came to us from side branches, and my father can leave them to whom he chooses."

"So that you risk losing them?"

"Yes," he said, shortly; "so that I risk losing them."

"There is another thing," I said, after a minute's hesitation. "Have you realized that you will have to resign your commission? As Salome's husband your position as an Austrian officer would be a pure impossibility."

He flushed painfully. "No," he said, "I had not realized that. I hope you are mistaken; but if it is as you say, I shall resign my commission."

"You are giving up a great deal!" I burst out.

"I am giving up a great deal. I know it," he answered with a certain violence. "We have spoken of this before."

"I suppose," I began, feebly, "that nothing I could say—"

"No, nothing you could say could make any difference, and I could not listen to it either, for time is beginning to press."

For many minutes after he had left me I sat half-stunned in my chair. It was not till the room began to get gloomy with evening shadows that I roused myself to visit the sentries and to examine the gates. When I regained my room I found one of my comrades, Lieutenant Brodinski, installed in my arm-chair and turning a cigarette between his fingers. He had dropped in for a chat and a smoke, he explained, being too much exhausted by the preparations for the march to attempt an expedition to town. For want of a decent pretext to turn him out, I resigned myself to his society, but the chat was a very one-sided affair. While he talked I stood at the window, straining my eyes toward the town, where lights were beginning to burn. It was eight o'clock, and eight was the hour which had been fixed for Salome's flight. It had been a stifling day, and sunset had brought no refreshment. Lieutenant Brodinski chattered on until the clock struck nine. A faint hope now stirred within me—perhaps the plan had failed.



"What keeps you at that window?" asked my comrade. "You don't seem to be listening. What are you looking out at? Is there any one coming?"

"No, there is no one coming, thank Heaven!" I said, turning from the window with a sigh of relief. I had scarcely said it, when I suddenly turned back again and leaned out, for exactly at that moment the first distant hint of a murmuring sound fell upon my ear. I could distinguish that a cloud, or rather a sort of wall of white dust, was advancing along the road. It could not be the wind, for there was not breath enough stirring to flutter a grass-blade. The murmur I heard came from that advancing wall.

"It looks almost as though it were alive," said Lieutenant Brodinski, who was now standing beside me. Slowly the murmur swelled to a roar, and out of the cloud of dust broke hundreds of frantic, black figures, running, leaping, jostling each other in their race for the barrack-gates. Then I knew that Ortenegg's plan had not failed, and that he was at that moment bearing Salome away from Goratyn.

"Are they drunk, or is it a religious ceremony, or a joke, or what?" asked Brodinski, staring in stupefaction at the advancing mob. "What are they going to do?"

"Burst in the gates if they can," I replied, "and smash their skulls against them if they can't; don't you see that we are going to be attacked?"

"Attacked? Nonsense, why they are Jews!"

"Yes, but they are desperate Jews. There!" for just then the first blows fell upon the gates.

There was no real danger, of course, either for the barracks, or for those inside the barracks, for the mob of Jews was unarmed; and yet those uncanny black figures, swarming like a sort of gigantic ants in the old moat round the castle, those glimpses of rolling eyes, of flashing teeth, and of claw-like hands, revealed by some stray shaft of light and disappearing again in the darkness, were an ugly sight to look down upon. The whole crowd seemed possessed by one identical paroxysm of fury; this sudden burst of rebellion turned their natural cowardice for the moment into

foolhardiness. They groaned and yelled and kicked the gates with their slippered feet, and threw themselves against the walls in senseless rage, mounting on each other's shoulders in order to clutch helplessly at the smooth granite surface which gave no point of support. Some of them tore their fur caps from their heads and hurled them at the windows, while high above all the din rang Salome's name—roared, yelled, and hissed at us in every tone that rage could strike. "Salome! Salome Marmorstein! Give her back! Open the gates and let her out!"

"Salome Marmorstein!" exclaimed Brodinski, looking at me; then with a sudden connection of thought, "Where is Ortenegg?" I was just going to inquire testily what on earth Ortenegg had to do with the matter, when the door was opened by Rittmeister Lebra, the captain in command of the barracks. "Is Ortenegg here?" he asked, in a great flurry. Evidently the connection of ideas was universal. "He is not in his rooms, and he is the only person who can explain. No one else knows anything; they have all lost their heads. Do you know where he is?"

It was evident that the captain also had lost his head; he was breathless and bewildered—the occurrence was too utterly unprecedented. No one had ever heard of barracks being attacked by Jews. Doors were being banged in all directions, men were rushing aimlessly along the passages, knocking against each other, and asking each other in bewildered voices what it was all about.

"He is not here," I answered; "but I can give you this much explanation. Those Jews believe Salome Marmorstein to be concealed in the barracks." The noise outside was so great that I had to shout at the captain in order to be heard above it.

"And are you sure she is not in the barracks?" the captain shouted back.

"Quite sure!"

"But how do you know?"

"I can't tell you how I know, but I give you my word of honor that neither Ortenegg nor the girl is in the barracks at this moment."

"But that only makes matters worse!" cried the perplexed captain,

who had only been in Galicia a short time, and to whom those frantic Jews outside probably appeared more formidable than they did to a native. "What ought I to do?"

"Send out a detachment to tell them in plain words that Salome Marmorstein is not in the barracks, and to order them to retire. Announce that in case of their refusal the squadron will make use of its arms."

"It would be most disagreeable to me if the matter were to end with bloodshed," said Captain Lebra.

"Make your mind quite easy," I replied. "I know the stuff we have to work on. There is no question of bloodshed. The lances don't need to strike, they only need to shine; that will amply suffice."

And it did suffice. It is true that the detachment failed in its mission, for both the announcement and the threat were received by yells of derision, but the inevitable end was near; all this tragic rage could not fail to come to an almost comically commonplace collapse. The alarm-signal had meanwhile been given, and the squadron was standing mounted in the yard. Once more the Jews were called upon to retire, but another yell was the response. Then the gates were flung back, and instantly a lull fell upon the storm. It is one thing to be threatened with "the application of arms," and it is quite another thing to be suddenly confronted by row upon row of lances that glitter uncannily in the semi-darkness; to hear the stamp and almost to feel the breath of impatient horses, and to know that the whole of this many-headed monster is waiting for one single word in order to dash forward. There is nothing so cooling as the glitter of cold steel when displayed at the right moment, and in the eyes of even an enraged Hebrew it has a peculiarly evil aspect. On this occasion it had the effect that a wet towel has on a drunken man. The foremost row of the besiegers first stood rooted, then recoiled, pressing upon those behind them, then turned their faces in a panic which instantly spread to the outermost circle. The intoxication of fury seemed to die away as though by magic. Ten minutes after the gates were opened, the whole attacking force was slinking

back along the road, exhausted and sobered.

This part of the plan, therefore, had come off exactly according to the programme. It was not till next day that I learned from Ortenegg that the second half of the plot had been carried out with equal smoothness, and that Salome was safely ensconced under the protection of the Franciscan nuns. In the whole history of elopements no elopement had ever been more successful than this. It had only one fault, namely, that it was just a trifle too successful. I soon began to perceive that the victory had been too easily gained for a man of Ortenegg's contradictory disposition thoroughly to enjoy it. If there had been a pursuit of the carriage which bore Salome away, and he had been driven to put himself, sword in hand, between her and her pursuers, or if the convent-gates had been stormed as had been the barrack-gates, then Ortenegg would have had no leisure for either doubts or scruples. But not only were the convent-gates not stormed, but the next few days made it apparent that that brief siege of the barracks had been the one rebellious flare-up, followed by a complete and almost suspiciously sudden surrender. True, we were not at Goratyn, but there was no necessity for being at Goratyn in order to judge of the spirit of the Goratyn Jews. This was quite sufficiently vouched for by the behavior of their co-religionists at Marnopol. No body of Russian Nihilists and no band of Italian Carbonari have ever possessed or ever will possess such a perfectly organized system of intercommunication as exists among the Orthodox Polish Jews. It is the inevitable result of their fanatical *esprit de corps*. The Jew never falls out of touch of the Jew; the grievance of one is the grievance of all. An insult or a danger threatening one member of the Orthodox body is enough to make them rise like one man—if rising, that is to say, be agreed to be the best proceeding. They are quite as ready to go down like one man—on their knees, be it understood—and to creep toward their object upon their hands and feet. Directed by some invisible guidance, obeying orders that are issued no one but a Jew knows by whom, and conveyed no

one but a Jew knows how, the most distant communities will act with an identity of impulse which might well awake the wonder of the most dangerous species of conspirators that ever held midnight meetings. It was therefore quite sufficient to watch the Hebrew barometer at Marnopol in order to know what the weather was like at Goratyn. What puzzled me most was that I could see no symptoms of thunder clouds brewing. That Ortenegg was an object of general attention among the Hebrew population was evident. When he rode through the streets at the head of his troop one Jew would nudge another and point him out, but there was nothing threatening in the glances which followed him. That ugly scowl which a month ago had met him at every turn was now changed into a sort of humbly sorrowful gaze. Every single Jew in Marnopol with whom he came in contact seemed anxious by his behavior to express that he had suffered at Ortenegg's hands a great personal wrong which had gone near to breaking his heart, but which he was a great deal too crushed to resent. The Jewish landlord of the inn where we took our meals inclined himself more profoundly before Ortenegg than before any of his other guests, but there never failed to be the fragment of a groan accompanying the "*Guten Tag*," with which he greeted him. The Jewish shop-lad who handed him his cigars across the counter sighed regularly as he did so, and lifted his eyes to his customer with a look as abjectly reproachful as though he would say, "What have you done, oh, what have you done to us poor creatures?" Altogether the Orthodox Jew comported himself at this juncture very like a dog that has been soundly beaten, and that, far too broken-spirited to bite, lies cringing before the master whose stick has made him smart.

"What they are aiming at," I often said to myself in these days, "is not quite clear to me; but it is evident that they have been given their cue and are acting up to it."

Meanwhile the lower the inclinations of the landlord became and the more abject the gaze of every pair of Hebrew eyes that turned his way, the more thor-

oughly uncomfortable did Ortenegg obviously feel. He found himself forced into a sort of publicity on which he had not counted; exalted into the position of an oppressor of the people by the people themselves, who indeed seemed bent on making a show of their oppression. Rachel mourning for the loss of her children seemed to be the keynote of the situation; and though the lamentations were pitched in the most submissive of undertones, yet the burden of the song could not fail to become somewhat irksome to the ears of him for whom it was intended. Added to all this there were the well-meant but irritating jokes of his comrades to be borne, for the affair had naturally caused a sensation, and was commented upon in different tones. Ortenegg was laughingly congratulated upon his successful *coup de main*; he was nicknamed the "Prince of the Arabian Nights," the "Champion of the Fair Unbaptized," etc., etc. Every word was sacrilege to him, and yet it was but another unavoidable consequence of his victory. He began to be ashamed of having conquered with such ease.

"If only it were possible to bring about some sort of a reconciliation, some sort of an understanding with her relations," he said to me one day at the end of our first week at Marnopol, "I should not feel then as if I had stolen her. I have always intended settling a yearly sum on Berisch from the day I married his daughter. I wonder how it would be if I began overtures on that basis?" A minute later he added abruptly, "And he has been ill, too, I hear."

"Old Berisch? Who told you so?" I asked.

"A Jew who brought me a horse for sale this morning. He was at Goratyn yesterday, and he says that Berisch Marmorstein has had a sort of stroke. He is an old man, you know, Zultowski; I don't want to feel that I am a murderer as well as a thief."

Next morning Ortenegg came to me with a piece of paper in his hand; it was a mere rag of paper, and on it was written in childish but very clear characters:

"Don't let her go.—SURCHEN."

"I found it on my table when we got back from exercising," said Ortenegg. "What can she mean?"

That same afternoon showed what she meant.

(To be concluded.)

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LITERARY NOTICES.

RECENT NOVELS.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER. By George Meredith. Author's Edition. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

ARISTOCRACY. A Novel. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

SINFIRE. By Julian Hawthorne. DOUGLAS DUANE. By Edgar Fawcett. (American Novel Series.) Two Novels in One Volume. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

MR. FORTESCUE. An Andean Romance. By William Westall. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

A RECOILING VENGEANCE. By Frank Barrett. Author of "The Great Hesper," "The Helpmate," etc. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

The publication of another novel by George Meredith, or rather its republication in America in a form which puts it within the reach of lovers of good literature, will be welcomed by the many who have begun to find in the author what many of his English admirers have long believed him—one of the greatest geniuses of the time. It is at first blush a little singular that a man so rarely endowed, so compact with imagination, wit, and insight, so searching in his knowledge of human nature, should have remained so long in a semi-obscurity. But those who read George Meredith may soon guess the reason. He is one who cares more to please himself than to tickle the conventional public. The vast majority of novel-readers care for little more than a book which helps them to pass the time agreeably, which carries the mind along on the current of an exciting narrative without mental effort—something in the shape of a "literary anodyne," to use Andrew Lang's late characterization of the true function of fiction. George Meredith will accomplish this for many intellectual people, but for the mass of readers we fear that his meat is too strong, the wine too fine and mellow to secure from them this sort of appreciation. It is true, however, that even novel-devourers of the common type learn to enjoy him after reading several of his studies of life, for such his works are, instead of being novels in the ordinary conventional sense. This is shown

in the fact that the author, who has for many years been pouring out books, is just beginning to have a considerable public in England which looks with eager delight for each fresh work of his genius.

Those who read merely for story in this author will be woefully disappointed. There is plenty of incident, humor, pathos, even tragedy of the highest kind in his novels, but this comes by the ordering of the same forces which produce events in real life. Incident is always the result of the collision and clash of character; of that fierce grinding of the social atoms which never ceases; of the war of passion, prejudice, interest; of the revolutionary forces which are tearing through the crust of society so relentlessly; or of that more subtle contest which the superb selfishness of life makes inevitable in love, ambition, the struggle for wealth, the desire of social *éclat*, or whatever may be the goal. It is very doubtful whether this writer ever knows where his characters are going to carry him when he is in the thick of his book. He is simply the register of their emotions, their aspirations, their virtues, their vices, and their deeds as they march in the procession of the story.

To the student of human nature this method of writing fiction is of the most fascinating order. It is like the study of life and character at first hand, when the interpreter is the possessor of a genius so rich and masterful as that of George Meredith. Perhaps there is even a finer enjoyment in the process; for the lucid vision of such a writer in many cases scales heights and sounds depths of revelations beyond the reach of many a reader. In the same sense the great landscape painter puts on his canvas something which transfigures the theme with "the light which never was on sea or land." He brings out the soul of the scene, which the naked eye of the spectator would have missed. This suggests the true function of genius, that of interpretation. Measured by this test, there is no greater fictionist in English literature than George Meredith.

In these novels there seems to be discernible a certain relative law of development in dealing with character. Whether it is a conscious



or unconscious principle of work it is difficult to decide—probably the latter. Only a few of the personages, these not invariably the most prominent, are turned inside out for us, or in other words, are analyzed through and through. The rest reveal their personalities by glimpses and flashes. They are mysteries of solid flesh and blood, who throb with vitality, but only open their hearts to us now and then. We are conscious of something in them we never quite grasp, of laws working in them the products of which in emergency can hardly be determined. This mist, however, never makes them less real or true; but it gives a superb and enchanting quality to his pictures of people and their doings, which irritates and stimulates, keeping the fancy on the alert without ceasing and lending a sharper edge to the mental appetite.

The novel now before us, "*Beauchamp's Career*," has the best qualities of Mr. Meredith's work, and perhaps is less marked by that occasional affectation of style which makes the author hard for a novice to read. The hero typifies a class of aristocratic young Englishmen, becoming more common, enthusiastic adventurers in the field of ethics and philanthropy; men who, bred in all the traditions of caste and exclusiveness, value their finer clay only as it tempers and hardens them for lives of sacrifice and good to their fellows. Beauchamp, bred as a naval officer, where he shows distinguished gallantry, comes home on leave; and all the latent ardors of his nature in sympathy with the downtrodden and lowly classes are called out by his acquaintance with a queer old apostle of the new creed of labor and social reformers. His sharp divergence at this point from all the traditions of blood and humor of the book. It need hardly be said that it opens an immense field for Meredith's remarkable genius for characterization and portraiture. Beauchamp's uncle, Hon. Everard Romfrey, who ultimately becomes an earl, a magnificent old Tory, the survival of the antique baronial type in all its strength and weakness; Dr. Shrapnel, the labor reformer; Captain Baskelett, the shallow and impudent soldier; Blackburn Tuckham, the hard-headed and sensible young Philistine, type of the successful man of the world; Renée, Cecilia Halkett, Jenny Denham, and a half score of other characters, all palpitate with genuine life. Mr. Meredith's genius for epigram finds full sway in this book, and a small volume could be made of the brilliant and trenchant

sayings in it. Those whose reading of "*Beauchamp's Career*" is yet to come have an epicurean feast before them, if they are intellectual *bon vivants*. We hope it will not be long before the publishers issue another of these delightful volumes.

"*Aristocracy*" professes to be a picture of English high life, written by an American who knows his subject thoroughly, by long contact and experience. The book is anonymous and clean. Probably it is only designed as a satire, in revenge for some of the malicious pictures of America which sometimes emanate from Englishmen. It certainly has enough of truth in it to be a very amusing caricature, for all good caricature must have a solid basis of truth. To take "*Aristocracy*" as a veritable picture forces us to the assumption that the upper classes in England are saturated with vulgarity, sensuality, brutal selfishness, mercenary ambition, and nearly every vile instinct that rages in the human breast. This is all very well as one side of a picture; but when we find nothing but this presented, except in the one case of the young patrician girl whose better nature is called out by her acquaintance with the American who is permitted by her parents to become her husband on account of his enormous wealth, a feeling of scepticism is aroused. We must then measure this novel only as a racy and slashing satire, and it certainly is very bright and effective within this range, though we think it would have been better had the colors been a little less coarse and blatant. Whether or not the reader agrees with the author in his delineation of English high society is irrelevant, then, so long as he finds the book readable and amusing. These qualities are just as well marked in "*Aristocracy*" as they are in the American part of Charles Dickens's "*Martin Chuzzlewit*."

Lippincott's American Novel Series is continued by the publication of two novelettes under one cover, Julian Hawthorne's "*Sinfire*" and Fawcett's "*Douglas Duane*," both originally published in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Both these psychological melodramas—for they are in no way novels of character or incident—are extreme in their sensationalism, charged to the muzzle with improbable or impossible horrors. Invention must be driven to its last resources when it has recourse to such a plot as that of Mr. Fawcett. "*Sinfire*," one of the least artistic and attractive of Mr. Hawthorne's books, has yet that charm of style, direct

strong, yet subtle writing, and that skill in story-telling, of which he is one of the best American masters. So, in spite of the outrageous violation of probabilities, his pet cobra, which plays such a part in the book, and the like, there is much to redeem it. This can't be said of Edgar Fawcett's book. Of course, there is no artistic reason why a romance writer should not make the substitution of one soul for another in the body belonging to the latter the motive for a story. The manner is the sole ground of criticism, though one might think a different subject would far better illustrate the ambition of a genuine literary conscience. Mr. Fawcett has accomplished his purpose under conditions which make his book repulsive, and do not for one moment create the atmosphere of even quasi-vraisemblance. Pure, bald artificiality reigns in it from first to last. The style is false, labored, and hard to read. It is thoroughly bad style and thoroughly tiresome, a convulsive method of treating English, which amazes one in a writer of such experience and who so often shows high talent, if not something better, in his literary work. We do not care to analyze the plots or personages of either of these books, as they are not worth it. It is disappointing to see such simultaneous bad work from two well-known and brilliant American men of letters.

Mr. Westall in his Andean romance, "Mr. Fortescue," is evidently inspired by the enormous success of Rider Haggard in writing stories of impossible adventure. But he has sought a new field, that of South America, where the conditions of life are hardly less inspiring to a wild imagination than on the dark continent. In some respects, indeed, the latter is the more fortunate selection, from the rational standpoint. There is a background of romantic history, full of interest, and the mysterious is hardly less wonderful, like the clouds that shut out the tops of the Andes themselves and roll their shadowy forms across valley and mountain-side. Mr. Westall carries an adventurous Englishman to South America during that revolutionary period when the Spanish-American provinces revolted from the mother-country and finally established their independence. Mr. Fortescue enters the rebel forces of Venezuela, and undergoes a series of the most wonderful vicissitudes. The hair-breadth escapes, the hand-to-hand combats, the wild rides over the pampas, the visits to mysterious Indian tribes, and the search for

the lost treasures of the Incas in the fastnesses of the Peruvian Andes fill a book of several hundred pages in a way that will hold the lovers of the marvellous spellbound. There is enough love-making to lend that essential quality to the story without which even adventure becomes stale. That such books as these and the Rider Haggard yarns find a large public, shows that there is a good healthy taste for stories of adventure yet, in spite of this psychological period of ours, which has run for the most part to the so-called realistic or novels of character. We should be sorry to see the time come when the purely romantic sort of fiction would be crowded out into the lumber-room of by-gone tastes. A hearty appreciation of the objective interests of life, of possible and ideal outbursts of human energy under strange conditions, of the occasional as well as of the common phenomena of human life, is a healthy element of human nature. Rider Haggard disgusts readers of more refined and sensitive culture by turning his books into human shambles. He slaughters people by the myriads, and the horrible smell of carnage reeks in everything he does. To be sure, bloodshed is the normal condition of the African savage, but this does not excuse it for artistic uses. Mr. Westall, who has written before about wonderful Spanish-American peoples, kills, to be sure, but he does it in chivalrous and gentleman-like fashion. Lovers of adventure will find plenty in this book to hold them spellbound a few hours, specially if they are young and inexperienced. Such readers have yet to learn that they do not need to go far from their own lives and surroundings to find the tragic and wonderful in its most striking forms. The volume under notice is No. 1 in a series of romantic adventures, which we presume will be forthcoming from time to time.

"A Recoiling Vengeance," by Mr. Frank Barrett, is a well-told story of middle-class English life. The narrative is skilfully related and the characters well delineated, at least they have the feeling of flesh and blood. They are not puppets merely made to dance through a story. The crusty old lawyer who tells the narrative, and is the *deus ex machina* of the plot, is as clever a personage as one often finds in current fiction. The motive of the story hinges on the plots of Anthony Keene, a country solicitor, to unmask the villainy of one Lynn Yearnes, who has entered into an engagement with the heroine, Miss Dalrymple, whom he believes to be the trustee of a large

fortune. The story is simple, yet with a sufficient element of the unknown and even tragic in it to excite the minds of those craving more spice than every-day life. There is a nice, quiet tone in the book, and the style is always in admirable taste. The dénouement is nicely managed, and everything ends as happily as the most confirmed novel-devourer could wish.

A. HISTORY OF CHARLES THE GREAT (Charlemagne). By T. J. Mombert, D.D., Author of "Handbook of the English Versions," "Great Lives," "Life of Ebel," "William Tyndale's Pentateuch," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Dr. Mombert in this monograph recites the history of one of the greatest monarchs who ever ruled in Europe. He justly characterizes the epoch of which he writes as the growth and establishment of the peerless empire of the mighty ruler whose fierce religious zeal stamped out heathenism, awed the miscreant, enriched and exalted the Church; whose great achievements exacted the homage of the world, and whose enlightened liberality inaugurated a new era of civilization, which after a lapse of a millennium may still be discerned in living institutions. That empire has long been the ideal of ambitious sovereigns; and the dream of its revival has not yet lost its fascinations.

Charlemagne, to use the popular name by which Charles the Great, grandson of Charles Martel, and the first really great monarch whose strong hand subdued chaos in mediæval Europe, was known, is a colossal figure in the history of civilization, and worthy to be ranked with the greatest rulers in all ages. Both in military and political genius he shone with a splendid lustre; and though possessed of many of the cruel, barbaric faults of his epoch, his magnanimity of nature redeemed the hardness which conditions conspired to impose on him. That he converted the heathen Saxon with fire and sword, and enforced baptism on the fierce followers of Odin and Thor at the alternative of the stake, the headman's axe, or starvation in dungeons, is the most serious indictment against him. But when it is remembered how savage and intolerant was the age; that Charles was a politician before he was a religionist, and recognized the necessity of Christianity to weld the permanency of his empire; that the Saxons were one of the most treacherous and intractable of the Gothic races; and that Charles, aside from the enforcement of what he regarded as a paramount political necessity, was a just and equitable ruler over

the peoples he joined to his realm, we may feel inclined to palliate this great stain on his name.

Charles Martel, Duke of Austrasia and Mayor of the palace (what we might call a prime-minister and commander of the army rolled into one) to the effete Merovingian King, who nominally sat on the French throne, was a worthy progenitor of Charles the Great. A man of great capacity and military ability, it was he who rallied the Christian forces of Western Europe to meet the Saracen flood which threatened to plant the banner of the Crescent in every country in Europe, as it had done in Spain. When Charles Martel, or "The Hammer," broke their power at the battle of Tours, one of the most terrible and bloody contests in history, he saved Europe from becoming Mohammedan. He handed down his power to Pepin his son, who inherited the paternal genius and energy, and consolidated his power as the actual ruler of France. Under him the puppet dynasty of Merovins was finally dethroned, and Charles, his son, who ultimately got whole possession of the realm, originally divided between himself and his brother, was the first true king of his dynasty, which was named after him.

Of the great career of Charles we cannot even give a synopsis. He subdued the unruly barbarians of Northern and Central Europe; consolidated his own kingdom; became Emperor of Germany and first of the new Cæsars; codified the laws of his kingdom and empire; established peace and order through his dominions with an iron hand; cultivated literature, learning, and the arts of song with the most enthusiastic zeal; established universities and other seats of learning; endowed monasteries, which became genuine seats of piety and beneficence; and opened friendly communications with the great potentates of distant countries, among them Haroun al Raschid, and invited a free interchange of thought, commerce, and knowledge—in a word, there is scarcely a function of the great ruler which he did not fill with commanding dignity and power. The court of Charles gathered to itself many of the most learned and distinguished scholars of the age. Here they breathed a congenial atmosphere and shed additional lustre on the royal patron who took even more delight in their society than he did in that of his chivalrous peers and paladins. It is not wonderful that French romance has made this great figure the hero and centre of its most striking traditions. The epics which belong to Charlemagne and his peers, crystallizing about the "Chanson de

Roland," rank with the romaunts of King Arthur and his Round Table, as the finest flower of early French literature.

Dr. Mombert has pursued his studies of this most fascinating and important period with the zeal of an antiquarian. He tells us that the greater portion of the matter presented appears for the first time in English, and much of it for the first time in any living tongue. That the author has verified his facts with great care and gone to first documents for material seems evident. We regret that his sense of historical perspective is not keener and larger; that the purely literary sense in historical composition does not more fully dominate the book. A period so picturesque would yield most brilliant results under the magic touch of a Gibbon, a Motley, or of a living Froude. We think that Dr. Mombert has rather brought together materials for a great history than made one. Yet no one interested in this wonderful epoch will fail to be interested in the author's work, even if it does not reach his best ideal of such effort.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New Edition. Vol. II. Beaugency to Cataract. Edinburgh: William and Robert Chambers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The second volume of the Chambers's revision of their Encyclopædia is before us, ending the *B's* and running into the *C's*. The same thoroughness characteristic of the revisions in the titles of the first volume is noticeable here. Many distinguished names appear in the list of contributors, and no pains or expense seem to have been spared to place the work in the forefront with the other great cyclopædias of the time. In fact, it has no competitor except the *Britannica* on its own ground and *Appleton's* in America. Among the specially noticeable topics and contributors we notice the following: Bechuanaland, by Sir Charles Warren, K.C.B.; Beethoven, by Sir George Grove; Berkeley, by Professor Campbell Fraser; Bimetallism, by Professor H. S. Nicholson; Boccaccio, by Walter White; Borgia, by Charles Yriarte; Breviary, by the Marquis of Bute; Botticelli, by J. M. Gray; British Museum, by A. M. Pollard; Brittany, by Thomas Davidson; George Buchanan, by P. Hume Brown; Buddhism, by Dr. Findlater; Robert Burns, by Andrew Lang; Byron, by George Saintsbury; Cairo, by Stanley Lane-Poole; Calcutta, by W. Macdonald; Calendar, by J. S. Mackay, LL.D.; Calvin,

by Principal Tulloch; Canal, by Professor Vernon Harcourt; Cannon and Other Military Articles, by Major Dunlop, R.A.; Carboniferous System, by Professor James Geikie; Cards, by Henry Jones (Cavendish); Caspian Sea, by Prince Peter Krapotkine; and Catacombs, by Rev. Provost Northrop. Among those who have given their assistance in preparing articles, are Sir John Lubbock, Dean of Canterbury, Herr Benecke, and Professor Vambéry. The special American articles contributed under the supervision of the American publishers are the titles Beecher, Boston, Brooklyn, John Brown, Charles Farrar Browne, W. C. Bryant, James Buchanan, Buffalo (City), General B. F. Butler, John C. Calhoun, California, Cambridge (Mass.), and Cascade Range. The volume also contains handsome maps of Belgium, Burma, Siam, Anam, California, Canada, and of South Africa, including one of Cape Colony. The typography is beautifully clear and distinct, the paper and press-work unexceptionable.

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#### FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

MR. GRANT ALLEN has in the press a long-deferred treatise on "Force and Energy." The work was written some twelve years ago, and has since been corrected and revised from time to time. Mr. Allen did not intend to publish it for several years to come; but as the main theory it contains has been incorporated in abstract by Mr. Clodd (with the author's consent) in his "Story of Creation," and has there roused considerable criticism, he now thinks it only just, on Mr. Clodd's behalf, to lay the document in its entirety before the scientific public.

PROFESSOR JAMES K. HOSMER, of Washington University, St. Louis, has now completed the elaborate biography of Young Sir Harry Vane, upon which he has been engaged for some years past, examining the original documents in the British Museum and elsewhere, and visiting the battle-fields and other sites associated with his career. The book will form a volume of about five hundred pages; and it will be illustrated with a portrait, a facsimile of a letter, a copy of the great seal of the Commonwealth, and plans of Marston Moor & Naseby.

"POEMS OF WILD LIFE" is the title of an anthology which will appear as the November issue of the "Canterbury Poets." The com-



piler is Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, author of one or two volumes of Canadian poetry, and Professor of Literature in the University of Kingston, Nova Scotia. Considerably the foremost place in the collection is occupied by the poetry of Joaquin Miller, including his well-known "With Walker in Nicaragua."

THE *Breslauer Zeitung* gives a specimen of a translation of Homer's *Odyssey* into Platt-Deutsch by Dr. Lehmann, director of the Neustettin Gymnasium.

A TRANSLATION of "Faust" into modern Greek has just appeared in Athens.

A FRESH volume of Dr. Furnivall's Series of Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles has just been issued: Part I. of "The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England" (1591), with Forewords by Dr. Furnivall, and a revised reprint of Mr. Edward Rose's paper of 1877-78 on "Shakespeare as an Adapter," showing how admirably Shakespeare improved "The Troublesome Raigne" when he rewrote it as his "King John," and yet how he failed to make it into either a good drama or a good acting play. The facsimile is from the unique Capel copy in Trinity College Library, which has never before been reproduced. All the prior reprints have been made from a later edition. The Facsimile Quarto Series will close when Part II. of "The Troublesome Raigne" and the Devonshire Quarto of "Richard II.," both nearly ready, are issued.

WE hear on apparently good authority that Keats's grave is about to be dug up for the formation of a new road at Rome.

HAVING seen his new work on Shakespeare through the press, Mr. Gerald Massey has come to America on a lecturing tour in the United States and possibly the Australian colonies.

OXFORD men will be glad to learn that Mr. Foster has consented to continue the publication of his "Alumni Oxonienses," and that the entire work will be in the hands of the public by the close of the year. It is greatly to be wished that Mr. Foster should receive increased support in his public-spirited endeavors to render these valuable and extensive registers available as rapidly as possible to the student.

PRINCE BISMARCK has just accepted and returned "sincerest thanks" for a copy of the recently published work "German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle: a Biographical His-

tory of German Socialistic Movements during this Century," by Mr. W. H. Dawson.

THE Historische Verein of Schaffhausen is making a collection of the countless inscriptions upon private houses which abound in Switzerland. They are mostly in rhyme, and often marked by a pithy humor.

A MILWAUKEE (U. S.) bookseller has taken to issuing his catalogues in a novel form, which he states his intention of patenting. The books offered for sale are unpriced, and customers are invited to make their offers, on the understanding that each book must go either to the first bidder, or, if the first offer is not accepted, to the highest bidder at the end of four weeks.

BRITTANY has just been *en fête* over the inauguration of two statues of distinguished Bretons, those of Brizeux the poet at Lorient and Guépin, doctor and philanthropist, at Pontivy. The proceedings at Lorient were opened with speeches by MM. Ernest Renan and Jules Simon.

THE University of Helsingors has sustained a loss in the death by drowning of Dr. Krohn at Viborg. Among his works was a "History of Finnish Literature," which obtained the prize of the Academy of France in 1881.

DR. H. OSKAR SOMMER, from the Royal University of Marburg, is in London for the winter, on leave from the Prussian Government, in order to study in the British Museum the English Pastoral Drama and to edit Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte Darthur," which he will treat later on as one of the sources of Spenser's "Faery Queen." Malory's work exists in two copies of Caxton's printing. The best copy was that in the Earl of Jersey's library; but this was sold at the Osterley sale for £1950 to a gentleman in New York. The other copy is in the Althorp Library; and the Earl of Spencer has been kind enough to send it to the British Museum for Dr. Sommer's use. This copy wants twelve pages, which have been replaced by photographic facsimiles; but these are said to contain several mistakes. Dr. Sommer hopes to get them collated in New York with the original.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER have just published a new volume of poetry by Sir Edwin Arnold, entitled "With Sa'di in the Garden;" being the *Ishk* or third chapter of the "Bostan" of the Persian poet Sa'di, embodied in a dialogue held in the garden of the Taj Mahal, at Agra. The personages introduced are a learned

Mirza, two singing girls with their attendant, and an Englishman, with accompaniments of music and dancing. The larger portion is original; and it comprises, besides translations from Sa'di, lyrical pieces in the Persian manner sung by the musicians, and also Oriental tales illustrating the dialogue. The volume is dedicated to the Earl of Dufferin.

MOTLEY's "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic" is being translated into French by M. Gaston Guillaumin, of Brussels, himself a Frenchman.

PROFESSOR CARL VON PRANTL, of Munich University, distinguished for his attainments in the history of philosophy, died recently at Obersdorf in the sixtieth year of his age.

THE Old French Text Society has just issued its report, and announced that it is at last level with its work. Its 1887 issue is complete; its one 1881 volume, so long in arrears, is just ready; and the books for 1888 will be sent out before the year closes. The treasurer and committee complain, in a most amusing way, because, when they pay their last bill, they will have only 15,000 francs in hand—a balance which an English Society treasurer would exult over. The committee have a very tempting list of MSS. in preparation, including a Collection of Fifteenth-Century Roundels and Poems, and the Romance of Thebes. They point out that their lately discovered story-teller, Bozon, largely plundered one Bartholomew Glanville's "De Proprietatibus Rerum" without acknowledgment; and their whole report is full of interest.

MR. J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS has finished a translation of Count Carlo Gozzi's autobiography. This book, almost unknown to English students, illustrates the social and literary conditions of Venice during the last century in a variety of interesting aspects. It is particularly valuable for the history of the Italian stage, at the time when Goldoni effected his reform. Mr. Symonds has composed three introductory essays: on Gozzi's character and Memoirs; on the improvised comedy of Masks; and on Gozzi's quarrel with Goldoni, which led to the production of his "Fiabe Teatrali." The book will be published in two volumes by Mr. Nimmo in a form similar to Mr. Symonds's translation of Cellini.

A NEW codex of the Isaurian Law has just been discovered in the National Library at Athens. In studying a legal MS. of the eleventh century the custodian of the National Li-

brary MSS. discovered that it contained the so-called *Σύννομις τῶν Βασιλικῶν*. A friend observing this undertook an examination of all the monastic legal documents, and in a very important codex entitled *Τὸ παρὸν βιβλίον ἐπὶ ἔρχεν τῆς ὑπεραγίας Θεοτόκου καὶ ἀειπαρθένου Μαρίας εἰς τὸ δεβροβόνην τὸ ἐπὶ κλην σῶλο* was found a rich collection of the sources of civil and ecclesiastical law, and among the rest the so-called *Lex Isaurica* or *Ἐκλογὴ Δέοντος καὶ Κωνσταντίνου*, which will be published as soon as possible. The codex consists of 393 pages in folio, and the additions which it contains will now be published for the first time, the edition of 1852 from the Bodleian MS. not having given them.

MR. CHARLES EDMONDS will issue shortly a considerably enlarged edition of "The Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin," the celebrated collection of political and satirical poems, parodies, and *jeux d'esprit*, written by Canning, Hookham Frere, G. Ellis, Pitt, and other wits and statesmen. The last edition has become scarce, and sells at a high price. The new edition will be embellished, as before, by Gillray's famous caricatures. Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. will be the publishers.

ONE of Mr. Henty's stories for the forthcoming season breaks new ground in dealing with ancient Egyptian life at the period immediately prior to the appearance of Moses as leader of the Israelitish exodus. Moses himself is one of the subsidiary characters, though the story, which bears the title of "The Cat of Bubastis," is mainly concerned with the fortunes of certain captives of the Rebu race and the family of a heterodox Egyptian priest. Not the least important feature of the volume will be the series of illustrations by Mr. J. R. Weguelin, whose "Bacchus and the Choir of Nymphs" took a prominent place among the pictures of the year, and who is, moreover, exceptionally familiar with early Egyptian life on its artistic side.

PROFESSOR VON SYBEL, the director of the Prussian State Archives, has been engaged for some time upon a "Geschichte der Gründung des neuen Deutschen Reiches." The work, which will contain several volumes, is said to be nearly complete.

YET another folk-lore journal has dawned. The new competitor for the approval of folklorists is published at Leipzig by Herr August Hettler, with Dr. Edmund Veckenstedt as its editor and *Zeitschrift für Volkskunde* as its

title. It will appear in monthly parts, forming yearly a volume of thirty sheets, at the price of eighteen marks. The first part contains articles on Rûbezah!, on Saxon and Bukowina folk-tales, and other kindred subjects.

ADMIRERS of Carlyle will be interested to learn that in a house in Spey Street, Leith Walk, Edinburgh, there are still to be seen the following lines, said to have been cut on a window-pane by the philosopher :

Little did my mother think  
That night she cradled me  
What land I was to travel to,  
Or what death I should die.  
Oh, foolish Thee.

THE report regarding the abandonment of the projected Heine monument seems to have originated in the withdrawal by the Empress of Austria of her promised subscription, which amounted to a considerable sum. In a letter addressed by the Empress to the poet's surviving sister she is said to have declared that, in consequence of Heine's bitter satires against the Hohenzollern and Wittelsbach dynasties, a princely personage who is also a great admirer of his works, and a relative of her imperial husband, morally compelled her to relinquish her favorite plan. After all, we think that if Heine is not only admired by the public in general, but also by royal and imperial personages, he can do very well without any stone monument.

THE project for holding the second International Shorthand Congress at Munich in August, 1889, in connection with the centenary of Gabelsberger's birth and the unveiling of his statue, has been interfered with by an accident to the artist. He has broken his right arm and will not be able to finish the statue in time. The unveiling and the centenary celebration are accordingly to be deferred till August, 1890, and the Gabelsberger Committee now request that the International Shorthand Congress be postponed to the same date. A circular containing this request has been sent by them to all the members of the Nexus Committee of the Congress.

MESSRS. DUNBAR & SON, auctioneers of Dumfries, have had placed in their hands, for sale by private contract or auction, some relics of Burns, the most important of which is a book entitled "Essay on Song Writing," containing a note in Burns's handwriting saying that the book was presented to him by Professor Dugald Stewart, of the Edinburgh University, besides other notes written by the poet.

## MISCELLANY.

ST. CATHERINE'S POINT LIGHTHOUSE.—A correspondent of the *London Times* calls attention to the new light now shown from the St. Catherine's Point Lighthouse, in the Isle of Wight. At the present moment an electric light is being shown at St. Catherine's, the full-power intensity of which was recently stated by Captain Sydney Webb, the Deputy Master of the Trinity House, to be equal in illuminating power to rather more than 7,000,000 candles. Every half-minute, in fact—for the light now revolves—a mighty flash of five seconds' duration sweeps around the sea, and is visible at distances that seem incredible. To effect this improvement a commodious engine-room has been added to the establishment, containing three steam-engines of twelve horse-power each, and two magneto-electric machines of the De Meritens type. Two of the engines are intended to work for lighting purposes, the third being meant to work the fog-signal. As a precaution against breakdown, everything is in duplicate at least, with an oil light in reserve as well. The only other lighthouses on the coast of England at which the light is produced by means of electricity are Souther Point, on the coast of Durham, between the mouths of the Tyne and the Wear; the South Foreland, and at the Lizard, on the Cornish coast. But the St. Catherine's light is ten times more powerful than the best of them, the one on Souther Point. It is, in fact, one of, if not, as is believed, actually the most intensely brilliant light in existence, and one which the country as a maritime nation may certainly feel proud to see on its shores.

PETROLEUM A POISON.—A German physician, during a recent visit to the American oil districts, has ascertained that petroleum acts like a poison. The doctor in question travelled through those districts for the purpose of studying their hygienic conditions in general, and of inquiring into the health of the working classes there. He found that a kind of skin disease was very prevalent among the workmen employed at the wells. Closer examination showed that the disease attacked especially those men who had to do with the heavier oils, possessing a higher degree of inflammability. He further came across numerous cases where large quantities of petroleum had been swallowed, and here violent affections of the stomach, the kidneys, and the whole central nervous system were observable. The effects in one case, where a whole tumbler full of

petroleum had been taken, were very serious, and the case required energetic and careful treatment, which was directed chiefly toward preventing the patient from falling asleep, an eventuality especially fatal in such instances. The doctor is of opinion that petroleum must be classed with the poisons. The symptoms of poisoning could also be traced in the case of petroleum vapor being inhaled; but such symptoms of poisoning are only noticeable under especially unfavorable conditions, originating in the generally bad state of health of the persons concerned.—*Iron.*

**THE RACE TO EDINBURGH.**—The London and North-Western train which left Euston at ten o'clock the other morning to make the run to Edinburgh in eight hours, arrived at the northern terminus eight minutes before time, the journey having evidently been accomplished with ease. A correspondent of the *Times* who accompanied the train gives some interesting particulars of this splendid performance. On the run to Crewe, the first stopping-place, 95 miles were covered in 100 minutes. "From Crewe to Preston is 51 miles, and we had got sixty minutes available in which to cover it; but we had got a new driver, and he evidently thought he had a right to take part in the race. As soon as we had got into our stride he gave us a mile in 54 seconds. Not satisfied with this, a minute or two later he brought the time down to 48½ seconds. This, which equals 74 miles an hour, is the fastest I have ever timed a train; but the carriage was as steady as a rock all the time. We left Preston, after an interval of 24 minutes, at 2.18. Remembering Shap, with its four miles of one in 75, more than one experienced passenger refused to believe that we should cover the 90 miles to Carlisle in 105 minutes. In fact, we were there seven minutes before time, having done the 90 miles in 98 minutes. It must be confessed that there were not many milestones on the further side of Shap summit that managed to keep 60 seconds apart from their neighbors. The chronograph recorded 54, 52, 50½, etc., for mile after mile with monotonous regularity. After a leisurely twelve minutes' conversation at Carlisle, we steamed out to the appointed moment in charge of one of the last new Caledonian engines. We covered 100½ miles in 104 minutes, and ten of these miles were up a gradient of one in 80. A gradient of one in 80, it is calculated, means that an engine has to do almost four times as much work as on the level. However, up the hill he went merrily, 40 miles an hour, till a signal half-way up checked us and brought the speed

down to 30; but in the course of the next mile or so it was back at 40, and the whole ten miles, check and all, were covered in 14 minutes, a performance that I shall believe to be unequalled till I hear of a better one."

**A HUGE CALDRON.**—According to an account given by Dr. Ernst Weisenbauer, Professor of Geology at the University of Heidelberg, who has been recently visiting the natural gas districts of Ohio, the inhabitants of the town of Findlay, in that State, are actually living over a huge caldron, in which they may be engulfed sooner or later. Professor Weisenbauer states that the extent of the region of the American natural gas wells is considerably underestimated, and that at a great depth under the town of Findlay in particular there is a large cave which is filled with highly explosive gases, and that a frightful explosion, considering the great pressure at which these gases are bottled up, may take place at any time. The following are his reasons for arriving at such a conclusion. By means of a pyrometer the professor ascertained that under the town of Findlay, at a depth of a mile below the cave filled with gases, a fire is raging, developing a temperature of 3500 degrees. The same observations were made by Professor Weisenbauer at various spots within a radius of five miles. He concludes that at a depth of only 1200 feet below Findlay there is an immense cave, compared with the size of which the well-known Mammoth Cave is insignificant. The cave extends for many miles, and has a depth in various places of over half a mile. Highly explosive gases fill this cave at a great pressure. There are several strata of rock about a mile thick below the cave. The flames of an interior fire are impinging against this wall of rock at the high temperature mentioned. From the continuous noises observed by means of the telephones it may be concluded, he says, that the consumption of the protecting rock by the fire is making uninterrupted progress. Professor Weisenbauer expresses the opinion that the bursting of that portion of the earth's crust on which Findlay stands, should an explosion of gas take place, is not only possible but probable, and that an early catastrophe is impending. It should be added, however, that American geologists, and among them Professor J. K. Gilbert, of Washington, do not share Professor Weisenbauer's apprehensions, and have expressed doubts as to the correctness of the observations of and the validity of the conclusions arrived at by the German geologist paper.—*English Mechanic.*



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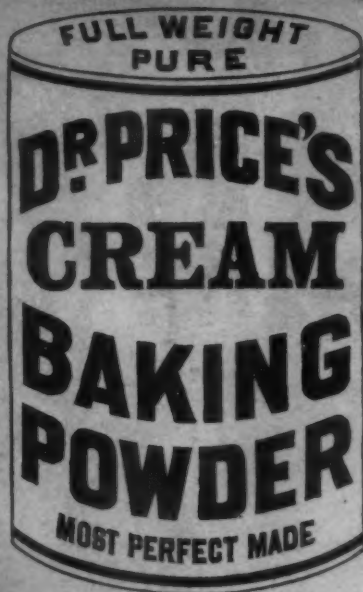
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